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## Recession of the Colorado Rain Belt 2 By H. A. Crafts

**T**HE plains of eastern Colorado cover an area of about forty thousand square miles. Subtract from this area about two million acres, which are under ditch, and the remainder will be found but slightly changed from the primeval state—an arid expanse with meager vegetation renewed from year to year by a meager rainfall. The irrigated belt extends along the base of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches from fifty to one hundred miles out over the plains, varying in width in proportion to the size and volume of the streams from which it is irrigated. Where the irrigating-ditch ends arid land begins.

Yet there was a time when the theory was advanced that irrigation was not indispensable to Colorado farming. The theory might have had its origin in the brain of some honest but mistaken individual, but it used to serve the selfish ends of unscrupulous land speculators. When the great real-estate boom struck the state in 1886 irrigated lands were somehow too high-priced to suit the purposes of the boomers. There did not appear to be room for large margins of profit, nor was there enough of that delightful element of uncertainty in the proposition to suit the appetite of the average investor. Then the festive promotor began to industriously advance the idea of farming without irrigation. He claimed that once in so many years there was rainfall enough in any event to make a crop. Between times the crops were to be made by what is known as "intensive" cultivation. There was to be deep plowing and afterward an almost constant cultivation of the soil, in order to conserve such moisture as was contained in the subsoil or might fall from above. This idea proved to be a very seductive one, and under its illusory charm a great strip of country, extending from the eastern borders of the irrigated belt to the Kansas and Nebraska line, was quite thickly settled by would-be farmers. By some chance, whether in jest or real earnest I am unable to say, this strip of country acquired the name of the "rain belt," which name it still retains, being cherished as a fine piece of satire.

But the movement gained great popularity, and be-

tween the years 1886 and 1889 several thousands settled in the great "rain belt." The railroads aided the boom with the hope of settling up a hitherto unproductive country. They saw gains, at least, in the first rush, and while the boom lasted did a largely increased business in both freight and passenger departments. Those roads possessing land-grant lands in the belt reaped a rich harvest, while other roads through land and town site agents benefited by the demand for lands. Towns were located at intervals of every few miles along the lines, lands platted in every direction and the sale of sand lots begun at exorbitant prices. Towns were started, stores, banks and schools opened, and the public improvements started on an ambitious scale. Settlers came by the thousand, and soon the plains were dotted with homes. So great was the demand for public lands that the government was obliged to establish new land-offices. Many of the new settlers upon landing in the "rain belt" were possessed of considerable sums of money, which were quickly expended in the erection of comfortable houses and barns and the improvement of their lands. The poorer ones lived in tents and shacks. But everybody was full of hope and energy, and for a time the "rain belt" fairly pulsated with human industry.

Vast areas of native prairie-lands were broken and a test of the new theory of Colorado farming commenced. The soil turned up rich, and under the

influence of sun and air and persistent cultivation gave evident promise of abundant harvests. Seed was sown, and it sprung up under the influence of melting snows and early rains. The plants thrived for a while, but the drought of July and August was more than they could stand. The harvest was a disappointment. But the settlers were not satisfied with one attempt, nor with two. They tried it for three years. Then the exodus began. Some returned East to begin life over again. The majority, I imagine, still turned their faces Westward. They gathered up the remnants of their personal belongings and struck out anew. Some were obliged to seek employment in the irrigated belt in order to provide for their families. Some went to the towns, and others to the mines. Many pushed on to the great Northwest. So the great "rain-belt" boom collapsed.

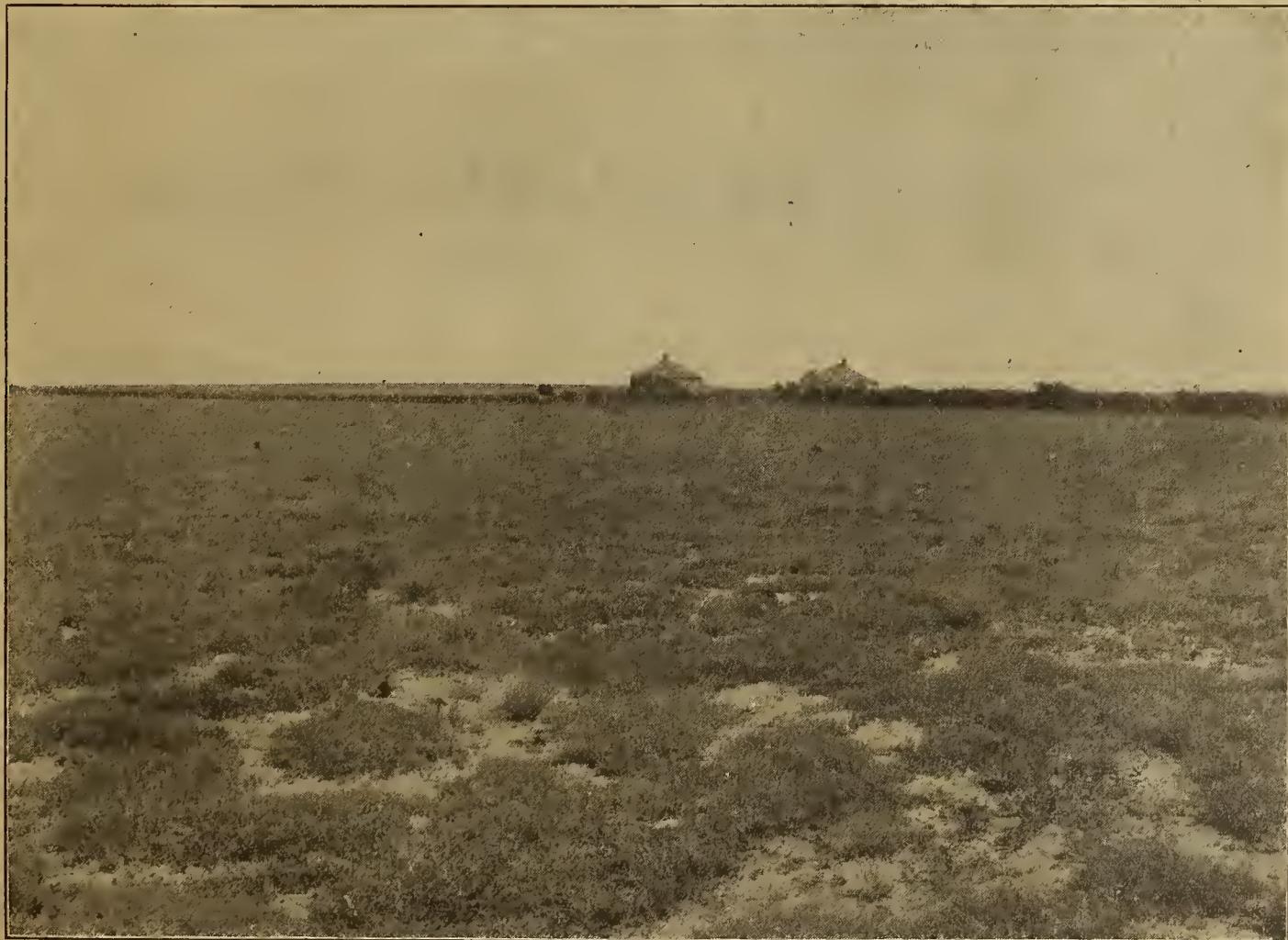
Yet there has been by no means a complete relapse into former conditions. While farm after farm was abandoned, and mushroom towns abandoned by the score, a certain percentage of the settlers stayed on, and no doubt formed the nucleus of future well-settled communities. It would be a difficult task to analyze the motives of these devoted "rain-belters." Doubtless some could not get away. They lacked the necessary means. Others possibly remained out of pride and bulldog obstinacy, while others perhaps, by that rare faculty which makes some men see good in everything and ac-

tuates them in suiting themselves to all conditions, put a cheerful face upon the situation and decided that there were worse places, after all, than the Colorado rain belt.

About the time of the beginning of the rain-belt boom a substation of the experiment station of the Colorado Agricultural College was established at Cheyenne Wells, a town situated somewhat centrally with reference to the arid region. The idea in starting the substation was to experiment in arid agriculture where irrigation was not practicable. Until a little over a year ago the substation was engaged in studying climate, soils and plant life. During the period over which its work had extended it had obtained pretty definite ideas as to what could be done in the way of agriculture, horticulture, etc., in the rain belt without the intervention of irrigation. Then it concluded to see what man had done upon being transplanted to the rain belt. At the beginning of the summer season of 1900 Prof. L. G. Carpenter, the newly elected director of the experiment station, started Supt. J. E. Payne, of the Cheyenne Wells substation, out on a tour of inspection and investigation. Mr. Payne traveled entirely by wagon, and during the summer made over thirteen hundred miles. His report is a very clear and candid review of the situation. He finds that farming has generally been abandoned and that the settlers have taken up stock-raising as a means of livelihood. In this respect

there is a distinctive change from old conditions, when the rain belt was almost exclusively occupied by the large herds of non-resident cattle-owners. Thousands of claims have been vacated, and orchards and groves of forest-trees gone to decay. Yet he found many comfortable homes, the occupants of which were prospering in a way. Not a few have surrounded their homes with lawns, gardens, orchards and small cultivated fields. These have been secured by various systems of irrigation. Nearly all of the homesteaders have driven wells, and the water is pumped therefrom into reservoirs, and held for use at the proper seasons. Others build storm reservoirs. These are situated within the radius of some

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PAGE 5]



VIEW OF THE COLORADO PLAINS SUBSTATION  
Once broken and planted in corn, probably ten years ago



## FARM AND FIRESIDE

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"CAIN rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him."

Wherefore?

"Because his own works were evil, and his brother's good."

Be it history or allegory the murder of his brother by the first born of man exemplifies the mystery of iniquity ever present in all the ages of the world. Under this mystery William McKinley, of kind heart, noble mind, upright life, worthy deeds and lofty aims in all his paths as citizen, soldier and statesman, was murdered. Loved by his countrymen, exalted as executive of the republic, and the foremost representative of government based on law, order and liberty, he became, under the inscrutable law of lawlessness, the magnet-mark for the bullet of an anarchist assassin. His career was the making of a martyr. May his country, yes, the whole world, search out the purpose of his atonement and strive to become better for it.

In a loving tribute to the martyred President Dr. Gunsaulus said: "The awful feature of this calamity is undisguised in the fact that it is a stroke against the enterprise of government, which is the noblest enterprise undertaken by man. It was a dagger-thrust at the heart of civilization. It makes it all the more horrible and helps us to see the ghastly features of anarchy more truly when we reflect that the wound which it opened was through the now stilled heart of a man at once so loving, so loved and so lovable as the President. To so dishearten the whole of Christendom in its efforts toward public order, that wretch had to pierce through one of the fairest and sweetest lives the world has known. And it was this tender and noble man who believed so profoundly in the safety of free government. When anarchists were loud in 1893 the now silent orator eloquently said, 'With patriotism in our hearts and the flag of our country in our hands there is no danger of anarchy.' It is a frightful thing to believe that this confidence has been at all shaken, and it is

the instant demand of our religion and our education that somehow they shall be made able to put patriotism into the hearts of the alien peoples and to get them to take hold sympathetically of our flag and love it, so that anarchy may be impossible.

"William McKinley's kindly heart and generous spirit, his enormous public services, resulting in countless benefits to the poor man, his unswerving devotion to the principle that no minority is without rights, his purity and power are permanent forces and realities which have been exalted upon an altar of martyrdom. The assassin supposed he could slay them from the high and heavenly place in which the citizens of the republic behold them. They will organize into a knightly personality, and William McKinley will be the slayer of anarchy in America. From this time forward whatever makes for anarchy must hide its treacherous face away from the light of him whom we loved. Slandorous lies as to the motives and character of those whom the nation has trusted with the reins of government, the vulgarity of newly acquired wealth which seems often to flaunt itself in the face of human need, the wild ravings of men who have no idea of loyalty to government and law, the thoughtless debate of theologians who have forgotten the simple dictates of Christian religion, and the Godless enemies of public justice, all writhe away like serpents smitten with intolerable light as we think of the awful price we have paid and ever must pay if we fail to do our duty in upholding the flag and making it a symbol as sacred and as just as the cross of Christ. William McKinley has entered into the Holy of Holies bearing our sins. Let us awaken to newness of life."

IN A forceful sermon on the "Roots of Anarchy" Dr. Washington Gladden said: "If the anarchists made any secret of their purpose the case would be different. But it seems to me that upon their own definition of their central purpose they ought to be treated as outlaws. We have kept to the idea that speech must be free and that men should be punished only for overt acts, but belonging to an association whose declared purpose is the destruction of society and the murder of its official representatives is an overt act, and we must find ways of punishing it condignly.

"There should not, it seems to me, be much difficulty in coming to a distinct understanding with this class of persons. The tribe must be exterminated. There must be no dallying or temporizing. This is the first and the last and the only thing to do. I do not believe in any harsh or unusual punishments, but the action of the law should be prompt and swift and sure.

"Men may say that society is to blame for the existence of these people. There may be some truth in this. I am quite prepared, as will appear at another time, to make certain admissions in this direction. But the question which these people have forced upon us is not a question of praise or blame, of causes or effects; it is a question of immediate danger; it is a question of life and death. When a mad dog is running through the streets it is no time to stop and debate who is to blame for hydrophobia; the only thing to do is to kill the dog. And when groups of people here and there in American cities adopt the theory that their function is to scatter through society firebrands, arrows and death with no other purpose than that society shall be overthrown there is simply nothing to do but to turn on these people and crush them. Society must have the same right of self-defense that an individual has; it must not harbor its own avowed destroyers; it must stamp them out. The more promptly, the more relentlessly the thing is done, the more merciful and kind is the deed."

IN THIS hour of deep and terrible national bereavement I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosper-

ity and honor of our beloved country." With these words President Roosevelt laid a strong, firm hand on the helm of state. His prompt declaration of purpose is a message of positive assurance re-establishing confidence.

Of the new President the New York "Sun" says: "By the irresistible current of events Mr. Roosevelt is swept into the chair left vacant by Mr. McKinley. He enters the White House with the heritage of the example of the most eminent and successful administration in our history, and, moreover, he has demonstrated that he possesses of himself already distinguished qualifications for the post. He is a man of great vigor and positiveness of character, typified to every eye in his very physical features. He is the most striking embodiment of contemporary Americanism; is of spotless honor and unconquerable fidelity to the loftiest and sternest ideals of public duty.

"Theodore Roosevelt as Governor of New York showed that he is a man on whom the American people can rely as a prudent and a safe and a sagacious successor to William McKinley. Following in the footsteps of the statesman assassinated, and uplifted by his example, Roosevelt will sustain the dignity of the exalted office to which he has come through a tragedy so awful, and conserve the honor and the welfare of the nation."

## THE ON-LOOKER

THE efforts of a certain rural community to improve its local district school have interested me very much. This district is of average size in respect to area; is slightly above the average possibly in wealth, but contains few men who do not have to work hard and plan hard to secure anything beyond a good farm living; is above the average in school population, and belongs to a township that remains well satisfied with district schools of the old type. Having taxable property in this district, and having a personal interest in the welfare of all the families therein, the problems of the isolated rural school have become very real to me. Our elderly people have been telling us for thirty years that the schools of today afford wonderful advantages over those of their childhood, and in proof thereof the old slab seat, windowless room and quill-pens have been trotted out for our mental inspection. The progress is admitted, and was in evidence several decades ago, but in the last thirty years our school seemed to have been pretty much at a standstill. It had not gone back to poorer seats or poorer pens—indeed, during the service of some directors peculiarly open to conviction an agent had equipped it with some costly charts of no particular value—and the teachers were no poorer than our grandfathers had, but were rather improving with each generation, and yet the school wandered rather aimlessly along, leading up directly to nothing especial, and the older children who had the pluck to stick to study could not tell when they were through with the local school. Other children dropped out through lack of interest. In a word, it was a fair sample of the ungraded country district school, no better and no worse, stuck in a rut, while the children of the towns and progressive communities were enjoying the advantages progress brings.

Local control of the district was secured by legislative enactment. When a county or a township or any other territory containing a number of school districts is not ready to do its best for its youth, any district that is ready should have the privilege of doing so. Then came the problems, and they were many. The first conclusion was that no one is fit to be a member of a school-board who is not earnestly interested in the success of the youth and knows something about his educational needs. There was no debate on that point. Competent persons can be found in all communities, and others should be ashamed to accept such a trust.

The second conclusion was that when boys and girls lose interest in education, and drop out of school before school-days should be over, the fault lies with the school. These men began to realize that the only wonder was that any of the older pupils remained in a school that had no definite amount of work to be completed, was unclassified, and prepared one for nothing in particular. To incite most children to study there must be grading, a prescribed course of study, and graduation. When the years can be counted that will complete the work of any particular school, and that will prepare for entrance to a higher school of repute, and when the work closes with exercises that give to the pupil public recognition of his attainments, there is some inspiration, some incitement, in it all, and the spirit of the school is a spur to the slowest and dullest.

The next step was taken with some hesitation. A number of children were sent by parents each year to high schools and academies in order that they might enjoy the same educational facilities that are given the residents of towns and cities as a matter of course. The common school of half a century ago equipped one fairly well for the battles of life merely because most competitors would be no better equipped, but progress has brought the high school to the mass of children outside the farming districts. These favored children from the farms that were sent by parents to town schools were young to leave home, the money expended upon them would be nearly sufficient to maintain a small school in the district, and the boys and girls of poorer families had to content themselves with the same education that was given decades ago. Why should the farming communities fall so far behind the towns in preparing their youth for bread-winning? The result of such thought was the establishment of a small high school in connection with the district school. It was small in size and in the number of pupils, and added only a few hundred dollars a year to the school expenses, but its course of study was made as high as that of the towns. The proposition was to treat our children fairly, giving them a modern chance, not the opportunities of half a century ago.

In the old district school the custom was to hire a teacher "for the winter," just as men were hired for that time to feed the live stock, and he was paid very little more than the cattle-feeder received. He was turned loose with the ungraded children, and "school was kept" by him. In the district of which I write the conclusion was inevitable that "cheapness," as that term is commonly used, must not be the chief consideration in selecting teachers. Economy had to be exercised because incomes were small, but the people could not afford the folly of intrusting their children to incapable teachers. The right man was found to be put in charge—a college man, a gentleman, capable of inspiring young people to do their best to become winners in life. The primary teacher was selected with equal care, and was paid for her skill in teaching little ones to study and to think. The text-books were selected with infinite care after consultation with educators who knew local conditions, the course of study was printed and placed with parents, and graduation was magnified by various arts.

"But the expense, the expense!" some tax-payer exclaims. My dear sir, we were, and are, tax-payers, and we do not find the expense burdensome. A thousand dollars pay the running expenses of that little school, and really that is not much to pay for the improvement of the youth of a community annually—not nearly so much as it costs many communities to improve the cattle or horses. The young people are kept at home while being educated, all have a chance, a better grade of people settle among us on account of the school, and these children of a rural district are no longer handicapped because they are of the farms and not of the towns. O—L.





## RURAL AFFAIRS

**A Living on a Small Place** Sometimes I am sorely puzzled what answer to make to people who come to ask me a lot of questions about what crops they should raise for profit. For instance, here is an extract from a letter just received from one of the readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE: "I own four adjoining lots in a suburban village located a few miles from Portsmouth, Virginia. I bought them with a view to building a residence there and making it my home. Put in doing so I wish to try to make the place afford me a good living at least, and possibly make some money out of it."

These lots are about two thirds of an acre in area. The place would be admirably adapted to a dairy on a small scale, while poultry, vegetables, fruits and flowers could be raised there. But while I have a taste for this business I do not understand it. Besides, my capital is small, and the dairy business is overdone here so far as milk-selling is concerned. I think I could get a good living out of the place if I only understood the business." Then follow a whole lot of questions about the details of the dairy business; the proposition to make and sell butter as possibly paying better than the sale of milk; questions how to utilize buttermilk, etc., all of which prove conclusively that the inquirer is correct in saying he knows nothing about the business. I am afraid I will have to smash some of the hopes that our friend may have cherished, and demolish some of his pet schemes. It may be possible to make some sort of living on a few acres of land by raising products which require comparatively little room, especially vegetables and flowers under glass, vegetable and flower plants, etc. But when even those who are most skilled in such business and have had lots of experience will have need of all their energies and resources to get ahead in the struggle, I would like to know what chances any one has who "does not know the first principles of farming and gardening." It is an almost hopeless undertaking to make a living by raising "a few chickens, ducks, geese, pigeons, Belgian hares, etc., and keeping two or three cows, even if they average three gallons of milk each a day, etc.," on four village lots, unless the person knows exactly what he is about and is surrounded by unusually favorable circumstances. I would not take the responsibility to advise any one to engage in such business, although I am an enthusiast myself about country life and soil work, and wish to stir up a like enthusiasm in others. The idea that a person without the least knowledge of the work and of all its details can just move out upon a little country place and make a living, and some money besides, is absurd in the extreme. In my "Garden Book" (page 16), commenting on the frequent queries, "What crops must I plant in order to secure the largest and quickest returns?" I give the following: "The practical soil-tiller will not ask such a question. He knows that the answer depends on the climatic and particular soil conditions; on the available markets; on the tastes and adaptabilities or peculiarities of the plants; on the general management; on the hired help that will be available in an emergency."

**The Hessian Fly** The Ohio Experiment Station sends out another small bulletin in regard to the Hessian fly. Late sowing has usually been recommended as a means of insuring exemption of wheat from the fly attacks. It has been found, however, that wheat sown even as late as September 20th has been nearly ruined by this enemy. The station suggests the following method:

"Sow a part of the crop at a medium early date—say September 5th to 7th for northern Ohio, to September 15th to 18th for the southern part of the state—and then in about three weeks examine the wheat-plants very carefully at the point where the well-known 'flax-seeds' of the fly are found. It will be too early as yet to find the 'flax-seeds,' but if the fly has commenced its work

the very small white maggots which later develop into the 'flax-seeds' should be found sucking the juice from the plant. These maggots are at first so small that it will require close searching to discover them, and a magnifying-glass of low power will be a help, though not absolutely necessary. If the maggots are found it will be wise to delay seeding a few days longer; but if none are found the whole crop may be sown with good assurance of escape."

**Cats and Birds** I do not believe that I can be accused with any just reason of being deficient in sympathy with our small birds or with the general aims of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but I am not too sentimental to be practical. Strife is the law of nature, and we cannot prevent it. In one of the copies of "Our Dumb Animals," sent me by some good friend, I find a poem on the "family cat," in which the following stanza appears:

"I may suddenly spring  
For a bird on the wing,  
Or dart up a tree  
If a brown nest I see,  
And select a choice morsel  
For dinner or tea,  
And no one to blame me,  
Berate me or shame me,  
For I am the family cat."

I dislike cats for just this habit of theirs to catch birds and rob birds' nests. Yet as I must have the cat around the barn in order to keep the premises free from rats and mice I have to put up with her faults unless I can break her of some of these mischievous practices. My cat got into the habit of springing upon the pigeons, and I have frequently seen her catch one and carry it off. Finally I watched her, and gave her a few doses of dust-shot from a Flobert gun just as she was springing upon the pigeon. It seems to have cured her. There is no doubt in my mind that she catches birds in the fields and robs their nests. I comfort myself with the thought that millions of small birds, and large ones, too, are annually killed by their enemies, and millions of nests are robbed.

**Weaning the Calf** In the same copy of "Our Dumb Animals" is a suggestion how to prevent a cow from mourning for her calf when it is taken away from her. A lady correspondent tells of a visit in Scotland, where she found the following method as a general practice: "As soon as the calf is born it is put in the loose box, with plenty of hay or straw bedding, and fed with all its mother's milk while warm from the cow. This is kept up for some time, and then the calf is fed with skimmed milk warmed and thickened with oatmeal or other ground food. When the time comes to take the calf away there is no distress on the part of either cow or calf." And the editor asks, "Will some of our readers tell us why the above may not be adopted as the universal practice in this country?" Why, bless you, this is exactly the plan that I and many others have practised in America for years. In many cases it is very desirable to let the calf suck the cow for a few days, or even weeks. Even then we can manage this thing all right. After a calf sucks, the cow expects its offspring to get off into some corner by itself, to lie down and stay there until it is hungry again. So we let the calf have its fill and then turn it into a stable off one side of the cow, where she cannot see it, but still hear it occasionally. When hungry the calf may be brought in again and allowed to suck, or we can milk the cow and feed the calf out of the pail. The latter is my usual practice. The cow feels no uneasiness, as she hears her calf from time to time and knows it to be near. Gradually she gets used to the calf's absence, and when we take the calf away entirely the cow never misses it or mourns her loss, and neither does the calf mourn for the cow. This is a very satisfactory and humane way of raising and weaning calves. Some caution, of course, is necessary to get the calf gradually used to the addition of meal in its milk. I begin with teaspoonfuls, and increase slowly by teaspoonfuls until the desired quantum is reached. Good cows can be raised in this manner. T. GREINER.

## SALIENT FARM NOTES

**The Corn Crop** "How is your corn crop?" I asked a cheerful-looking farmer yesterday. "That in the crib is all right," he replied, "but that in the field looks a little emaciated!" "How much old corn have you in the crib?" "About fifteen hundred bushels. My crop this year will average about ten bushels an acre, but I'm not worrying much about that. To be sure, my revenue will be cut down to some extent, but the increased value of my old corn will nearly offset that." I find there are quite a number of "fore-handed" farmers who have from five hundred to two thousand bushels of old corn on hand, and as it has about doubled in value they see about as much cash in prospect as if they had raised another big crop. Those who sold every ear they could spare last fall are feeling rather blue over the short crop to be harvested this season.

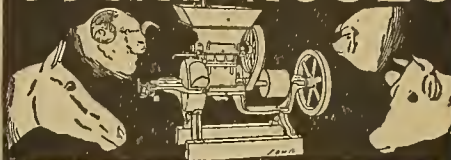
We read a great deal in the daily newspapers about "repollination." The daily-paper farmers seem to think that the corn-plant has by some means evolved a new supply of pollen after the tassel was killed by the hot winds, and fertilized the "shoots," so that the prospect for a fair crop is good. All of the tassels that came out during the prevalence of the hot winds were killed dead before the pollen ripened. After the air cooled somewhat the belated plants, of which there always are more or less in every field of corn, bloomed, and the pollen was scattered over the entire field and fertilized all the "silks" that were still in a receptive condition. The loss of the pollen which was destroyed by the hot winds was a serious blow to the corn crop, as will be discovered at husking-time. Thousands of ears will be found imperfect. The cob is there, but instead of being entirely covered with grains of corn it is only partly covered. Some are well covered from the butt to the middle, but with nothing from the middle to the tip. Others were well covered from the middle to the tip, while still others have only a few grains scattered over them. The "repollination" discovered by the daily-paper farmers was simply the tasseling of the belated stalks. These stalks usually bear nubbins and short ears, and these are what they will bear this year. Some of the earliest-planted corn tasseled, or bloomed, before the hot winds prevailed, and this will have the most perfect ears, though where the drought was severe afterward the grain will be short. Late-planted corn that bloomed after the hot winds ceased will make a fair crop where the soil was moistened by showers.

Has the drought and hot winds of the past season taught us anything concerning the management of the corn crop? I have been asked this question by several persons living in different parts of the country. A few days ago a farmer who annually grows about two hundred acres of corn said: "If there had been only a drought I would have a very fair crop of corn. I can grow very fair corn in such a drought as we had this year, but I cannot successfully combat hot winds, or, rather, hot air. That burns the crop up after we have it almost grown. There is one thing I shall do hereafter, and that is grow forty acres of the earliest dent corn I can get. I shall plant it as early as I can get it in, so as to have it entirely out of danger of drought or hot winds by the Fourth of July. In fact, I shall try to 'make' that part of my corn crop before drought or hot winds can affect it. A spring drought cuts little figure with us. We can hold the moisture that is in the soil with proper cultivation until midsummer, but then a clear sky and a burning sun will draw it out in spite of us. Those are what destroyed our crops this year. I will try to anticipate such a combination with part of my crop hereafter. If we have a wet spring and the soil is thoroughly saturated with moisture there is little danger that a crop will be adversely affected by drought that season if we till the soil properly. However, I shall try to 'make' at least a part of my corn crop as early as it can be done. I feel satisfied that by such a course I shall be a winner." FRED GRUNDY.

## Sharples "Tubular" Dairy Separators.

Official Report of State Authorities.  
University of Wisconsin—630 lbs per hour; test skim milk... 01  
Conn. Agr. College—927 lbs per hour; test skim milk... 02  
Ohio State University—"Doing good work" test skim milk... 02  
Univ. of Tenn.—"Very satisfactory" test skim milk... trace  
N. H. Agr. College—"The boys like it;" test skim milk... 01  
Hatch Experiment Station, Mass.—692 lbs per hour; test skim milk... 02  
Kansas State Agr. College—660 lbs per hour; test skim milk... 03  
Pennsylvania Agr. College—"Did very good work. It skims very clean."  
University of Nebraska—"Runs very light. Doing good work."  
Tuskegee, Ala., Industrial Inst.—"The thoroughness of skimming is remarkable."  
SHARPLES CO., Chicago, Ills. P. M. SHARPLES, West Chester, Pa.

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will make more feed and better feed from the same amount of grain. They save time, money and feed. Numerous kinds—both sweep and power. Crush and grind ear corn and all grains separate or mixed. Send for catalog 50 before you buy. We mail it free.

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is often enough to do some things. It's often enough to buy a wagon if you buy the right kind. The



## ELECTRIC HANDY WAGON

lasts that long under ordinary conditions. First the life of a wagon depends upon the wheels. This one is equipped with our Electric Steel Wheels, with straight or stagger spokes and wide tires. Wheels any height from 24 to 60 in. It lasts because tires can't get loose, no re-setting, hubs can't crack or spokes become loose, felloes can't rot, swell or dry out. Angle steel bounds. **THOUSANDS NOW IN DAILY USE.** Don't buy a wagon until you get our free book, "Farm Savings." **ELECTRIC WHEEL CO., Box 96, Quincy, Ills.**

## 26 Bushel Baskets an Hour

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Grinds ear corn and all other grain, fine or coarse, grinds finer and a more uniform feed than any other sweep mill made, and

**THE ONLY SWEEP MILL** that gives you as nice feed as a burr stone mill. **GRINDS FASTER** than any other geared mill because burrs make 3 turns to each round of the team, and we use the largest burrs of right shape to draw the grain into them. **FILLS EASIER** because we use ball bearings. **LARGEST GEARED** mill made, yet **OUR PRICES ARE LOW** because we have no agents. We sell to you direct.

**WE GUARANTEE** this mill to grind 1-3 more than any other geared mill made. **TRY IT**, and if it don't do as we say, you return it at our expense. 8 sizes sweep mills, \$14.25 and up. Send for free catalogue.

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## WAGON SCALES.

AT LESS PRICE THAN ANYBODY ELSE. JONES (HE PAYS THE FREIGHT.)

\* \* BINGHAMTON, N. Y. \* \*

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Wouldn't you much rather own a farm than to rent one? Well, if you will buy one of our **Star Drilling Machines** and go to work drilling wells, in about two good seasons you can make money enough to buy a farm of your own and be independent the remainder of your days. Hundreds of other men have done this and why not you? At any rate the proposition is worth looking into. We mail catalog, price list, etc., free. Ask for it. **STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO., Akron, O.**

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## FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE

**A** POINT IN UNDERDRAINAGE.—On very many farms the first drain-tile is laid to carry water from basins that receive surface-water from adjoining land. This land needs it worst, is often very fertile, and has attention before much experience has been gained in the regular work of underdrainage. The common mistake is to use tile of too small a size for such work, and the past season in the Eastern states has emphasized this fact. Within the year there have been some extraordinary rains, approaching cloud-bursts in violence, and the drain that cannot draw off the water from a basin, or swale, before the excess kills vegetation does not do the needed work. The rules used for determining the proper size of drain-tile for level land to be given thorough underdrainage have no particular value when a drain is wanted for land receiving and holding water from adjoining ground. These rich low spots in our fields should be the most productive parts, and they cannot be if water stands many hours in hot weather upon tender plants. A two-inch tile may keep a basin dry in an ordinary season, but the increased expense of using the three-inch or even four-inch tile may be repaid several times over in saving the crop in a single abnormal season. We naturally imagine that the extremes in weather are more marked than formerly, and possibly they are; but anyway we know that severe drought and excessive rainfall are to be met in our farming, and for the latter the tile under basins must have plenty of capacity. The small tile is all right for laterals, where each drain cares for the water that falls upon its strip of land, but in low land allow liberally for the water that runs upon it from higher ground. There is marked loss from failure to do this in many cases this season.

**IMPROVING A POOR SOIL.**—There are no more careful farmers than some of our German friends, and they know how to make thin land productive. When one of them gets control of a poor hillside the first thing he does is to get some crop growing that he can plow down. A little manure is applied, if possible, and a second green crop may be plowed under the first season. These lay the foundation for future crops, and the practice is exactly in line with science, which has pointed out that humus is the chief need of worn land. The land is thin probably because clover will not grow upon it; but rye, buckwheat and similar plants will make growth on the thinnest land. I have used corn for this purpose, and have advocated the practice, sowing the corn in June, turning it under the first of September and seeding to rye, which was plowed under in the spring for a cash crop of some sort. This year of manuring gives land a start, and if lime can be added the soil should then be easily kept in a profitably productive condition. Along this line I wish to quote the experience of a Pennsylvania farmer, as given in the "Rural New-Yorker": "I have brought up the poorest kind of land with corn. Plow the poor land in the fall; as soon as dry enough in the spring lime it very heavily. Then harrow thoroughly and sow your corn, not less than three bushels, using two hundred or three hundred pounds of fertilizer an acre. Roll it and let it go until about August 20th. After trying the usual way of getting down big clover I tried the roller the same way as plowed. This put it down flat, and all went under sleek as a whistle. I then put it into rye and fertilized it—two hundred pounds an acre—sowed four bushels, plowed it down the last of May, plowing the same as I had the corn. My neighbors said that I must be crazy for plowing down such nice rye, but it went down. I put it into potatoes, fertilizing them, and had a good crop. Next spring I put it in oats, and seeded it to timothy and clover. I had forty bushels of oats an acre, and this season I cut close to three tons of good hay an acre, and

the sod looks well, nicely matted all over." Our friend incurred more expense than I in the way of fertilizer, but his yield of hay and the condition of the sod appear to justify all the expense. Plow lots of stuff under in cool weather if you would permanently improve poor land.

**AGRICULTURAL LIME.**—Some effort is being made through agents to introduce a kind of agricultural lime for which too great claims are made. Eight to ten bushels an acre are recommended for an application, and the claims are that it "will last ten to fifteen years," "causing all kinds of soils to produce crops as it did in its original state," and that it will "produce as large a crop as any commercial fertilizer on the market." This lime is being offered at twenty cents a bushel or thereabout, forty-five bushels of it making a ton. This lime is not made by burning and grinding, but is a slaked lime, that necessarily has much less strength a ton than the ground limestone, or ground lime, that has been recommended in these columns. No form of lime, no matter how well prepared for use in a fertilizer-drill, should cost the user eight or nine dollars a ton, and especially is a slaked lime not worth that money. But, granting that the price were a fair one, no one should assume that a small application of lime can take the place of a good fertilizer. If a soil was quite "sour," and was rich in fertility that plants could not use on account of the acidity, then the lime would be equivalent in its effects to an application of fertilizer, and it would be the best material to use for the one time; but lime does not supply in itself the elements of plant-food contained in fertilizers, and unless there is a good stock of them in the soil little dependence should be placed upon the lime. It would be folly to discard a reliable fertilizer for this lime on any large area until a small experiment had demonstrated that only lime was needed to get good crops and heavy sods.

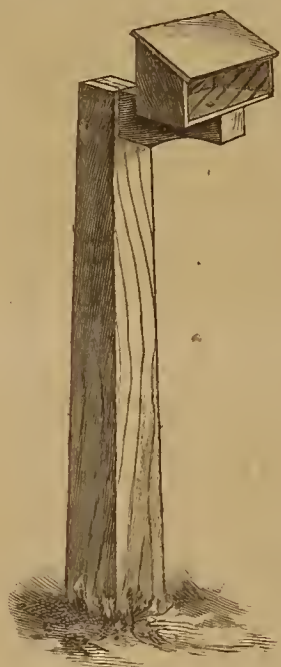
DAVID.

## A CONVENIENT MAIL-BOX

Free rural-mail delivery is now established in many districts, and there can be little doubt that the system will be extended more and more as time wears on and as the people make the demand. Where the population is dense enough I can see no reason why the country citizen should not enjoy the same privilege in this respect as his city neighbor. In order that the mail may be distributed in the least possible time—and indeed it is not a small job to do this and make all those stops at the many houses—it is necessary to make the carrier's work as easy as possible. The people must be willing to meet the man half way, so to speak. This does not signify that they should be at any great expense on this account. A mail-box conveniently put up will do the business.

I note that the government is recommending individual mail-boxes made of metal. These are good and protect the contents from rain and storms, but they lack one essential thing—the carrier cannot know whether there is any mail for collection without stopping and opening the box, and the people do not know whether or not there is anything there for them without looking, which causes unnecessary loss of time. This might be avoided by employing some sort of a signal.

The simple little mail-box I have lately constructed and put up answers all purposes well. It has received the universal approval of the mail-carrier and the public, and I will show the readers of FARM AND FIRESIDE how it is made.



The principal features of the box are first, its glass front; second, it may be turned at will to face in any direction. If the box contains letters to be mailed it is turned with its glass front facing the direction from where the mail-carrier is expected to come. If it does not contain anything it is left in its normal position facing the roadside. Turning the box to face the house with the glass front serves as a signal that mail has been left. It is very simple and businesslike.

F. GREINER.

## CURRENT AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES

The first sugar-beets were received at the Chino (Cal.) factory on the twenty-third of July, and their manufacture into sugar was begun July 25th.

Cotton is no longer "king," but occupies a third place in importance. Corn, wheat, cotton, oats, barley, rye, and buckwheat constitute our leading crops.

During the last thirty years our population has doubled. We have twice as much acreage devoted to corn as in 1870, three times as much corn, and two and one half as much cotton.

A sample of the ash of the strawberry when analyzed shows that it contains 36.86 per cent of potash, 13.99 per cent of phosphoric acid and 4.2 per cent of lime.

The Corvallis and Benton County Prune Company, of Oregon, who have a 155-acre prune orchard, have arranged for the erection of a drier that will cure from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred bushels of prunes daily.

Fifteen hundred bushels of hard seed-wheat have been imported this year from Russia at a cost of one dollar and thirty cents a bushel. It was received and distributed by Mr. B. Warkenstein, of Newton County, Kansas. This importation will aid in keeping up the reputation of Kansas hard wheat in markets where it is now so popular.

The best work along agricultural lines comes from the stimulating effect of successful examples in the line of production and profitable results.

Selected seed pays best. It will pay to use a screen that will leave only large, plump grains for use in the drill. A bushel of wheat-screenings from the fanning-mill is said to be worth as egg-producers as much as one and one half bushels of corn.

The daily sales of live stock at the Chicago Union Stock Yards are not far short of one million dollars. In number hogs, sheep, cattle, calves and horses lead in the order named.

The "Western Swine Breeder" says that there is a shortage of pigs owing to the high price of corn. Local stock buyers are of the opinion that too many piggy sows were sold on the general market last winter, which in part accounts for their present scarcity.

In these days of keen competition and comparatively low prices intensive methods are the only ones which yield any adequate return for the time and labor expended in farming operations. Scientific farming is good farming.

Mr. Frank E. Briggs, of Sac County, Iowa, says in last year's agricultural report that fourteen hundred and fifty cans of sweet-corn were put up at Sac City, and that the farmers realized \$16.50 an acre and had the fodder and nubbins left.

Basic slag, also known as Thomas phosphate, a commercial fertilizer, is one among the cheapest sources of phosphoric acid now known. It is used in immense quantities in Great Britain, Germany and Russia. Its real value is greatly underestimated in the United States. It should be sown broadcast on the wheat and grass lands every third year at the rate of one third of a ton to the acre. It costs at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, about eighteen dollars a ton.

The discovery of enormous beds of nitrate of soda is announced in the Mojave Desert that exceeded in quantity those in Peru. The railway which is now being constructed between Los Angeles and Salt Lake via Death Valley will be likely to lead to the early opening of the nitrate beds. If this is true it will prove of great value to the farmers in the United States.

The farmers and manufacturers in this country sold last year products to the value of eight hundred and eighty-four million dollars, and purchased

about one half of the same amount of things, which, with the exception of tea and coffee, ought and could have been produced by ourselves.

The time has now come when producers ought to have something to say about the prices fixed on their farm and orchard products. At last a practical move has been made in this direction. The Davisville Almond Growers' Association, of California, has now issued a circular asking for bids on one hundred and thirty-eight tons, or about fourteen car-loads, of seven varieties of nuts. The bids must all be in by August 3d, and be accompanied by a certified check for five thousand dollars.

Hon. O. J. Hughes, United States Consul at Coburg, Germany, calls attention to the rapidly increasing demand for banana-meal, owing to its great nutritive qualities. Jamaica now furnishes the main supply for the European markets. As it gives promise of being a paying industry, Consul Hughes is of the opinion that increased attention should be given to its increased production in our insular possessions. The meal, or flour, is very palatable, imparting as it does a delicate and pleasant flavor to various kinds of food in common use.

Mr. E. D. Howe, of Massachusetts, recently told some of the Vermont farmers "how" to run a small farm on a large scale. He said the first requisite was thorough tillage; second, right tools used at the right time; third, quick-growing crops and land constantly planted with them; fourth, economical feeding of crops; fifth, constant weeding out of unprofitable cows, and gradually discarding those yielding but small profit; sixth, marketing the product in the most remunerative manner. It is undoubtedly better economy to convert corn into pork and lard when to be exported than to export grain or meal. In this way the manure which will result from feeding the corn will be retained on the farm where it belongs. The immense loss which results by not feeding on the farm all the grain and forage crops raised on it amounts in the aggregate to a vast sum, which could have been saved to the producer by converting his staple crops of seed and forage into merchantable products, which always command a ready sale. This can be done and the soil improved year by year with the comforting assurance to the skilful husbandman that future generations will rise up and call him blessed.

W. M. K.

## WILL SUGAR-BEETS PAY?

The September 1st number of the FARM AND FIRESIDE contains two articles which discuss the sugar-beet industry with considerable enthusiasm. In the discussion of this subject one question has been too often ignored; namely, "Will sugar-beets prove to be a profitable crop in the corn belt?" It is in accordance with the most fundamental principle of practical agriculture that a farmer should grow those crops which continue year after year to produce the largest net return. The question then is, "Are beets more profitable than corn?"

"Why should we ask that beets be more profitable than corn? We grow oats without asking that it be equally profitable. Why not grow beets for what profit there is in them, even if the cultivation of this crop does prove less profitable than growing corn?" Or again it may be asked, "Why not compare the relative profitability of growing oats and beets instead of comparing that of corn and beets?" The answer to these questions lies in the fact that crops must be grown in rotation; and while oats and corn may be brought into rotation so as to supplement each other in the economy of the farm, beets and corn cannot be made to supplement each other. Beets may be brought into a system of rotation with oats, but not with corn. Corn and beets occupy the same position in the field system. In some places—as where the sugar-beet area crosses the corn belt in the United States—the one may be made to replace the other, but they cannot be made to supplement each other. The time devoted to the culture of oats is not subtracted from the time which the farmer may devote to the corn crop. The oat crop is sown and harvested at



just the time when the farmer is not needed in the corn-field, and hence oats fit naturally into a profitable rotation with corn. But beets demand cultivation at the same time the farmer is needed in the corn-field, and if the beet crop increases the corn crop must decrease. Hence, we must ask the question, "Is beet culture and sugar production more profitable than corn-growing and pork production?" If so, there is reason for trying to introduce sugar-beets in the Mississippi Valley. If pork production is more profitable than sugar production, the profitable culture of the beet must be found outside the corn belt.

Corn is the one grain crop which can be easily cultivated while it is growing. Where corn will not grow, as is the case in central and northern Europe, the small grains—wheat, rye, oats and barley—are the most profitable crops. But if these crops are grown year after year on the same ground the soil becomes so hard and foul as to produce next to nothing. In olden times it was a common practice to cultivate the soil one year in three without any crop. This was called the fallow. The wheat-

good economy to sacrifice the more profitable crop for the less profitable one simply because the one is being sent abroad in exchange for the other? Wisconsin. H. C. TAYLOR.

#### RECESSION OF THE COLORADO RAIN BELT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

natural watershed, and receive the surface drainage resulting from sudden and heavy downpours.

Mr. Payne predicts that this will be the natural course of events in the rain belt. It will gradually be settled up by small herdsmen, who will build neat and comfortable homes, and whose orchards and gardens will furnish all the fruit and vegetables required for family use, while their cattle will graze upon the outlying ranges. It is found that various kinds of coarse forage may be raised there with but little trouble, and this comes handy in tiding cattle over a hard winter.

He is also of the opinion that dairying may be made practicable at such times, as the prices of beef-cattle do not afford good returns. In this way he thinks that the whole rain belt will



CORN-FIELD IN THE "RAIN BELT"

fields of Essex, England, are often fallowed in this way yet—the ground being plowed in the fall and then kept stirred up loose and clear of weeds for a year. This bare fallow however, is rare in most parts of Europe to-day. Various crops have been introduced, such as turnips, beets, beans, etc.—crops which can be cultivated as they grow. These crops were called fallow crops, because when they were introduced they were considered incidental to the fallow which prepares the soil for a grain crop. Even to-day some good farmers in England doubt whether turnips are more profitable than a bare fallow. Where it will grow, corn has replaced the fallow; but in those parts of Europe where sugar-beets are being grown the climate precludes the growing of corn, and sugar-beets have only to show themselves as profitable as turnips, potatoes and fodder beets in order to enter as a profitable element into the field system. Hence, in Europe the sugar-beet replaces a relatively unprofitable element in the system of crop rotation, whereas in the corn belt of the United States it must replace the most profitable crop hitherto known to the farmers of this section of the country.

Where the beet region extends beyond the corn belt, as in California, Utah, etc., the conditions are more nearly the same as in the beet-sugar producing countries of Europe; and as these states grow older the fallow is becoming more and more necessary and beets are proving to be a profitable fallow crop. But it is certainly proper for a farmer located in the corn belt to ask if beets are more profitable than corn. If a system of cropping in which corn is replaced by beets will prove to be more profitable, there is good reason for introducing beet culture. But if the farmers find it more profitable to produce pork than sugar, why should they change the present system? Is it

slowly become repopulated, and that communities may become dense enough to support now and then a commercial center and a district school.

#### CORRESPONDENCE

FROM INDIANA.—After farming in the corn belt of Tippecanoe County for seven seasons I came home last winter and rented a worn-out farm in Clark County. The farm is so poor that one man said it was the poorest farm in the county, and another, the worst in the state; but nevertheless I think I will buy the place, and with the help of the FARM AND FIRESIDE make a good farm out of it. Clark County is in the southern part of the state. Land here is worth from \$25 to \$75 an acre, but some has sold as high as \$125 an acre. This county is noted for its fine cattle and hogs, which are raised in large numbers. Louisville, just across the river, furnishes a fine market. The other chief products of the county are corn, oats, wheat, hay and orchard-grass seed, of which hundreds of bushels are marketed each season. This is also a fine fruit country. I wish every owner of a run-down farm in America could take the FARM AND FIRESIDE. I consider it the best farm journal in the country. Jeffersonville, Ind. W. D. C.

FROM MARYLAND.—Washington County is situated in western Maryland. The land is generally good farming-land, but very hilly and high in price, ranging from \$50 to \$100 an acre. Peaches and melons are extensively grown; five to fifteen car-loads are shipped every day during the season. Wheat was not a full crop and was badly sprouted in the shock during the wet weather. Corn looks very fine and will make a large yield. Fall pasture is very good. Hagerstown, in the northern part, is a live town of 20,000. Six railroads enter it, and it has several important industries, among them a silk-factory. Wheat, corn and hay are the principal crops. Western Maryland is a good place to live, but a very bad place for a man to start farming without plenty of money. Virginia, just across the old Potomac, is far ahead in cheap land, fine water and the best of timber. The apple crop in West Virginia is very large; some farmers have sold the crop on the trees for as much as \$1,500. S. M. J. H. Gapland, Md.

#### CEMENT FLOORS FOR CATTLE

After deciding on the size and dimensions it will pay to stake it out on the ground several days or weeks before the time set to commence operation. This will probably save the remark that we so often hear, "If I had it to do over again I would do it differently." Remember that you are laying out work for yourself for years to come; a little foresight is worth a tremendous lot of regret.

It is a good plan to take a trip about the country and look over half a dozen different stables that are known to be correct in principle.


Inside of the wall the ground must be carefully graded in conformity with the ground plan. Jogs, gutters, mangers, inclines and track-runs should be laid out with great care to correspond with a carefully drawn plan and profile.

Small grade-stakes should be driven along gutters, as well as at regular intervals over the graded bottom. These stakes should be driven just deep enough so that the top of the stake will be level with the top surface of the first layer of cement. They should be removed while the cement is soft, and the holes filled, although this is not absolutely necessary.

In order to set these stakes properly what is called an A level is required; this is made with three strips of board seven eighths by three inches nailed together in the shape of a letter "A." A plumb-bob is hung from the top, and a mark made on the crosspiece where the line crosses when the feet are level. To find this level drive two stakes and set one foot on each stake; by reversing the feet and repeatedly driving down the higher stake until the line touches the same point when the "A" is placed in either position the exact level may be obtained. With one of these simple instruments, a few stakes and a maul two men may walk all over a hillside and mark out a perfectly level course.

When the ground is finished ready for the cement, mortar-board that is plenty large enough to be used without sides should be conveniently placed. Mix thoroughly by measure, dry, one part of best Portland cement with six or seven parts of coarse sand; a liberal sprinkling of broken stone is an improvement. When thoroughly mixed wet to mortar consistency, which is just wet enough to be pressed into a ball by hand, spread directly on the ground in a layer two and one half inches thick, and tramp down solid. Gutter sides and all jogs should be an inch thicker, to prevent breaking. Corners at these places should be beveled for the same reason. The top, or putty, coat should be mixed and laid on the stall floor with a rough board trowel; this coat should consist of one part of cement to two parts of sand that has been sifted. It should not be troweled down smooth on the standing floor, but it should be left rough in order to furnish a hold for bedding; the mangers and feedways may be polished to the queen's taste. This coat may be from one to one and one half inches thick, and it must be laid when the bottom coat is fresh and damp, or the two will not properly unite; for this reason it is better to lay a large floor in sections, though if dryness cannot be avoided sprinkling with water will help to restore adhesiveness. In large stables where a driveway is provided it is necessary to make creases in the cement when soft, otherwise the hard, smooth floor will furnish no foothold for the horses. This may be done by embedding a rake-handle at frequent intervals in the cement while it is soft. Stable floors made in this manner are permanent, sanitary and comfortable for stock when all the necessary conditions are complied with, which include proper care in building and the necessary subsequent cleanliness.

Cementing directly on the ground in this manner is all right, provided the ground is hard and dry. Judgment is required in this as well as in all other transactions pertaining to the farm; if the soil is a hard clay the cement may be much thinner than for a soil of a loamy or looser nature. On the other hand, if the soil is sandy a thin layer of broken stone or coarse gravel may be necessary. Where gravel is used on sand some kind of a binder is sometimes required.—Herbert Shearer.



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## Notes From Garden and Field

**SPRAYING GRAPES.**—In order just to see how I would fare I have not used a drop of Bordeaux mixture or any other spraying liquid except crude petroleum for the San Jose scale this season. My grapes have had reasonably thorough treatment in this regard year after year until this time, and I must say that I have had good grapes and plenty of them right along, with little trouble from grape disease, although before the spraying treatment was begun the fruit was more or less ruined by these diseases every year. I had been in hopes that by my continued treatment mildews and rots were pretty well banished from my vineyard. It was a pleasant illusion, a dream, and the reality is not at all pleasing. I have some grapes that are reasonably healthy, among them Concord and others of the Labruska class, like Worden, Niagara, Pocklington, etc., but some of the thinner-leaved sorts, especially Delaware and others of that class, and some of the hybrids are badly spotted with downy mildew and leaf-blight. Altogether I find my vineyard in a far worse condition this year than any year since I made a practice of spraying it; and now I feel that for the future I shall hesitate to take risks. If I spray nothing else, the Bordeaux mixture will be used on my vines without fail until some better remedy is found. I would like to hear from any one who has given the saccharate of copper mentioned by me in an earlier issue a thorough trial, and be told whether it is as effective in preventing such diseases as the Bordeaux mixture. Please report.

**HOTBED-MAKING.**—The query of a lady reader in Proctor, Ill., about making hotbeds seems a little out of season. At this time I usually have all my hotbed and cold-frame sashes under shelter, and do not calculate to put them to use again until March. Yet if I had no greenhouse I think I would get at least a cold-frame or so under way in September, for the purpose of starting some lettuce for late fall and early winter use, or possibly sow a little spinach-seed for a few messes of greens. They taste especially good after the cold weather of early winter has put a stop to the use of green stuff from open ground. I do not believe that it is necessary to give "full directions" about hotbed-making at this time. If you have the sashes, a simple box of corresponding size, a few inches higher

unless I go to spraying at once. I am confident that in order to make sure of healthy egg-plants we must spray.

The potato-plant is a near relative of the egg-plant. Now why all these reports that spraying potatoes does not prevent the potato-blight? I am told by one of my friends that he uses the Bordeaux mixture in full strength made after the old formula—namely, six pounds of copper sulphate and four pounds of lime to forty or forty-five gallons of water—and that he gets good results. Possibly we have been using the mixture too weak. Sometimes, however, I begin to think that what we frequently take to be disease is nothing more nor less than the effect of serious injury by flea-beetle. These little things often do a great deal more damage than we blame them for. They are so small, and the holes they eat into the leaves are so tiny, that we hardly notice the extent of the injury until we see the edges of the leaves, under the influence of heat and dryness, curl up and burn up, turning brown and black, and the whole plant finally die. If the plants are kept well covered with the Bordeaux mixture in full strength I believe the flea-beetles are kept off at least to some extent, and the plants can be kept green and growing for a longer period. This year I have noticed only one patch of potatoes that seemed to be entirely free from flea-beetle attacks, and I do not think that the blight will hurt this patch. The potatoes were planted about the middle of June.

**PROTECTING HARDY VEGETABLES.**—Frosty nights usually come with October. Tender garden-stuff must be taken care of in good season if we wish to save them, but we have quite a list of things that will not only endure a frost unharmed, but even make the best growth after the tender things outdoors are all killed. Winter radishes, turnips, lettuce and cresses, spinach, hardy onions, kale, and similar things, all have a good chance yet to make considerable growth. But there is a limit even to this. When the real cold weather sets in with November severe cold spells are liable to occur, and even such hardy crops as spinach and kale are put in danger. Here we usually leave them in open ground unprotected until December; but toward the latter part (or even the middle) of November it is liable to freeze up solid, and if it does, we will get no more spinach, lettuce and other hardy vegetables from open ground. I like to have at least a little row of parsley, lettuce, and one of kale in such a shape that I can get a little picking or a mess from open

that the further destructive methods of digging up young roots that have not sufficiently matured to bear seed is universally practised, and that when the seed is matured it requires a year and a half to germinate. Apparently nature has thrown a number of safeguards about the overproduction of this product with undue precaution.

Another peculiarity about ginseng is the lack of any mortal use for it so far as we know. Americans so far have never been able to discover any valuable qualities belonging to the plant, though it is worth in the open market five or six dollars a pound. The only sale for it is among the Chinese, and they persistently and positively refuse to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as to what they do with it; but this probably concerns us very little so long as they are willing to pay the price and increase our foreign exports to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars per annum.

Owing to the difficulty of propagating the plant it has been only recently grown artificially, and not now to any great extent, owing to the long wait from the time of planting the seed to the maturity of the root. Young America would rather grow two crops in a year of some other product than to wait seven or eight years for one crop of ginseng. There are gardeners, however, who are apparently making a success of this long-drawn-out proposition, as this plant is now bringing them a good deal of money, which illustrates the old saying, "All things come to him who waits."

HERBERT SHEARER.

### WHAT TO DO WITH THE APPLES

The apple crop of the United States and Canada is very much below the average. The result will be that the highest prices will rule, and a great many fruit-growers and apple-buyers will market almost everything that is grown, which will prove to be a very serious mistake. While the crop is short, if this practice is carried out, there will certainly be a hard break in prices later on, as when the consumers find a large quantity of poor apples packed in with a few good ones, they will stop buying and turn their attention to other fruits.—Rural New-Yorker.

## Orchard and Small Fruits

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN

**Injured Cherry-leaves.**—J. H. W., Grand Junction, Col. From the cherry-leaves which you inclose I cannot be certain as to the cause of the trouble. There seems to be some injury to them due to fungus, but the chief trouble looks like sunburn. Similar effects are often produced by bright sun shining on the trees immediately after a light shower. If this was the cause then the leaves which are on the inside of the trees and shaded would not show the injury. You will know as to this yourself. In order to understand the matter intelligently I should like to know what varieties of trees are affected and whether the disease is confined to more than one side of the trees. I would also like to know whether the disease has advanced any, since you last wrote.

**Plum-leaves Dropping.**—D. R. W., Council Bluffs, Iowa. The reason that your plum-tree has shed its leaves is probably that the foliage is attacked by some fungous disease, perhaps by the shot-hole fungus. The foliage falling off in this way stops the growth of the trees, and the fruit falls off as the tree cannot mature it, or else it is of very poor quality and remains on the tree scarcely increasing in size. Some varieties are especially subject to such troubles and others are comparatively free from them. If you wish to grow the varieties which are so very susceptible to this disease the only way to do so is to begin early in the spring and spray with Bordeaux mixture at intervals of two weeks, using three or four applications.

**Cureulio-Borer.**—J. C., Vailsburg, N. J. The probable reason why your plums become rotten on the trees is because they were stung by the cureulio. This is a small beetle that attacks the plums soon after they are formed. It feeds on them and also lays its eggs in them. The remedy for this is jarring the trees, and in this way catching and destroying the beetles. This matter has been fully described in these columns during the past year.—The probable reason why your peaches withered and fell off the tree is that the tree was injured somewhere in its circulation probably by some borer. A careful examination of the tree ought to disclose the reason for this. I think you will find the

borer around the roots close to the surface of the ground. The fact of its being in a moist place would not have caused it to die unless it had standing water around its roots, in which case it might easily have dropped its fruit. When the roots of such trees are covered with water they fail to act.

**"Hidebound" Trees.**—C. B., Bee Caves, Texas, writes: "Some of my young peach and plum trees are what I should term 'hidebound.'" The bark cracks open on the trunk. The appearance of the affected tree is otherwise healthy."

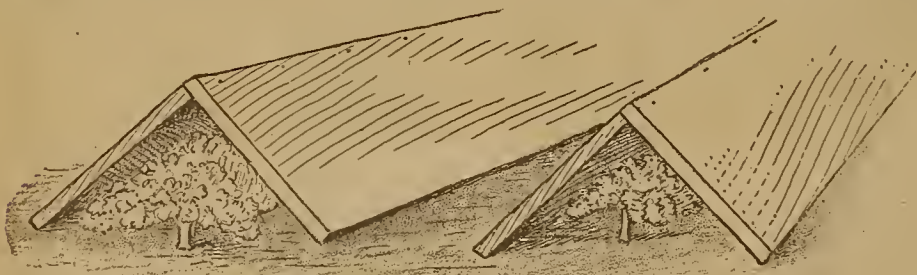
**REPLY:**—The hidebound appearance of some of your trees is undoubtedly due to poor soil conditions. I would suggest that you cultivate the soil more thoroughly and that once each season you slit the bark of the trees so that they can easily expand. Do this from the top to the bottom of the trunk where diseased.

**Carolina Poplar.**—G. E. C., Hornellsville, N. Y. The Carolina poplar grows easily from cuttings made up in the same way that cuttings are made for willows and poplars generally. For general nursery work it is best to start with cuttings of mature wood about a fourth of an inch in size, and preferably that which is half an inch in diameter. Make these up at any time after the fall of the leaves in autumn or the starting of growth in spring. Make them twelve inches long, and plant them eleven inches deep in rich soil, six inches apart in rows three feet apart. It is generally preferable to put them in at an angle of forty-five degrees, but it does not matter so much about this provided the soil is thoroughly compacted about the base of the cuttings so there will be no air-spaces around them. This tree is of rapid growth and desirable for quick effects. It is, however, simply a form of our common cottonwood, and while I think it a superior form I do not think it a specially valuable tree for general planting, as to my mind it always looks cheap. The cuttings may be safely planted this autumn providing the ground is moist and the tops are covered three inches deep with soil after they are planted; and if in addition a little fine manure is added so much the better.

**Fruit Failure.**—A. P., Ashkum, Ill. I do not know why it is that your orchard should be more injured by insect pests than your neighbors'. But it is quite possible that since you have the orchard protected by a hedge that the insects find it a more agreeable place to work in than in those orchards which are not so protected. I have occasionally seen orchards where this fact seemed very evident. The fact that your orchard is grown in bluegrass is against its being very thrifty, and insects seem especially to thrive on trees that are somewhat weakened. I would suggest that you plow up the blue-grass sod and keep the soil cultivated all summer, and think that this will make the trees so thrifty that you will have less trouble from insect pests. The crooked apples of which you complain are probably caused by being stung by the apple-cureulio. Your plums and apricots are undoubtedly injured by the plum-cureulio, and your apples, which you term "wormy," are probably infested by what is known as the codling-moth. In order to keep these insects from destroying your fruit you will have to begin systematic spraying of the fruit with Paris green early in the spring, and you should make a point of especially studying this matter, as there is considerable detail to be learned in connection with it.

**To Strike Cuttings—To Reap Seeds—Plant-lice and Cabbage-worms.**—W. M., St. John, Utah, writes: "Please inform me when and how to strike cuttings or slips of gooseberry-bushes.—Also please inform me of the proper mode, manner and time of reaping garden-seeds.—Please inform me of the best remedy to prevent the lice and green worms on cabbage, or how to get rid of them."

**REPLY:**—The way to strike cuttings of gooseberries is to layer the new growth about the middle of June. To do this so as to secure the largest number of plants bury some of the main branch about three inches deep and allow the shoots from it to stick up through the soil. By autumn it will be found that these young shoots have produced root, when they may be taken up, separated, and each rooted branch treated like small plants or cuttings. This method of propagation is much more certain than that by cuttings.—You should gather seeds of any kind of vegetable or fruit as soon as they are ripe, and it is better to gather them a little before they are ripe than to wait until they begin to shell out.—The best way of preventing lice on cabbages is by gathering and burning or burying all the old leaves which are left on the cabbage-field, and by using new land for the cabbage occasionally. The best way of getting rid of the green worms that eat the leaves of cabbage is by dusting the leaves with Paris green mixed with flour at the rate of one pound of Paris green to thirty pounds of flour. You need not be afraid of poisoning the cabbage. The insect that eats the leaves of your young cabbage-plants is probably what is known as the cabbage flea-beetle. This insect is very active and you will have to look sharp to see it. You will find the best remedy for this insect to be the planting of more cabbage-seed than is absolutely necessary for the plants you will need, and keeping them dusted with air-slaked lime.



PROTECTION FOR LATE GARDEN CROPS

at the rear, or north, side than in front (south), and set upon the level ground, will answer for a cold-frame. Fill it with rich soil—a mixture of good garden soil and old compost—sow the seed or set the plants, and cover with the sashes, and you will, with proper care of the plants—that is, watering and ventilating—be reasonably sure of getting some lettuce, etc., at a time when you will greatly appreciate it. In the leading seed catalogues for 1902 you will find explicit directions for making hotbeds.

**SPRAYING EGG-PLANTS.**—My egg-plants have had no treatment this year. In a number of years past I have never failed to keep these plants well covered with the Bordeaux mixture all season long, and by this means managed to hold the blight, to which they are quite subject, in check. Unsprayed plants usually came to an early death. This year, while all sorts of fungous diseases are quite prevalent everywhere and on all sorts of crops, my egg-plants have remained remarkably healthy up to this time. Now I begin to see the first signs of disease, and I may yet lose my crop

ground for some time in early winter. My plan how to secure that result is shown in the above illustration. Simply nail two wide boards together in A-shape, and place this trough over the row to be protected. In mild weather the trough is to be taken off; but even during a severe spell in the fore part of winter, by keeping the protecting boards on I will be able to gather some fresh parsley, lettuce, spinach and kale from underneath the boards.

T. GREINER.

### GINSENG

Among the odd vegetable exhibitions in the Horticulture Building we find this oddity that the mountaineers of Kentucky and Tennessee have been hunting for generations under the name of "sang." So thoroughly and persistently have these easy-going, lanky American hunters indulged in this exciting sport that they have secured about all the "sang" they can find. This is not to be wondered at when we consider that in the wild state it takes from five to eight years to grow a root; that one of these fellows will dig up a root in about one minute;





## THE POULTRY YARD

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### EGGS AND TABLE-FOWLS

**N**O MATTER whether the farmer uses a pure breed or not, he at least has nothing to lose, for by careful selection he may gain largely. All improvement, however, should be made upon the pure breeds. It is only lost time working on the common fowls. Hundreds of breeds of crosses may be made, and breeds multiply until they reach a thousand, yet after all, like the creation of new varieties of plants, only one in a hundred may be worthy of a place on the farm; but whether the work be for an object of profit or for pleasure only, it is useless to attempt to make progress except to begin with the pure-bred fowls, for many of our pure breeds are not as worthy as common fowls. But in order to be successful a selection of some of the pure breeds will be necessary. There is ample room to improve that which has already been improved, for as yet no limit confines the enterprise and industry of the farmer, while it is greatly to his advantage to aim to produce something better than can be found elsewhere. Make a specialty of both eggs and table-fowls. Where eggs are desired the pullets of Leghorns will begin to lay and keep at it when pullets of large breeds may not begin until from six to nine months old. The Leghorn variety is not the best for broilers; the chickens being smaller at a given age than the usual recognized breeds for the table; but of course it is not possible to have in one and the same fowl a bird that is the best layer and the best broiler. The Dorking is the best table-fowl, but even its best admirer would not claim for it that it equals the Leghorn and other breeds as a layer. The Buff is one of the latest Leghorn varieties, the White and Brown having long been known. The Buff is a beautiful bird, and one that will win its way wherever bred. It has its admirers, who are pronounced in praise of its qualities. Besides having the general characteristics of the Leghorn type the Buff cock has a rich buff-colored hackle and saddle, in shade from lemon to cinnamon, but of even, solid color, in keeping with the rest of the plumage. The back and the wing-bow exactly match the plumage; the tail is of the same general tint, but a richer, deeper buff is preferable. The remainder of the plumage is of a slightly lighter shade, but even in color throughout, with no semblance of mottled plumage.

### REPAIR THE HOUSES NOW

Poultry-houses should have large windows and face toward the southeast, so as to get the morning sun. Let every farmer, if he has not already done so, see to it that he has comfortable quarters for his fowls both in summer and winter. If they are furnished with these and have plenty of pure water, grain, vegetables and some fresh meat, they will, for this care, furnish an abundance of eggs for the family. But if they are exposed to the cold, bleak winds and storms and compelled to roost in the trees, and are only half fed or not fed at all, do not expect them to lay, as you will be surely disappointed. One of the greatest and most prevailing faults of farmers in the management of fowls is that no suitable roosting-place is provided for them. The naked, leafless tree too often furnishes them their only shelter. Here they are exposed to the cold winds, sleet and rains of winter, and frequently so strong is the wind that they have all they can do to maintain their foothold. The chilling snow and rain and sleet falls upon them. It requires all their vital powers to protect themselves against the blasts of winter, let them be fed ever so well.

### THE COST OF EGGS

In experiments made with several breeds it was found that results varied according to the size and breed. The

Dorking laid one hundred and thirty eggs a year, the average weight of the egg being two ounces, or eight to the pound. This gives sixteen and one fourth pounds of eggs a year. The food eaten a day was six ounces, or nearly one hundred and thirty-seven pounds. This was heavy feeding, and consisted of a variety of grain and grass, being apparently over eight pounds of food for each of the eggs; but it must be considered that a large proportion of the food was directed to growth, as the record was kept from the first six months of age to a year and a half, and the birds were also kept over winter, when a large amount of food was directed to heat. The production of eggs was good, but as the birds were forced the cost was excessive, though the cocks had made ten pounds growth when six months old. If no estimate is made for labor a dozen eggs can be produced at a cost of about six cents for food, or about half a cent an egg. If all the food allowed the hens were converted into eggs the profit on a dozen eggs would be large, even when the prices are very low, but much depends on whether the hens convert the food into eggs, flesh or support of the body.

### BROWN AND WHITE EGGS

Many of the breeds which lay white eggs lay both larger eggs and more of them than some of the pure-bred and cross-bred varieties; but if the brown articles, though less numerous, realize more in the course of a year than the whites, it is the one for the producer of eggs to offer for sale. Most of our domestic varieties of poultry lay white eggs, and in some cases the size and number are of a high order. Spanish varieties, for example, produce large white eggs, and a good number, too, in the course of a year. It has been demonstrated, however, that there is but little, if any, difference between brown and white eggs so far as quality is concerned.

### CUTTING THE WINGS

Never cut a fowl's wing by clipping off the quills, as it makes them look unsightly. The best way to cut their wings to prevent flying is to spread the wing out and cut the feather portion from the quill. This will leave bare quills, and when the wing is closed barely show that the wing has been tampered with. Only one wing should be cut. If the feathers are pulled out others will grow in their place.

### INQUIRIES ANSWERED

**Cow-peas for Poultry.**—J. G., Henderson, N. C., writes: "I have a large quantity of cow-peas. How should they be fed to poultry?"

**REPLY:**—Feed them every other day, the same as with corn or wheat.

**Late Pullets.**—M. L. R., Jackson, Miss., writes: "I have some Plymouth Rocks, hatched in June. Will they lay this winter?"

**REPLY:**—In your climate they will have a longer warm period for growth, and with good care should lay by Christmas.

**Grit Material.**—R. S. A., Owego, N. Y., writes: "Is it necessary to provide oyster-shells if gritty material is abundant or provided?"

**REPLY:**—Oyster-shells are not necessary if varied food is provided and grit is supplied.

**Breeds for Confinement.**—S. R. J., Hadonfield, N. J., writes: "I live on a city lot, have a desire for a few fowls, and wish to know which breeds are the best for such condition."

**REPLY:**—The Brahmas and Cochins are usually contented in confinement and cannot fly over an ordinary fence. They are also good breeds if not fed too liberally.

**Crossing.**—J. S. E., Akron, Ohio, writes: "In crossing Leghorns with Brahmas should the single-comb or rose-comb Leghorn be preferred; that is, male Leghorn (Brown) and Brahma hens?"

**REPLY:**—The rose-comb will probably give a lower comb to the progeny, though a great surface will also be presented to the winds and frost. White Leghorns should be preferred to the Brown, so as to match the colors as nearly as possible.

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Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE relating to matters of general interest will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

**Publications of the Department of Agriculture.**—J. J. R., Rockaway, N. J., and others. Request the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., to send you the printed list of documents published by the Department of Agriculture for distribution.

**Device for Self-sucking Cow.**—A. L. M., Palermo, Ill., writes: "As I see a number of devices to prevent a cow from milking herself I will give one that is not cruel, but certain to break the habit. Make a bit out of a piece of three-fourth-inch gas-pipe, and have holes drilled in it so the air will be drawn from the ends when the cow attempts to suck."

**Saving Seed-corn.**—H. H. B., Allenboro, Ill. A bulletin of the Department of Agriculture recommends the following: "The best plan for saving corn for seed is to go through the field before the crop is harvested and gather the best ears from the best stalks. The largest yields of grain are usually made from varieties producing two ears on each stalk, and if such a variety is desired then seed should be saved only from stalks bearing two ears. If a variety bearing only one ear to each stalk is preferred the ears selected for seed should be the largest which can be found, of nearly equal diameter throughout, and well filled at each end. It is as important to take seed from the best stalks as from the best ears, and whatever variety may be preferred, every ear which is selected for seed should be taken from a stalk which in size, habit of growth and number of ears approaches closely to what is the desired form for that variety. In selecting seed from the crib, as is often done, nothing can be known of the character of the stalks upon which the ears were grown, and little or no improvement can be made in a variety by such a selection, while a careful and judicious selection in the field will work a constant and gradual improvement in the crop and will make it more nearly uniform with each succeeding year. No one item in the growing of corn is of greater importance than the selection of seed. After the seed has been selected it should be thoroughly dried, treated with bisulphid of carbon to destroy insects, and then stored where it will be kept dry and secure from rats and mice."

## VETERINARY

CONDUCTED BY DR. H. J. DETMERS

To regular subscribers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Veterinary queries should be sent directly to DR. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

**NOTE.**—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered.

**Periodical Ophthalmia.**—M. B., Clay Center, Kan. What you describe appears to be a case of periodical ophthalmia (improperly called "moon-blindness"), an incurable disease. Your fear that the eye-sight of the other eye will also be lost is well founded.

**A Defective Teat.**—V. H., Harrisonburg, Va. Against the defect in one teat of your cow nothing can be done except vigorous milking so long as the cow is in milk. When she is dry a surgical operation, to be performed by a competent veterinarian, may be in order. Whether it is or not must be ascertained by a careful examination.

**Cow Draws Up the Milk.**—N. M. K., Topeka, Kan. If your cow has acquired the habit of drawing up the milk, or not letting it down, when milked the only advice I can give you, unless she has a young calf, is to milk her crosswise—that is, the left fore and the right hind teat and the right fore and left hind teat together. If she has a young calf you may allow the calf to suck one teat while you are milking the others, but always the teat of that quarter in which the milk is drawn up.

**Ropy Milk.**—S. L., Greenville, Ohio. Since your cows are perfectly healthy, receive the best of food, and the milk or cream becomes ropy and stringy after it has been standing for twenty-four hours, it is safe to conclude that the infection takes place where the milk is kept, and not within the cows. The remedy consists in a thorough disinfection of the premises in which the milk is kept by means of burning sulphur, and thus developing sulphurous acid. Any druggist will instruct you how to proceed.

**Heaves.**—W. J. F., Poland, Ohio. If your veterinarian defines "heaves" as a chronic, feverish and incurable difficulty of breathing, as it ought to be defined, I think that his diagnosis is correct. You can considerably ease your mare by allowing her but very little bulky food, such as hay, and making up the deficiency with more concentrated food, such as grain and chopped food; by not giving her any hay that is in the least dusty; by not allowing her bowels to become costive; by relieving any costiveness with bran mash, and by seeing to it that when in the stable she has a stall in which she has pure and fresh air to breathe. I would further advise you not to breed her again, because any expansion, or filling up, of the abdominal cavity will make her short of breath.

**Wants to Know the Cause of Death.**—A. B. P., Pleasant Plains, Ill. You ask me to tell you the cause of the death of your mare, and communicate just one solitary morbid change without any qualification whatever—namely, a very large swelling between the fore legs. This swelling may have been the product of the fatal morbid process within or may have had an entirely different cause. If you had stated that the swelling was doughy (edematous) it would have been a strong indication of dropsy, perhaps able to constitute the immediate cause of death, although itself only the product of some morbid process interfering with the circulation. As it is, it is impossible to give you a satisfactory answer. A post-mortem examination would have revealed the cause of death.

**So-called Knuckling Over.**—E. P., Washington, Pa. What you inquire about is due to a morbid relaxation of the extensor tendon and some of the ligaments of the pasteru and foot, to an overburdening and incipient contraction of the flexor tendons, or to both combined, and is caused by compelling a young or yet imperfectly developed horse to do more and harder work than the same is able to perform. Insufficient nutrition may also have something to do with it, or at any rate may act as an auxiliary cause. Exemption from work, perfect rest, voluntary exercise afterward, and a liberal supply of nutritious food constitute the treatment, and will suffice unless a contraction of the flexor tendons has already taken place, in which case the treatment has to be applied by a competent veterinarian.

**Incontinence of Milk.**—R. C. W., Dassel, Minn. Incontinence, or leaking, of milk is observed if the contractile fibers at the end of the teat are abnormally weak or too weak to withstand the pressure of the milk from above. Consequently, the best that can be done is to decrease the pressure by more frequent milking. If this is done the contractile fibers are not kept so long in a relaxed condition, and in the course of time will be apt to gradually gain sufficient strength to resist greater pressure. If, however, the leaking begins immediately after each milking it would indicate that these fibers have lost all power of contraction, and in such a case nothing will be left but to slip a rubber cap, or nipple, but without an opening at the tip, over the end of the defective teat after each milking.

**Probably a Capped Knee.**—J. W., Wetmore, Kan. What you describe is probably a so-called capped knee caused by, perhaps often-repeated, bruising, and brought about by the way in which cattle get up and down, especially if kept in a stall with a hard and uneven floor. Still any bruise produced by any other cause may have the same effect. A cure, and frequently but a partial one, is possible only if the cause—any further bruising—can be prevented. Such a swelling might be removed by a surgical operation, but to wound the knee is forbidden by the way cattle get up and down, and so are all external applications which cause any soreness or inflammation in the skin. About the only thing that may be used with any prospect of success is tincture of iodine, to be applied to the swelling once every other day by means of a small brush. Old and inveterate capped knees of cattle must be considered as incurable.

**Texas, or Southern, Cattle-fever.**—W. E. T., Graysport, Miss. Although you do not say that your cattle that died were not acclimated or imported from the North, and although you seem to have overlooked at the post-mortem examination the most important changes—the degeneration and enlargement of the liver and spleen—your description of the symptoms observed during life, particularly the very acute course of the disease, the whole behavior of the cattle, the threatened attack on you of one of the cows (the latter not a very frequent symptom, but very characteristic where present), and, above all, the hemoglobinuria, and also all the morbid changes observed at the post-mortem examination, leave no doubt that your cattle died of Texas, or Southern, cattle-fever. Although no reliable remedy is known, I would advise you, if another case should occur, to give to the sick animal, according to the age and size, as soon as possible from three to six drams of chinoidinum anglicum, and at the same time to relieve any constipation that may happen to exist with a good, stiff dose of sulphate of soda. It will not be necessary to give directions to you how to give the chinoidine. Sulphate of quinine is fully as effective, and in some respects better, but it is far more expensive.



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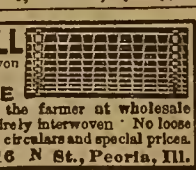
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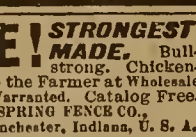
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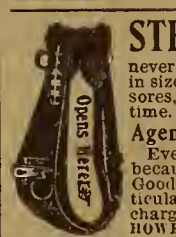
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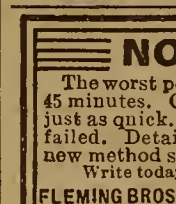
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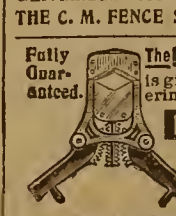
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**Kentucky Blue-Grass Seed** for field and lawn. Samples, 2c. Rogers & Co., Wade's Mill, Ky.



## THE GRANGE

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## CURRENT COMMENT

**"Proper Encouragement"** I chanced recently to be in the company of a peculiar sort of an individual. He was a rather weak specimen of humanity. Nature had been wondrous unkind when she accoutred him for his journey through life; she had given him too little gray matter, perhaps, but her compensation was a plentiful supply of conceit. He was a prominent man in his neighborhood, a leader, in fact, if we credit his statement, and I do not know why we should not. "Yes, I am the leader in my town," he squeaked, in a high, falsetto key. "They all look up to me. In fact, I am an autocrat, although I wouldn't have it repeated that I said so." "Did you ever attend college, Mr. A?" A man of your magnificent natural abilities would have made a great leader. You might have been a beacon light to the world. Why do you limit the radiance? Why not shed it over the world, as well as over your little community?" "That's so, that's so," he whined. "I have always told the folks I would have been a great man if I had had the opportunity. But I did not have proper encouragement when I was young. Yes, a great man is lost to the world because I did not have proper encouragement. I repeat it, I was handicapped in my youth. With proper encouragement I would have done wonderful things; yes, wonderful things." I left him in contemplation of the man-that-might-have-been with "proper encouragement."

We meet this class of incompetents in all walks of life. They have a dim idea that they are failures, but they lay the blame on fate, on circumstances, on lack of "proper encouragement," on everything save the one controlling influence—self. It is true that there are those who struggle nobly and fail; who have strongly developed traits of real strength, but who lack in some particular the element of success. But the great majority are failures because they have not the energy to be otherwise. They scorn the toil, the hardships, the self-denial, the continuity of endeavor, the ceaseless struggle, to which conditions we owe success in this busy world. If one is determined to succeed in a work that the logic of events shows to be a work that should succeed, and has the requisite staying qualities, he will succeed where weaker ones would fail.

**An Interesting Pamphlet** Prof. O. J. Kern, superintendent of Winnebago County, Illinois, sends out an interesting and valuable report of the school work done in his county. It is handsomely illustrated with interior and exterior views of schools. One thing that attracts the attention is the cozy, homelike appearance of the interior of the school-rooms. Papered walls, framed pictures, dainty bookcases filled with books, bits of statuary and artistic arrangement make these school-rooms centers of intellectual and esthetic culture. One can readily imagine that the young people who graduate from these schools will have high ideals. Professor Kern is not satisfied with the work that is done. With the energy and executive ability that is evidenced by this report we look forward with hopeful anticipations to succeeding reports. We hope the next will contain an account of a successful experiment in consolidation of schools and transportation of pupils. In most instances these schools supplied themselves with books, pictures and bookcases entirely by their own efforts. Usually one or more exhibitions were held. These were liberally patronized.

As an example of what energy can do we cite the first term of school that Mr. Oscar Liden taught. He and his pupils held a social, at which \$33.95 were cleared, of which \$9.85 were spent for books, \$7.60 for a bookcase, and \$16 for fine pictures and a piece of statuary—Barye's lion. The teacher and pupils cleaned the building in the spring, and were allowed generous recompense by the directors. This sum was applied toward decorations.

Miss Bessie McMann, teacher in an adjoining district, determined to surpass Mr. Liden's splendid success. She held a social, at which she cleared \$34, just five cents more than her friendly rival. "This is the best record for Winnebago County," says Professor Kern. With the proceeds of this entertainment pictures, library books, flag, shades and sash-curtains were purchased. The directors bought the library case and calcimined the walls one coat. This is Miss McMann's first school. Evidently there is no trust to control the output of energy and enthusiasm of these young teachers: Can any one beat the record of these two schools? How many young teachers will try this coming winter?

**Home Entertainments** We have often suggested that granges and farmers' clubs hold socials and exhibitions to raise money for a library. No matter how many the obstacles, nor how discouraging the outlook, home entertainments are usually well patronized. Local pride that is present in every community, and the desire to help every laudable enterprise, work to the interest of these entertainments. Often the obstacles of which we complain are purely creatures of a perverted imagination. They exist only in the brain of a would-be promoter, who thinks he would like to put such a movement on foot, but has not the necessary energy and executive ability to carry it through.

Some time ago a teacher determined to hold an exhibition to buy books for the school. Patrons of the school said it could not be done; that no one would patronize it; that there were too many warring factions who would not co-operate with one another. But she had got it into her head to have an exhibition. Whether it was a success or not did not seem to concern her. The one thought uppermost in her mind was to carry out what she had undertaken. Probably the thought of possible defeat made her more grimly determined. Perhaps the hopeful enthusiasm of the children, who saw a splendid opportunity to be conspicuous, to outshine their more unfortunate brothers and sisters of adjoining districts, encouraged. At any rate, with a handful of children an entertainment was given. The small school-room was crowded—the admission was only five and ten cents—and the patrons were blind to defects. They generously failed to see the blunders, and gave only hearty commendation. Several of the older people paid twenty-five and fifty cents and forgot to get the change. They were considered pretty "close" by their neighbors. And how their eyes shone as their child or grandchild did something particularly creditable! An intermission was given to allow the perspiring and jubilant star actors a little rest, and to let the neighbors get together and chat. I think there was more enjoyment to the minute at that entertainment than at any previous time. And the amount cleared? Oh, only about \$12, but it bought "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Old-Fashioned Girl," "Winning His Way," some books of travel and biography, and several other books whose names have slipped my memory. Not very much money, but measured by the enjoyment of that evening, and by the eager interest every one, old and young, took in the books, the compensation was immeasurable. And from that little backwoods school, where those who live in rich and level countries would scarcely look for inspiration and aspiration, have gone out a helpful, noble band of men and women. Several are teachers, and others have used the money secured by teaching to take a course in college.

I venture the assertion that there is no community in the United States that could not get up a good entertainment and be liberally patronized. That none has been given is no sign that none can be. Indeed, it is these very localities, from which we look for little to come, who surprise us by their eager support of any attempt that makes for the general good. Possibly it is because so little enters into their lives, but I am more inclined to think that it is the innate instinct, present in every man, woman and child in varying degrees, that prompts them to be helpful.

The results will seem meager enough to the ardent enthusiast if reckoned in the currency of our land; but if the new vistas of thought and endeavor, the incentive to nobler living, the enthusiasm and inspiration are reckoned, then will the result appear glorious.

**Centralization of Schools** If the country schools cannot be thus centralized then there is no possibility for their ever attaining the rank now enjoyed by the town and city schools, and country people have no hope of ever being able to give their children advantages in education to which they are entitled, unless they remove them from the country and send them into towns. If, on the other hand, centralization is feasible, then a new era is begun in country life, and the question of the proper education of country children is completely solved.—John Hamilton, Secretary of Agriculture of Pennsylvania.

## ELEMENTS OF GREATNESS

The late Edward J. Phelps in his memorable address before the American Bar Association on Chief Justice Marshall has limned out with a master hand the portrait of one of America's most distinguished sons. Not only did he give a comprehensive view of the Chief Justice, but he painted in indelible colors the portrait of a great man—the kind of man that good lineage, great ability, education and opportunities made use of will produce. We are indebted to the "Dial" for the following excerpt from "Orations and Essays of Edward John Phelps, Diplomat and Statesman."

"It is not, in my judgment, as a great judge merely, or in comparison with other great judges, that Chief Justice Marshall will have his place in ultimate history. The test of historical greatness—the sort of greatness that becomes important in future history—is not great ability merely. It is great ability combined with great opportunity greatly employed. The question will be how much a man did to shape the course of human affairs or to mold the character of human thought. Did he make history or did he only accompany and embellish it? Did he shape destiny, or was he carried along by destiny? These are the inquiries that posterity will address to every name that challenges permanent admiration or seeks a place in final history. Now, it is precisely in that point of view as it appears to me, and I venture to present the suggestion that adequate justice has not yet been done to Chief Justice Marshall. He has been estimated as the lawyer and the judge without proper consideration of how much more he accomplished, and how much more is due him from his country and the world, than can ever be due to the mere lawyer or judge. The assertion may perhaps be regarded as a strong one, but I believe it will bear the test of reflection, and certainly the test of reading in American history, that, practically speaking, we are indebted to Chief Justice Marshall for the American Constitution. I do not mean the authorship of it or the adoption of it—although in the latter he had a considerable share—but for that practical construction, that wise and far-seeing administration, which raised it from a doubtful experiment to a harmonious, a permanent and a beneficent system of government, sustained by the judgment and established in the affection of the people. He was not the commentator upon American constitutional law; he was not the expounder of it; he was the author, the creator, of it. The future Hallam who shall sit down with patient study to trace and elucidate the constitutional history of this country, follow it from its origin through its experimental period and its growth to its perfection, to pursue it from its cradle, not, I trust, to its grave, but rather to its immortality, will find it all, for its first half-century, in those luminous judgments in which Marshall with an unanswerable logic and a pen of light laid before the world the conclusion of his court. It is all there, and there it will be studied by future generations. The life of Marshall was itself the constitutional history of the country from 1801 to 1835."

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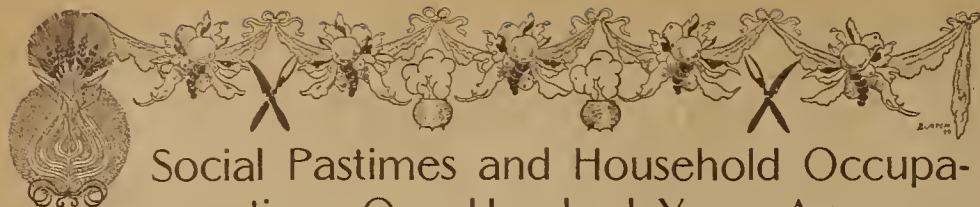
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## Social Pastimes and Household Occupations One Hundred Years Ago

BY MRS. MAGGIE EDMUNDSON



THE WOMEN of ye olden time, dames and daughters of a hundred years ago, were they all in their day and generation; their name and fame are with us little more than a legend, the twilight tale of a great-grandmother. History tells us little or nothing about them—these grand women who, with prayers and thanksgivings in their prayers, from latticed easements watched a new century dawn upon the world just one hundred years ago. History tells us little or nothing about them, for what with recording the fast-succeeding struggles and triumphs of a sturdy young republic, history esteemed itself better employed than to waste time with even the most brief chronicle of the pleasures and pastimes of those who plied the distaff and threw the shuttle. But their memory is with us, nevertheless, and it grows fresher and greener as the years go by. The memory of noble sacrifices and patient toil lives in the archives of the secret drawer in the old rosewood secretary in the little bundle of yellow letters tied with the flimsy blue ribbon, the delicate ink-tracings faded on the parchment.

The treadle-worn spinning-wheel, the dusty distaff and the long-silent loom stowed away in the darkest corner of the garret are mute testimony that the women of the olden time looked well to the ways of their households. The dainty lavender-laden rubbish in the worm-eaten old red chest, the stiff brocades, the soft muslins, the farthingale, and the wicked little slippers with the high wooden heels, are telltales of the mad merrymaking and the stately minuet.

Ye women of ye olden time, their occupations were many and laborious, their pleasures few and simple. The great bulk of the work that is now done in factories and mills was performed by women's hands a hundred years ago. The house dame and her elder daughters spun and wove the material for all the family, from the linsey-woolsey school frock and knickerbockers of the small children to the soft linen pelisse of the young lady of the house. In the family of ordinary circumstances nothing was bought ready woven except the silken brocade or delaine fabric of the dame's best gown, and the embroidered silk of her lord's waistcoat and the broadcloth of his coat and breeches.

It is with the spinning-wheel that the woman of a hundred years ago is most intimately associated in our memories, for the most important of all the early industries was the honorable and queenly art of spinning. It was more than an occupation, however, for the women of those days were often obliged to combine work and play. The spinning-match became a great social pastime. It was to the women of 1801 what the progressive-enchere party is to those of 1901, but with widely different aim. If the old legends and tales are to be believed, these spinning-matches were the occasion of such good times as we of this generation may never hope to enjoy. Every family who hoped to keep in the social swim gave one at least once a year, and as many more times as convenience and pocketbook permitted. The invitations were usually given verbally, the hostess-to-be whispering the pleasurable news to friends and neighbors after the Sunday service was dismissed.

For a week prior to this great event all was bustle and excitement in the otherwise well-ordered household. The windows were stripped of their dimity curtains for well the good housewife knew the shame that would be hers if so much as a speck of dirt should mar the sheerness of those soft draperies when the morning sunlight should stream through their diaphanous folds;

well she knew what ill-natured gossip would be bruited about the whole village and country-side. The time-worn oaken floors were scrubbed and polished until they reflected the figures of the children as they practised their curtsy bobbing. Down on her hands and knees the house dame scoured the rough stone hearth and polished the brazen andirons and dusty bellows. Out of the china-cabinets and the old oak dresser the treasured tea-cups and the precious silver were carried and heaped on the kitchen table, to be re-washed and polished. From the kitchen and throughout the house were borne the ambrosial savors of all the good things of those olden times—the hand-chopped mincemeat that took two whole days to make, so finely was it minced, and fat, lusty doughnuts bubbling into golden brown in hot, sweet fat. Down in the dark, cool cellar what sights were to be seen the day before the spinning-match—row upon row of red-hearted tarts, stone jars full of sugar-cookies and gingersnaps and seed-cakes, big tureens full of yellow pancakes swimming in raspberry jam, barrels of golden and red apples and rusty-brown pears.

Up long before the sun were the dame and her daughters on the morning of the great day, for the house must be cleared for action, the beds must be made and pushed into out-of-the-way corners, all unnecessary tables removed, to make way for the spinners and their wheels, who will begin to arrive quite early. By eight o'clock all is in readiness, and the big brass knocker begins to pound fast and furious and never ceases for a good hour, until the last spinner has arrived. In the parlor and in the sitting-room, in the dining-room and even in the kitchen, the wheels are whirring and humming in accompaniment to the buzzing of voices and the rippling of laughter. And the more they laughed and talked, the faster did their wheels whirl, and the quicker did their little feet in the cruel slippers stamp the treadle up and down. Oftentimes the young ones had to stop to change feet and to rest their weary limbs, or the thread broke and refused to be joined again, which always brought a volley of good-natured reproach and kindly ridicule from the old crafts-women, who made it their boast that they could spin for three, four or five hours hand-running without changing feet and without snapping a thread.

The great personages, the guests of honor, always were the minister and his wife, upon whom was frequently bestowed the product of the day's spinning. Sometimes the spinners carried their wheels and luncheon to the minister's house and gave him a surprise-party. At the end of the spinning and after the spread had been eaten it was the custom of the minister to preach a sermon from the text in Proverbs—"Every wise woman buildeth her house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." Or, again, "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and her children rise up and call her blessed."

Skill at these matches was devoted entirely to flax-spinning, which was much more light and agreeable than wool-spinning, although not so picturesque. The linen thread was spun on the small light wheel which could easily be carried to a neighbor's house, but the wool-spinning was accomplished on a massive wheel which was often higher than the spinner's head.

A pretty picture was the spinner of wool stepping gracefully back and forth as she guided the thread as it spun off the big wheel and ran upon the spindle. After the wool and flax had been spun then came the more difficult and heavier operation of weaving them into cloth. This was accomplished on several varieties of loom and after the most primitive fashion by

means of the hand-shuttle strung with the woof, which was thrown back and forth across the warp.

But flannel and linen and linsey-woolsey were not all the material which the women of a hundred years ago made with their own hands; they also spun stout tapes for petticoat-strings and silken ribbons of the rarest textures. The latter industry was monopolized almost entirely by the young ladies of the family much as embroidery and Battenberg work constitute a pleasant pastime for the girls of to-day. The weaving on these tape and ribbon looms while dainty and agreeable work was nevertheless a long and patient task, and it was only by the most unswerving diligence and untiring perseverance that a woman was able to adorn herself with ribbons of her own weaving.

Colonial grandmothers were wont to tell indolent and impatient granddaughters of one Prudence, ill named, who began to weave a piece of lavender ribbon with which the maid hoped to trim her wedding-bonnet when she grew up and got married. But Prudence was so indolent that she wove only half an inch a year, and when Prince Charming came to lead her to the meeting-house she wore boughten ribbons in her Tuscan-straw bonnet. She bore a great family of children, and was always promising to finish the weaving of that piece of lavender ribbon first for herself, then for her daughter's bridal dress, then for her grandchild's christening-robe. But the task was never completed, and when Dame Prudence died her daughters took the still unfinished and now faded streamer from the long-suffering loom and tucked it neatly in her burial head-dress.

The threads for the silk ribbons were supplied by the tiny cocoonery of silkworms, which the provident and ambitious dame cultivated with the aid of the tall mulberry-trees, whose luscious fruit found its way into that delicacy of delicacies, the mulberry cookery.

Not so dainty or agreeable as spinning and weaving, but almost as important from an economic standpoint was candle-dipping. At the beginning of the nineteenth century lamps were practically unknown, and such as were in use were unsightly, foul-smelling things not to be tolerated for a moment in the house of the scrupulously clean dame. Candles were the light of rich and poor, high and low, alike. The queen could get nothing better than a wax taper, and the dames and lasses of the young republic danced minuets or went about their household duties at nightfall by the light of candles of their own dipping. Autumn was candle-making time, after the young steers had been slaughtered and their white fat tried into still whiter tallow. Then the long tin candle-molds were brought up from the cellar. Thick cotton wicks were dipped into the hot tallow and dropped into the hollow cylinder molds, and then the molten tallow was poured into them and left until dry and cold. These tallow candles answered only for kitchen and common use. For the parlor and the dining-room table and the quaint bedrooms there were tapers made from the wax of the sweet-scented bayberries, that cluster so thickly on the twigs of the low-growing bayberry-bushes. These berries made a pale green transparent wax which emitted a delightful odor when snuffed. In the better houses they were kept burning night and day, and served the purpose of incense.

After candle-making came the more disagreeable and unsavory task of soap-making. This was work which followed closely upon the butchering season. All the surplus fat and scraps that could not be utilized for table purposes were deposited in a huge caldron, along with home-made lye extracted from wood-ashes. The caldron boiled and bubbled over a big-blazing fire far enough distant from the house not to taint the atmosphere of that holy of holies. Soap-making was the one occupation of those good old days in which there was no poetry, no suggestion of romance, unless indeed the dames who superintended the bubbling caldron and stirred its horrible brew from time to

time with long hickory or sassafras poles might, as they moved round and round the smoking, steaming circle with tucked-up skirts and wry faces, have recalled the uncanny witches in Macbeth.

Tea-drinking and reading fortunes in the bottom of the drained cup were innocent joys participated in by old and young alike. Tea-drinking and tea-making were fine arts in those days. When dame or daughter went a-visiting of an afternoon she was wont to carry her flax-wheel with her, and as they talked and laughed and their wheels whirled the little kettle on the hob kept up an everlasting song. If the women of the olden time had nerves they did not know it, leastwise they steeped their very souls in the fragrant cup and gossiped, as women will, of the innocent, pleasant gossip of neighbors and friends of a hundred years ago, and those who were not friends, of the last minuet at the Squire's house, of the long, bloody war so recently ended, perhaps of tragic memories of that war which still lie on the heart like great stones—memories which the joy and promise of the new century that was dawning for those brave women could not efface.

### DIAGONAL FAGOT LACE

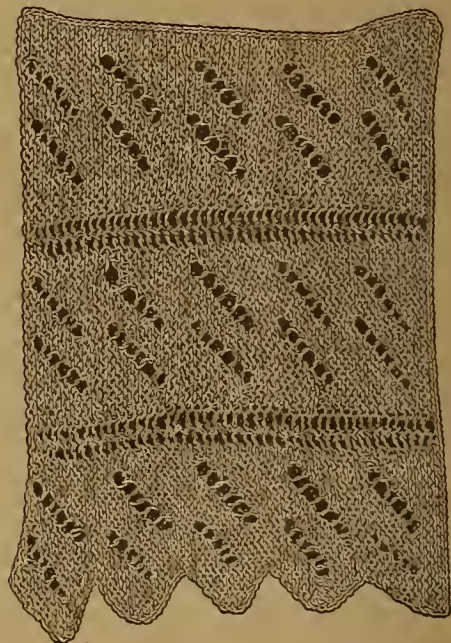
ABBREVIATIONS.—S, slip; k, knit; o, over; n, narrow; p 2 tog, purl 2 together.

Cast on 49 stitches.

First row—Knit across plain.

Second row—S 1, k 3, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 7, o twice, p 2 tog, k 2, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 7, o twice, p 2 tog, k 2, o, n, k 3, o, k 4.

Third row—K 12, o twice, p 2 tog, k 16, o twice, p 2 tog, k rest plain.



Fourth row—S 1, k 4, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 6, o twice, p 2 tog, k 3, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 6 o twice, p 2 tog, k 3, o, n, k 3, o, k 4.

Fifth row—K 13, o twice, p 2 tog, k 16, o twice, p 2 tog, k rest plain.

Sixth row—S 1, k 5, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 5, o twice, p 2 tog, k 4, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 5, o twice, p 2 tog, k 4, o, n, k 3, o, k 4.

Seventh row—K 14, o twice, p 2 tog, k 16, o twice, p 2 tog, k rest plain.

Eighth row—S 1, k 6, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 4, o twice, p 2 tog, k 5, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 4, o twice, p 2 tog, k 5, o, n, k 3, o, k 4.

Ninth row—K 15, o twice, p 2 tog, k 16, o twice, p 2 tog, k rest plain.

Tenth row—S 1, k 7, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 3, o twice, p 2 tog, k 6, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 3, o twice, p 2 tog, k 6, o, n, k 3, o, k 4.

Eleventh row—K 16, o twice, p 2 tog, k 16, o twice, p 2 tog, k rest plain.

Twelfth row—S 1, k 8, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 2, o twice, p 2 tog, k 7, o, n, k 3, o, n, k 2, o twice, p 2 tog, k 7, o, n, k 3, o, k 4.

Thirteenth row—K 17 o twice, p 2 tog, k 16, o twice, p 2 tog, k rest plain.

Fourteenth row—S 1, k 17, o twice, p 2 tog, k 16, o twice, p 2 tog, k 17.

Fifteenth row—K 17, o twice, p 2 tog, k 16, o twice, p 2 tog, k rest plain.

Sixteenth row—S 1, k 17, o twice, p 2 tog, k 16, o twice, p 2 tog, k 17.

Seventeenth row—Like sixteenth row.

Eighteenth row—Like sixteenth row.

Nineteenth row—Bind off 6, k 10, o twice, p 2 tog, k 16, o twice, p 2 tog, k rest plain.

Repeat from second row.

This is a very handsome lace for pillow-slips, aprons, undershirts, bureau or sideboard scarfs.

SARAH E. BOWERS.



## THE DYING SAILOR'S VISION

BY ADELBERT CLARKE

"Wake me not, my fairy Lillian,  
For my dreams are sweet to-night  
In this cottage by the ocean,  
Flooded by the young moon's light;  
Dreaming of my early manhood,  
When my life was one sweet song,  
On the high sea's rolling billows,  
When the days were bright and long.

"Hark! again I hear the fog-horn  
Sounding loud its thunderous roar,  
And I see dark rolls of seaweed  
Stranded on the golden shore;  
And I hear the breakers dashing  
On the smooth black rocks again,  
And it fills my soul with gladness  
Like some tender, sweet refrain.

"And I see my yacht, 'The Dorrit,'  
With her snow-white silver sail,  
Rocking, tossing in the harbor,  
Through the moon's bright pearly veil.  
And methinks I hear her sailors  
Singing of the land and sea,  
And the glories told of heaven  
Where my darlings wait for me.

"So wake me not, my fairy Lillian—  
Let me dream forevermore,  
Till we meet in God's bright heaven,  
On that peaceful, golden shore!  
Till we've crossed life's stormy billows  
To that endless joy and rest,  
Where we'll lean our heads to slumber  
On a Father's gentle breast."

## CLEANING THE GOLD LACES

**T**HE cleaning of the brass and the silver about the household furnishings is an important item in modern housekeeping, but not more important in the opinion of the up-to-date housewife than keeping in repair the gold laces and other rich garnitures which now prove an indispensable adjunct to a "chic" toilet.

Many a woman will look aghast at the trimmings which have been carefully laid away for a time between layers of tissue-paper, for certain seasons, it is said, are peculiar in producing tarnishing effects, and when laid away at almost any season of the year she is apt to find these ornaments dull and nearly unrecognizable when again wanted for use. There is not the slightest reason to be discouraged, however, as these appliances, which for generations have kept bright the gold laces of her brave ancestors, are at hand at a moment's notice.

When the groundwork of trimmings is of any metallic substance it should be carefully rubbed over with a soft bit of cloth dipped in a solution of household ammonia in the proportion of a teaspoonful to half a cupful of hot water, and then polished with a chamois. This alone will often be sufficient; but if it is at all a hardened case to be dealt with, a lump of rock-alum must be burnt, powdered, sifted through book-muslin, and applied briskly, always finishing with a chamois. The latter is used for military gold lace, which speaks for itself as to brightness.

For silver a little ordinary whiting, applied first with a cloth dipped in alcohol, and then with dry rubbing,



FIG. 3

will restore its pristine brightness. A well-known jeweler assures me that the common whiting—a surprising quantity of which may be bought at a paint-shop for five cents—sifted through a fine wire sieve and applied as above is all that he uses for his finest ware.

When ornaments are very obstinate during the restoring process it is probable that there is a little copper tinge in them; a strong solution of oxalic

acid, such as is used for kitchen boilers, must then be resorted to, taking great care in the use of this poison. The most irresponsible metals may soon be made to reflect the face of their restorer by this means; and when the children are out of the way, and the poison is down from the high shelf, if there are any of these un-get-out-able spots on linen in the form of grass-stains, rust, mold and the like, they will disappear if rubbed between the fingers in this same acid, always taking care to rinse instantly in plenty of clear warm water, when it is harmless, otherwise the material will be rotted.

The same ideas may be carried out for cleaning the brass trimmings of tables and cabinets, and the troublesome bronze and silver filigree work of gas-fixtures, and other ornamental objects with metal trimmings.

S. W. HUMPHREYS.

## SOME DAINY PIECES OF MODERN LACE

Every one is now thinking of some dainty work which may be done at home. There is certainly nothing so pretty and exquisite when done as the modern laces which are now being made so extensively all over the land. They are not only attractive, but the work may be done by one having only a very little experience. One should be most careful in the selection of braids

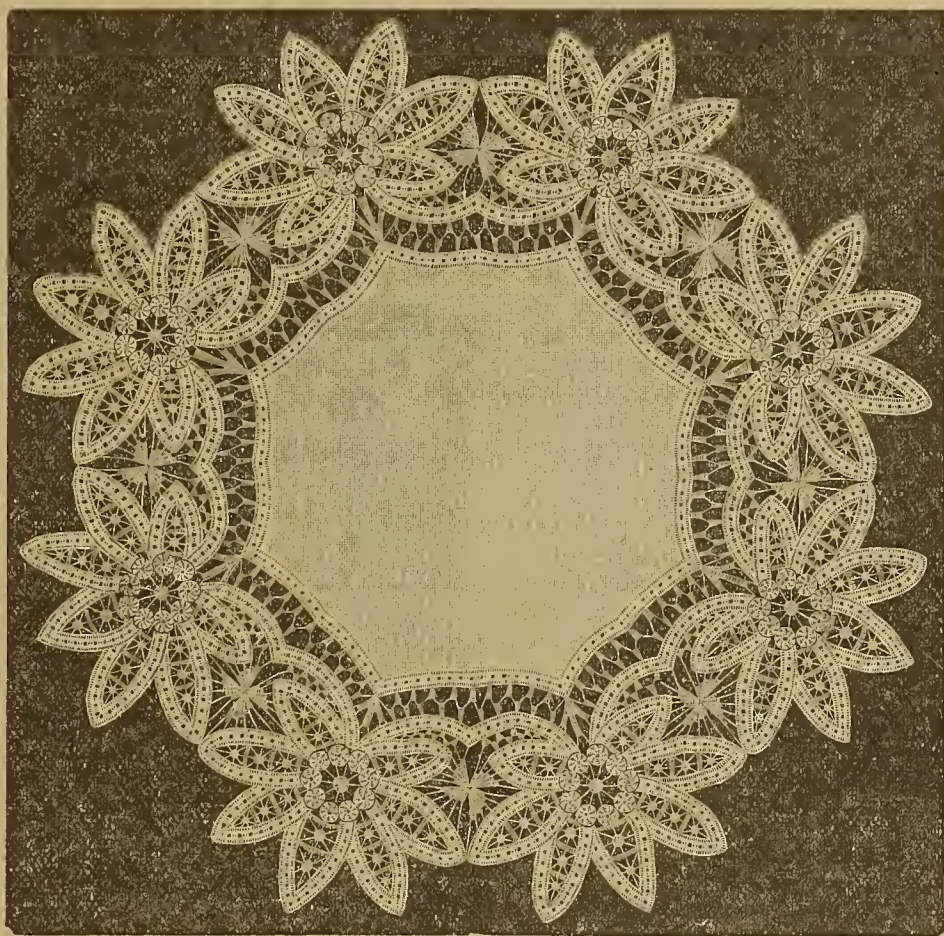


FIG. 1

to have them of linen; also to baste them firm and even.

Many pieces of lace are now in demand for table decoration, to be used on polished tables or over damask. Some pretty designs for these laces are here given.

The circular centerpiece, Fig. 1, is done with Duchesse braid and rings, which may be bought or made by the worker over a stiletto. It is eighteen inches in diameter, with fine linen center, and when completed makes one of the most charming additions to any table.

The fleur-de-lis doily, Fig. 2, is a very popular design, and is developed in fine braid and threads. The center is of sheer linen. The double buttonholed lace-stitch is used with the other simpler stitches, making a pretty combination.

A very handsome finger-bowl doily is shown in Fig. 3. Any fine braid may be used to outline the design with several different stitches. This doily is six inches in diameter.

The dainty handkerchief in leaf pattern, Fig. 4, requires two kinds of braid—the point and fine Honiton. A variety of stitches are used, but one need not follow those in the pattern, but change them to suit her own taste, being careful not to change the pattern. The center is of sheer linen, and is beautifully hemmed in before the lace is removed, then pressed on the wrong side.

ALICE WIGGIN.

## FICTION

Fiction portrays character, and is the result of the author's imagination tempered and modified by his views of life and contact with mankind. From it we obtain historical and local information, this referring to the country

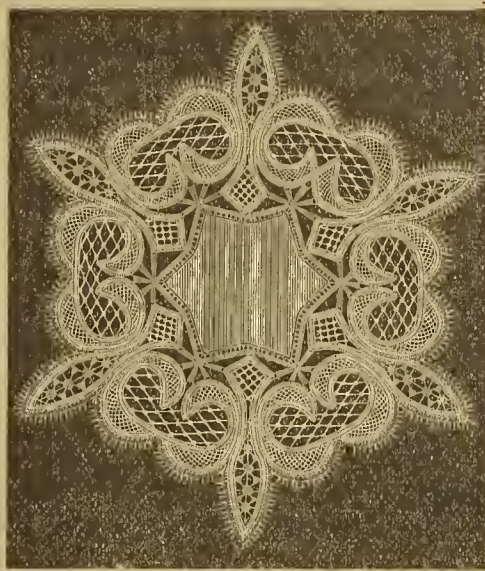


FIG. 2

and its customs. Then the pages of the best books of this class abound in bits of philosophy and bright observations upon life. Yet it is not for information that we read the novel. All the world loves a story. Let us enjoy the best.

past a day that is still past to us. Coming down to the present, one of Mrs. Ward's books, "Marcella" or "Sir George Tressady," will give a picture of the English life of to-day.

A few months ago I read for the first time Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona."

It is a beautiful story, one that will quicken the heart's pulsations and awaken in the heart a desire for justice—not justice for the redman only, but for humanity.

"The Bow of Orange Ribbon" is another charming story. I like Edna Lyall's books, especially "Donovan" and "We Two." Mary Wilkins' "Pembroke" and "Jerome" are clear-cut pictures of rural New England life, but of the morbid rather than the sunny side.

Many times a well-chosen novel throws light upon some epoch in history. I never understood the trouble concerning reconstruction so well as after reading "Bricks Without Straw" and "A Fool's Errand." James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible" turns a strong light upon the early history of Kentucky, although I am going to be daring enough to say I consider it inferior to some of his earlier books. "Les Miserables" will repay a slow, thoughtful reading, and will teach one much about France. Two books seldom seen, yet of real interest, are Jean Ingelow's "Fated To Be Free" and "Off the Skelligs." "Hannah Thurston's Mistake" and "John Godfrey's Fortune," by Bayard Taylor, were very popular thirty years ago.

Now I have not mentioned Howells, James, Stevenson, Black, Kipling, Hardy, Stockton, Tolstoi, Barrie, Crockett, nor dozens of others, all of good repute. Indeed, "of making many books there is no end."

HOPE DARING.

## WHEN ALL THE WORLD WAS NEW TO YOU

BY GEORGE HENRY DAUGHERTY

When all the world was new to you  
How rosy were its tints!  
The gentlest zephyrs blew the dew,  
And showered down in rainbow hue  
The flowers' jewels in the prints  
Of fairy feet. Ah, skies were blue  
When all the world was new to you.

Sweet, may it ne'er grow old and cold  
And all its beauty die;  
All perish save what's sold for gold,  
No wind-tossed flowers left to hold  
The jewel drops for fairy eye—  
Your world was cast in God's own mold.  
Sweet, may it ne'er grow old and cold.

## ORANGE CHIPS

Young girls who are fond of making candies will find orange chips particularly dainty. This is the receipt: Remove the peel in thin chips, and for every pound of the peel weigh out one pound of sugar. Squeeze all the juice from the oranges and strain through a fine sieve. Put the sugar with the juice and let it stand over night, soaking the peel in water for the same time. The next day boil the peel in the same water until very tender, drain, then put it with the sugar and juice



FIG. 4

and boil until the sugar is candy. Lift the chips from the syrup one by one and lay on greased papers to dry, which process will take several weeks.



## WHAT IS LOVE?

BY ADELBERT CLARKE

Ask the little flower  
That blooms by the winding spring,  
And 'twill tell you 'tis the power  
Of the great Eternal King.

Ask the lark at morning  
That sings in the wayside hedge,  
And he'll tell you 'tis the dawning  
Of the heart's most loyal pledge.

Ask the stars and planets  
Burning in vast endless space,  
And you'll get a speedy answer,  
'Tis the Father's boundless grace.

Ask the whispering lovers  
Where the wild-rose creepers run,  
And they'll answer as the others,  
It's two hearts that beat as one.

Then the fickle lover,  
Whose heart a discordant chime,  
Will answer you over and over,  
'Tis only a mere pastime.

Ask the faithful preacher  
Whose knowledge comes from above,  
And he'll answer, "Love is of God,  
For God himself is Love."

## TRAINING CHILDREN TO USEFUL AND SUCCESSFUL LIVES

EVERY child born into the world has certain inalienable rights, and these rights should be recognized and respected. But the most sacred right, and the one most often ignored or imposed upon, is the right to its own inborn individuality.

The disposition and character of children should be studied, and their peculiar characteristics, as well as their likes and dislikes, to a certain extent consulted and respected. Children are only men and women in embryo, and their reasoning powers should be developed by constant use, and their talents cultivated and improved from their earliest childhood, if they are to mature into manhood and womanhood capable of the practical application of the best that in them lies to the affairs of life.

But some parents may be overzealous in the training of their children, and many bright, promising children have been trained and pruned and molded and repressed until every atom of individuality has been obliterated, for the simple reason that they have never been allowed the responsibility of thinking and acting for themselves.

It is unwise for parents to exact a blind obedience to their commands simply because they are in authority and must be obeyed. Of course, children should be subject to parental authority; but the reason should always be explained, and they should be given to understand that they are expected to exercise a reasonable amount of discretion and common sense in the affairs of life.

If parents would talk more with their children and less to them the impression which they wish to make would be far more lasting and satisfactory, for we all know how weary we "grown-ups" get of preaching. "Men are only boys grown tall," and children often grow wonderfully tired of being continually preached to and kept in order.

I do believe that as a rule children are governed too much, and consulted and advised with too little. I know of children who are repressed and scolded and brow-beaten until they are robbed of every atom of self-reliance and self-respect, and grow sullen and indifferent, simply because they know that their parents believe that they do what is right because they are compelled to, and not because they wish to.

A child's moral individuality may often be strengthened and encouraged by the parent explaining the effect of evil deeds upon the individual character, and the beauty and nobility as well as the worldly advantage of a clean and upright life, and then leaving him to study out the matter and settle the question for himself, understanding that you have confidence that he will choose the right simply because it is right and because he of his own free will prefers it to the wrong. Thus the individuality of a child is maintained, and his self-respect increased, because he has chosen the right course himself,

instead of being compelled to by parental authority.

It has been proven many times that it is the children who have been influenced by precept and example, rather than compulsion, and who have been allowed to think and act largely upon their own responsibility, who have grown and developed into the most successful manhood and womanhood.

MRS. CLARKE HARDY.

## YEAST THAT NEVER FAILS

In two quarts of hot water boil two quarts of potatoes (measured after being pared and sliced) with one tablespoonful of hops tied in a cloth. When the potatoes are thoroughly cooked mash very fine. Smooth six tablespoonfuls of flour in water, then stir this into the hot mashed potatoes. To this stiff batter add two handfuls of salt, and set away to cool.

Dissolve two cakes of fresh yeast-foam in half a bowl of lukewarm water, add flour until quite thick, and set in a warm place to rise. When risen quite light add to the potatoes, which should be just warm, stir well, and set in a warm place to rise. When just beginning to bubble empty into a jug, then cork, and set on the cellar floor. The secret of the liveliness of this yeast is that it is not allowed to get too light, and so spend its strength before it is used. It will keep for weeks, because of the large amount of salt used and the absence of sugar; sugar always tends to sour the yeast.

When this yeast "runs out" do not attempt to start with this old; do exactly as you did at first—start with the dry yeast-foam or any other compressed yeast.

One half cupful of this yeast will be required to make four rather small loaves. To make the bread, put seven pounds of flour in a large bowl, and heap it around the sides, leaving a hollow in the center; put into it one quart of warm water and the yeast, and work well into the flour, adding more warm water, until the whole is a rather soft dough. When the dough is smooth and shining (there is no danger of working it too much) sprinkle a little flour over it, and after placing a thickly folded cloth over the bowl set away to rise; from three to five hours are necessary for this rising, according to the weather. Do not try to hurry the bread, as it never pays. When it has risen knead it for fifteen minutes, putting in all the flour that you will need for the completed loaves. Let it rise again, then with as little handling as possible mold it into loaves. These loaves will soon be ready for the oven, as light and flaky as one can imagine, and should bake three quarters of an hour if they are rather small, or an hour if they are large.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

## MENDING KITCHEN UTENSILS

"I do wish we had a tin-shop here," said I to a neighbor of mine, "my tea-kettle leaks."

"Use putty," said she, and then explained her method. "Use fresh putty, and work it until it is soft. Scrape the tin around the leak until it is perfectly clean; then take a little of the putty, press over the leak hard enough to force a portion of it through on the opposite side of the vessel, smooth both sides down nicely, set away two or three days until it becomes perfectly hard, then it will be ready for use and will be found very durable. Leaks in the wash-boiler can be effectually stopped in the same way. Holes in porcelain or iron kettles can be stopped by the old-fashioned way of drawing a cotton cloth through the hole, then driving a soft wooden peg through the center, leaving it projecting a trifle on either side. Give this peg a sharp blow with the hammer and it will be shattered somewhat, and with the cloth will remain in place. If the hole is small the cloth alone if drawn through very tightly will be sufficient.

I have mended the coffee-pot by drawing a piece of strong twine through the hole, then knotting it well on both sides as near the pot as possible. If one desires good coffee she must keep the pot bright and clean and throw out the grains each time.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

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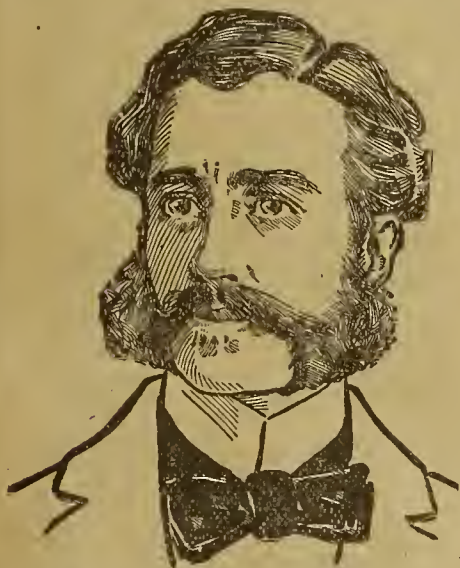
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### DARKNESS AND DAWN

As seamen from a distant land  
Lean silent on a vessel's side,  
Shading their eyes with sunburnt hand  
As slowly drifting with the tide.

Turn soft-eyed as they dimly trace  
The smoke rise from the roofs of home,  
Whilst sheer across the ocean waste  
The sinking sun lit up the foam,

When dropped the dark, uprose the breeze,  
And they the fitful duties plied,  
When morning dawned the curling seas  
Had rolled them to the harbor side;

So, oft in life a vision falls,  
Dream-born athwart the ways of men,  
Of summer lands and golden halls  
Transcendent in their beauty—then

Falls down the dark of mind distress;  
Yet vaguely trust they in the hope  
That through the doom of darkness blest  
They with their omens ill may cope.

When unorrow's dawning comes they find  
All golden is the land around.  
Darkness had fallen, but night's wind  
Wafted them to their dreamland's ground.  
—Robert W. Butters, in Chambers' Journal.

### RALPH'S MISTAKE

"DON'T want to play with Walter any more, mother; he is not a nice boy at all," said Ralph.

"What has Walter been doing," asked mother, looking into the earnest brown eyes of her little son.

"I was sailing my boat in the brook back of the garden, and I anchored her and came to the well for a drink, and while I was away somebody upset her in the water."

"And you think it was Walter?"

"Oh, I'm sure he did it; nobody else was there."

"Perhaps Walter is innocent; and you ought to return good for evil, anyway, you know. Take this apple and give it to Walter, and here is a rosy one for yourself. Don't have any quarrel over the boat."

Ralph hesitated a moment and then trudged steadily off with the apples. The little boys were together all the afternoon, and Ralph did not once refer to the upsetting of his boat, although he was certain that his companion knew something of the matter.

The following morning Ralph again went to the brook with his boat. Again, while the Jenny was lying peacefully at anchor, he went into the garden for some pebbles to serve as a cargo; and presently, on peering through the bushes to see if his craft were safe, he gave vent to a startled "Oh!" A big yellow dog had run down the opposite slope and plunged into the brook for a bath, and the waves thus formed caused the little Jenny to capsize. "Shoo, shoo!" cried Ralph, rushing to the spot and driving away the intruder. The boat was drawn from the water and dried in the warm sunshine, and soon was sailing to and fro as lightly as ever, while her little master resolved that he would not again blame his boy friend for the faults of a big yellow dog.—John A. Campbell, in Sunbeam.

### THE JOYFUL LIFE

Leaving the past behind, asking no praise, pay or reward, submitting ourselves to the grand law of the world, turning the way of faith and hope, giving ourselves to the nearest present duty, asking ourselves only what does right or truth or love bid, we thus enter into the joyful life of the children of God.—Charles F. Dole.

### TAKING UP YOUR CROSS

"Taking up your cross" means simply that you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one, carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and as stoutly as you can, without making faces or calling people to come and look at you.—Ruskin.

### READING

I know what reading is, for I could read once, and did. I read hard, or not at all; never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books, and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, Sterne, Jonathan Edwards, have passed like iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution.—F. W. Robertson.

The writer of this sentence was one of the ablest and most useful preachers in his day, though he died in early manhood. He attributed his success largely to giving attention, as he did, to the best books, instead of reading for mere pastime. He tells us in one of his lectures what he thinks of the opposite and too common habit.

Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing, for it becomes a necessity at last, like smoking, and is an excuse for the mind to lie dormant whilst thought is poured in, and runs through, a clear stream, over unproductive gravel, on which not even mosses grow. It is the idlest of all idleness, and leaves more of impotency than any other.

There is an old adage that no book is worth reading once that is not worth reading twice. I do not quite believe that. But I am sure that it would be better for our young people to read and re-read the standard literature of the world than to be ever skimming over the newest sensational literature. For a man to say that he has not read, and does not mean to read, many of the books which they say that everybody is reading shows him to be both sensible and brave. Reading is like eating. If we would be well and strong we must select the most nutritious food and take time to both masticate and digest it.—Herald and Presbyter.

### EXCUSES FOR SINNING

It must have been an Irishman who, having sinned as much as he dared, went to the parish priest to confess and obtain absolution. He was told to kneel at a chair. While on his knees the penitent allowed his eyes to wander about the room, finally resting on the priest's gold watch, which lay on a near-by table. It was but a moment before the timepiece was ticking away quietly inside the penitent's blouse. The priest returning commanded him to acknowledge the sins for which he desired absolution.

"Father," said the rogue, "I have stolen, and what shall I do?"

"Restore," said the priest, "the thing you have stolen to its rightful owner."

"Do you take it!"

"No, I shall not; you must give it to the owner."

"But he has refused to take it."

"If this be the case you may keep it."

It is stated that the man was given full absolution, that he reverently crossed himself and departed with a clear conscience. It would be interesting, if somewhat depressing, to know how many while reverently confessing their sins are almost unconsciously planning for another violation of God's laws and inventing an excuse for such violation. If half the energy and skill were given to the work of the kingdom as are devoted to excuses for neglect and sin the millennium would not be far distant.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

### QUOTATIONS ON THE FLAG

With patriotism in our hearts and with the flag of our country in the hands of our children there is no danger of anarchy and there is no danger to the Union.—William McKinley.

If I had my way I would hang the flag in every school-room and attempt to impress upon all the supreme value of their inheritance.—Andrew S. Draper.

God pity the American citizen who does not love it, who does not see in it the story of our great free institutions, and the hope of the home as well as the nation.—Benjamin Harrison.

## Danger in Soda

Serious Results Sometimes Follow Its Excessive Use

Common soda is all right in its place and indispensable in the kitchen and for cooking and washing purposes, but it was never intended for a medicine, and people who use it as such will some day regret it.

We refer to the common use of soda to relieve heartburn or sour stomach, a habit which thousands of people practice almost daily, and one which is fraught with danger; moreover, the soda only gives temporary relief, and in the end the stomach trouble gets worse and worse.

The soda acts as a mechanical irritant to the walls of the stomach and bowels, and cases are on record where it accumulated in the intestines, causing death by inflammation or peritonitis.

Dr. Harlandson recommends as the safest and surest cure for sour stomach (acid dyspepsia) an excellent preparation sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. These tablets are large 20-grain lozenges very pleasant to taste and contain the natural acids, peptones and digestive elements essential to good digestion, and when taken after meals they digest the food perfectly and promptly before it has time to ferment, sour and poison the blood and nervous system.

Dr. Wuerth states that he invariably uses Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in all cases of stomach derangements and finds them a certain cure not only for sour stomach, but by promptly digesting the food they create a healthy appetite, increase flesh and strengthen the action of the heart and liver. They are not a cathartic, but intended only for stomach diseases and weakness, and will be found reliable in any stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach. All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents per package.

A little book describing all forms of stomach weakness and their cure mailed free by addressing the Stuart Co. of Marshall, Mich.

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## The Cross-and-Crown Bedquilt

BY DORA READ GOODALE

**S**OME years ago, when I was in college, I took a horseback trip through an out-of-the-way part of New Hampshire during the spring vacation. It was there that I heard the story of the cross-and-crown bedquilt; I might also add, with a Roman flourish, "All of which I saw, and a part of which I was." The first chapter was the rescue of Toby, which happened in this way:

I remember the spot as if it were yesterday. There were only two buildings in sight—an old-fashioned mill and a low-hrowed house across the road, belonging, presumably, to the miller. It was one of those frosty-bright April days when nature, in spite of a muddy face, seems wonderfully human and lovable. A little rustic boy in a red tippet stood on the edge of the bank of the mill-stream absorbed in pitching pebbles into the water. Certainly that pretty, peaceful scene was the very last place where one would look for danger or an exciting adventure.

You never know when Opportunity will crook her finger at you and say, "Here, my fine fellow!" At the very instant that I stood watching the boy enjoying the human note that he added to the spring landscape, he leaned forward a little too far, his feet flew from under him, and with a shrill scream he plunged head foremost into the mill-race.

Now right here I am bound to confess that I have always taken my exercise with something solid under my feet, and left swimming to fishes, who very properly prefer the water. But a man must do something, or try to, in such an emergency, and I was off my horse and over the wall in an instant. Searebing the field as I ran, I had the good luck to find the butt-end of a broken fishing-pole—a stick a little too short and smooth for my purpose, but I thought it would answer. The boy was just rising to the surface as I reached the spot. I shall never forget how black and ugly the water looked, and how fast it rushed by.

"Here! Catch hold!" I shouted. "Don't be frightened. I'll pull you out. Catch hold now!" And bracing my muscles, while every pulse in me beat like a trip-hammer, I firmly though ingloriously extended the end of my broken pole.

The little fellow heard and obeyed. He clutched the stick eagerly, and I began drawing him toward me gently and cautiously, like a practised fisherman. But the stick was slippery, his hands were numb and the current strong. Just as I was on the point of grasping his collar he let go and sank for the second time.

At that moment I would have given all my proficiency in Greek and mathematics for a little homely ability to manage my legs and arms under water. But the dark, fierce-flowing channel, swollen by spring rains, seemed to warn me back.

I ran along the stream a few yards, then waited. Soon a little black patch appeared on the surface—a dripping head, then a hand waving convulsively, like a flag of distress. We were very near the mill now, and there was not a second to spare.

"Catch hold again and hold on!" I roared above the rush and din of the wheel; and confident that it was now or never, I repeated my former maneuver. Fortunately for us both there was no letting go this time, and at the end of a few breathless, choking seconds I had the boy lying beside me on the bank looking like a half-drowned puppy—his teeth chattering, his face plastered with mud, and the water running off and out of him by the gallon.

As I have said, there was only one house in sight, and I remember hoping, as I bent my steps toward it, that it contained no tremulous feminine relatives who would insist on making a hero of me. Any apprehension on that score proved to be entirely unnecessary.

The door was opened by a black-haired, large-featured woman, with a shrewd but by no means benevolent expression.

"Law me!" she exclaimed, without waiting for an explanation on my part. "If it ain't Mis' Skinner's boy Toby! Fell into the mill-race, did he? Wall, I always expected he'd get drowned, an' I guess he come mighty near doin' it this time. H'm! You ain't wet much, strikes me," she continued, glancing me over pitilessly. "Didn't get in over your shoe-soles, judgin' by the looks. Can't swim, heh? Law me, young man, that mill-race ain't four feet deep at the deepest. You could set right down in it, an' set there all day an' no need to swim." (This was outrageous—a calumny which I declined to believe either then or since.) "Wall, what you waitin' fur? You ain't calculatin' to bring him in here, I hope! Must be you're new to this section if you be. You take him straight back where

you got him—or to the next house, I should say! His ma an' me ain't had no death's for over two years."

Now, in the first place, this speech nettled me; in the second, it was no time for ceremony when I was shivering and Toby whimpering and chilled to the bone. "Pooh, pooh, my good woman, we'll discuss that later," was all I said; and waving her aside I strode in and deposited my burden by the kitchen stove. Perhaps my audacity overpowered her; perhaps, womanlike, she did not want to be taken at her word, after all. At all events, she offered no further opposition, merely remarking in a tone of dry admiration, "Wall, you're a cool one!"

I began to whistle "The Campbells are Coming" in my best style.

"What you goin' to put on him?" she asked presently, seeing that I had his soaked garments stripped off and was rubbing him till he glowed like a damask rose.

I stopped whistling, and looked around meditatively. "That table-cloth, and the braided rug, and your apron, and a couple of dish-towels—I don't see anything else."

hardened, and then it flushed, and she looked at me as if she hardly knew whether to trust me or not.

"Mis' Skinner?" she answered slowly. "Sb. lives up the street a ways—next house you come to."

"Do you mean to tell me that for two years you've had nothing to do with your next-door neighbor?" I exclaimed, in open astonishment.

"Goin' on three," amended Jane, tersely. "I'll tell you how 'twas, if you like," she continued, after a glance at the cherub whose lips were already parting in sleep. "'Twas all along of the bedquilt you see there. It's what they call the cross-an'-crown pattern, an' it hadn't never been imported into this township before. I always was a great hand to piece bedquilts from my youth up, an' I was real contrivin' that way if I do say it as shouldn't. Mebby you think it don't take much genius to piece a bedquilt. But there! I expect you don't know a block from a sash, or quiltin' from tuftin'—you're nothin' but a man if you be a doctor! Wall, as I say, whenever I felt lonesome or kind of low-spirited I'd get out my bag of pieces; an' I never see the time them days when it wouldn't chirk me up to lay out a tasty square of patchwork, say lone star or log cabin. I made comforters for all over the house, an' for my brother's children an' for minister's folks, an' for the heathen in hot countries. Almiry pieced 'em, too, when we was girls together, but late years she took to doing crosby-work—tidies an' Africans—an' come to sort o' look down on bedquilts. I felt it some, but I kept right on an' treated her same as I always did, an' finally three

proposed puttin' it in the down-stairs chamber where we set together when she come in to sew. Says she, 'Jane Mari' Meeker, I'll never step over your door-sill again unless you send after me!' 'Wall,' says I, 'when you come beggin' and prayin',' says I, 'mebby I'll let you in then, but not before.' We've scarce so much as passed the time o' day since, an' I don't say I ain't missed her considerable, for she's good company, Almiry is, if she didn't flare up so dreadful quick. But what I've said, I've said, an' I'll stick to it," concluded Jane, grimly.

I saw that the hour for reconciliation was near, and again Opportunity beckoned me with a sly smile on her face. After expressing the fullest measure of sympathy with her slighted art, wounded affection and outraged pride, I rose from my seat and began to look for my hat.

"I suppose you can find some way to send the child home?" I suggested, innocently. "He should be kept warm and dry, and not exposed to the least chill. I think his mother must be getting anxious about him. You'll send him up in the course of the morning?"

Jane fell into my little trap like a fly into a basin of milk. "Send him!" she exclaimed, with a toss of her head. "I guess I've got somethin' to do besides sendin' errands to Almiry Skinner, or runnin' 'em, either! An' how'll I keep him dry, with his clo'es wringin' wet lyin' just where you left 'em in a wudge on the kitchen floor? Send him indeed! Let her come after him if she wants him!"

Two minutes later I was astride of Gilpin, and I had not gone far when I met a tidy little woman with blue eyes, red hair and a worried expression.

"Excuse me, mister," she said, stopping me; "you haven't seen my boy Toby anywhere along the road, have you?"

"A little fellow; about seven years old?" I asked.

"Yes—eight last week; but don't scarcely look it, neither me nor his father beln' what you'd call overly large."

"Rosy complexion, black hair; had a cap on, and a red tippet?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, that's him—favors his Aunt Eunice Goodsell. Where is he?"

"I saw him about an hour ago throwing stones in the mill-race."

"The mill-race! Oh, my! How often have I told him not to go there!" cried the woman, beginning to run.

"Wait a moment, madam. Just as I passed his foot slipped and he fell in."

"Oh, mercy! Oh, sir—"

"Don't alarm yourself—it was nothing serious. He soon scrambled out with a little help from a stick."

"Oh, dear! Oh, my goodness, how I feel! How is he now? Tell me that, I beg of you!"

"He was very wet. I carried him to the nearest house—"

"The nearest house!" echoed the woman, and her cheeks grew as red as two apples. "The nearest house! Why, that's Jane Mari' Meeker's! I shouldn't ha' thought he'd a-gone there. He knows he isn't allowed to!"

"It was no time to think of such things—we were glad enough to find a refuge near by. The poor child was almost insensible."

"Insensible! Oh, my sakes an' sorrows! What did Jane do, I'd admire to know?"

"She built a fire in the sitting-room, and gave him hot drinks, and wrapped him up in a bedquilt and put him to sleep on the sofa."

"Oh, dear! Jane was always good-hearted if she wasn't so spiteful an' wily. Dear, dear, I don't know what to do now!"

"She said you were to come after him yourself."

"Did Jane Meeker say that? Why, that's all I was waitin' for. You see—mebby she told you—we ain't on very good terms."

"Bless my soul! didn't I tell you she sent for you?" I exclaimed; and turning back with her as she hastened along, I gave such a description of Toby's peril and his plight as melted her heart and brought sobs and ejaculations to her lips. When we reached the house I lingered behind, pretending to be busy about my horse, but near enough to see and hear.

Jane opened the door, looking grim and formidable, and for an awkward moment the two women stared at each other in silence, like antagonists waiting a signal. I was beginning to fear that my scheme would fall through after all, when Mrs. Skinner started suddenly forward.

"Oh, Jane," she cried, impetuously, "I hear Toby's cryin' for his ma! Let me in, I do beg! The dear, blessed lamb, surely you won't keep me standin' here when I've run all the way! Goodness knows how I'm ever to repay you! The young gentleman says if it hadn't been for you an' dry clo'es on an' hot drinks an' all the rest 'twould 'a' been pneumonia. Oh, my goodness, how I feel! Yes, Toby, I'm a-comin'!"

Half an hour later, when I had bidden them good-by, Jane, with a radiant face, followed me out on the side piazza.

"I'm goin' to give Toby that bedquilt," she announced, confidentially. "He's taken a notion to it, an' his ma seemed real pleased, an' tendered me a crosby African, which I'll keep for the sittin'-room. Yes, sir, this very day I'm goin' to start a bran', spaug-new bedquilt for the down-stairs chamber. I declare, it makes me feel young to think of it. I ain't pieced a bedquilt goin' on three years!"



"He clutched the stick eagerly"

Jane (I learned her name afterward) stepped into the next room, and soon returned bearing a large bedquilt, of a kind that I had never seen before, though perhaps it is familiar to many of my readers. It was composed of numberless scraps of cloth neatly dovetailed together and worked up by some underhand agency into a pattern or "figger," which in this case was extraordinary to the last degree. She brought a blanket, also, and having wrapped our patient in these and placed him upon the lounge I declared that nothing further was needed but a cup of hot ginger-tea to send him to sleep.

"You're a doctor, ain't you?" she asked, as she prepared the dose as obediently as the meekest of her sex.

"A medical tyro," I replied, carelessly, not to diminish my authority.

"O-oh-m! I've got a cousin by marriage that's a kind of a doctor. He's what they call a cheernpadist. He bās a sign-board out, with a foot palmed on it, an' 'B. Banks, Cheernpadist.' Sounds well, don't it? I thought you was a doctor the minute I see you. But you look young."

"Tell me where this boy's mother lives," I said quickly, to change the subject.

The good woman's face hardened—she was a good woman, and with her scanty means and still scantier mental resources, her incessant labor and narrow interest and lack of anything stimulating or diverting in life, the wonder is that she was not ten times as crusty and crabbed as I found her. Her face

years ago I got this cross-an'-crown pattern from my brother's wife down in Texas. Wall, I worked it out, an' it was handsome an' no mistake. I leave it to you," said Jane, with something bordering on recklessness, "whether it's handsome or not! The purple was like a dress I once had, but the yellow I bought new a purpose, an' 'twas eight-cent calico, too! When I got it done I felt uplifted, an' thinks me, I'll send it to the cattle show an' mebby take first premium. The very next week was cattle-show week, an' Mis' Skinner was there with Mis' Johnson, the stockkeeper's wife at the Corners. What d'ye think that woman did?"—Jane's voice was growing hard and excited—"She marched up in front of that bedquilt, an' begun to Mis' Johnson, airtin' her notions about bedquilts, how they was all out o' style, an' a terrible waste o' time, fearin' up good cloth to piece it together again, an' all that sort. An' finally she started in to make fun o' my pattern, an' said the crown put her in mind o' a plate of layer-cake—pretty talk for a church member I call that!" observed Jane, with such trenchant emphasis that Toby gasped in his sleep. "You may know 'twan't long before her speeches come to my ears, an' 'twan't long, either, before I hunted her out an' taxed her to her face with spillin' my chances, seein' Mis' Johnson was one of the judges. She riz right up as mad as a wet hen, an' we had a regular set-to then an' there. Says I, 'You ain't no call to sleep under it, nor see it, either, for that matter,' though she knew I



## GOSSAMER

Across the vast expanse of radiant sky  
A phantom shadow flits—a moment's mote—  
A silken thread of gauze that dims the light  
As though an unwept tear had veiled the eye,  
The dull suspense of awe, that death is nigh;  
Hushed is the locust's whirl, the robin's note—  
And from the lime-tree on the rock-strewn height  
A leaf is falling, brown, and thin, and dry.  
No sound, no stir. A field of cloth-of-gold  
Streaked with the sumac's blood and aster's snow,  
Throbbing and thrilled with life, with life aglow,  
Yet prescient as of death, a scent of mold.  
The silver thread that drifting whirls and gleams  
Is weaving burial shrouds for summer dreams.  
—A. von Ende, in *The Home Journal*.

## THE STORY OF A FOSSIL

ONCE upon a time long ago there was a dear little fern growing in the woods. It first crept out of the ground a wee, tender thing, rolled in a pale green spiral, which opened day by day a dear little fern stood up and faced a beautiful world. Warmed by the sun, fed by the rain, it grew as dainty and fair as those you and I love to gather in the woods. But no eager hand reached down to pluck Little Fern, for in all that great lovely earth there were no people to enjoy its beauty. The sighing of the wind in the trees and the music of a brook near by were the only sounds to be heard.

One day a great storm came. Louder and louder blew the wind through the tree-tops. Day after day the rain fell, wider and wider grew the little brook. Could this raging, roaring torrent have been the sweet musician of the forest but a week ago! At last the rushing waters came so near that frail Little Fern was caught by the stream and whirled away.

Over and over, round and round, down to the bottom, up to the top—not a moment's rest for Little Fern! Flung against stones, hurled among floating branches, tossed amid leaves and twigs, bruised by sand and gravel, for the brook in its haste carried along everything in its reach. For days Little Fern was borne swiftly on until they came to the quiet waters of a lake. Then, together with the leaves and sand and gravel, Little Fern sank to the bottom.

Every day the stream brought more sand and gravel, and they were buried deeper and deeper, and it seemed quite certain the sun would never shine upon Little Fern. Year after year, hundreds and hundreds of years passed, and Little Fern was hurled under many feet of earth. Gradually the tiny fern, once so fragile that a baby's hand might easily have crushed it, became harder, until it turned to stone. The sand and gravel, too, became solid rock.

You must remember that by this time they were pressed under tons and tons of earth. Great forest-trees had been added to the weight over them, for while Little Fern was quietly sleeping wonderful things had happened in the bright world outside. Where the lake had been a wider marsh appeared, then a forest. But even the trees were not to remain forever. The ground in which they grew sank lower, lower, and the forest became covered with water.

And so change after change came, until again the surface far above Little Fern was covered with dense forests. The world was no longer silent. Fleet-footed deer sped through the trees, chased by the arrows of the Indians, and the air was filled with the songs of birds. The woods were full of life.

Then came the white man with his ax, felling the trees, building houses and towns, digging far into the earth for the wealth hidden below. Down, down, deep in the mines went the brave miners, searching for the coal that long years ago had been forest-trees and beautiful plants.

There came a day when the "clang! clang!" of the pickaxe reached the quiet resting-place of Little Fern. Nearer and nearer drew the sounds, until finally there was a burst of light, a blow from a tool that shattered the surrounding rocks, and Little Fern fell at the feet of a man. Such a cold, stiff little fern, all made of stone! The pretty green color was gone, but the leaves were there, and even the veins, just as they had been thousands of years before, when Little Fern was fresh and young.

"Look here, Harry," said the miner, picking up the piece of stone and handing it to his companion; "your little boy will be interested in this fossil."

So once more the bright sun shone upon Little Fern, as it was carried to the miner's home. Loving fingers touched the shining, dark leaves, and bright eyes gazed in wonder as the story of Little Fern was told to the children. After its calm, happy life in the woods, after its long, perilous journey, after being shut away from the day and night for ages, Little Fern has now become a household treasure.—Primary Education.

## THE COPPER MATTE COOKING-SCHOOL

It happened down in southern Arizona. "Tom" Preston had the contract for the boarding-house at the Copper Matte mine, and he employed Hop Sing to preside over the destinies of the culinary department. Hop, it is unnecessary to explain, was an

almond-eyed son of the Flowery Kingdom, and, like many of his brethren, had very definite ideas in regard to his duties. Any criticism from the men was duly resented, or, more often, calmly ignored. Now, an important article in the dietary of a mining-camp is beans—those large red "frijoles." When a man conveyed a spoonful of Hop's "strawberries" to his plate they rattled like a rain of pebbles. Preston complained that they were not sufficiently cooked, and Hop, with one of his bland smiles, promised to do better next time. But the next time beans appeared on the table they again pattered on the plates like hailstones. After the meal was finished Preston went into the kitchen, and placing a quantity of beans in a kettle of water told the Chinaman to let them soak over night. "I am going to show you how to cook beans," he said; but Hop only smiled, and replied, "You no savvy how cook."

Next morning Preston ordered two kettles of water placed on the stove, and putting the beans in one told the Chinaman when they cooked down to use the hot water from the other to replenish it. He returned at intervals to see that they were not allowed to burn; he put in a pinch of soda, and when they were quite tender added the salt and pork, and directed Hop to allow them to cook an hour later. Hop watched the proceedings with evident interest, but occasionally ventured to remark, "You no savvy how cook."

"That's the way I want you to cook beans," Preston commanded.

That day the beans were excellent, and Preston was delighted with the result of his efforts. There would be no more half-cooked food served at that table. But the next time the dish appeared on the menu he was dismayed and chagrined to hear the old familiar chatter on his plate. They were about as hard and indigestible as bullets. He rose from the table, and without a word stepped into the kitchen and dealt the Celestial a blow on the jaw that sent him sprawling to the floor. Then he kicked him under the table, and as the unfortunate creature crawled to the door to escape his wrath, he gave him another kick, which landed him in the road outside. A few minutes later, as he passed where the crestfallen culprit was nursing his bruises, he said, "Now you can come to the office and I will make out your time."

"What! you no want me work for you more?"

"After what has happened I did not suppose you would care to work any more."

"Me savvy how cook beans now," he humbly replied. And so it proved, for the lesson had been well learned. Hop is still "chef" at the Copper Matte, and his beans are unsurpassed.—Los Angeles Times.

## STRANGE EGYPTIAN LEGEND

In the year 1895 the trustees of the British Museum purchased a fine papyrus roll, written on both sides, the obverse bearing a series of revenue returns dated in the "7" year of the Emperor Claudius, B.C. 46-47, and the reverse a series of magic tales written in Demotic.

The latter, with a fine facsimile, have been published by the "Clarendon Press," Oxford, accompanied with a translation and commentary from the pen of F. L. Griffith, the Egyptologist. The stories are part of a series which center in a hero named Khamuas, high priest of Memphis, the historical original being the Prince Regent Kha-m-u-as, the son of Rameses II.

The writer of these stories has collected a great quantity of folk legends which were current in Egypt at the time when this manuscript was written, about A.D. 70-80; and the papyrus may certainly be described as one of the richest collections of first-century tales ever discovered.

The stories relate to Khamuas under the name of Setme, derived from his title of Sem, priest of Memphis, and his son Si-Osiris. The story of the birth of this youth is given. He is the miraculous child of his mother, and his name is revealed to his father in a dream, "his name shall be Si-Osiris (son of Osiris), for he shall do many marvels in Egypt."

We are told that "he grew big, he grew strong, and went to school," and "that he rivaled the scribe who taught him," and he began to talk with the scribes in the House of Life (the library of Memphis), in the temple of Ptah, and "all the land wondered at him."

The resemblance between this extract and the story of the birth of Christ is most astonishing, and it is still more so when we read again. "Behold, the boy Si-Osiris reached twelve years of age, and there was no scribe in Memphis that could equal him in reading or writing or magic." If in these passages we have an adaptation of the birth of Christ as told by the disciples, it is certainly the earliest record known, being less than twenty years after the introduction of Christianity into Egypt by St. Mark (A.D. 67).

The wonder-working youth takes his father to the regions of Amenti, or Hades, and the cycles of the land of death are described. Here we have a mass of valuable legendary matter derived from Egyptian, Christian and Jewish sources. The judgment scene differs much from that described in the twenty-fifth chapter of the book of the Dead, and there is woven into his portion a curious story very

like that of the parable of the "Rich Man and Lazarus." The doctrine of future punishment, not found in the Egyptian rituals, is clearly stated in the words, "He that is good upon earth they are good to him in Amenti; he that is evil upon earth they are evil to him."

The latter part of the papyrus contains the account of the magical contest between Si-Osiris and the magician of Ethiopia—resembling the traditional contest between Moses and Janus and Jambres. Here we have two curious echoes of the plagues of Egypt.

The magician said to his mother, the negress, as a sign, "When thou shalt eat and drink thy water shall be the color of blood, and the heaven shall be the color of blood." Here we have certainly the echo of the first plague (Exodus vii, 19).

So, also, in another passage is the plague of darkness preserved. One of the magicians, who is in prison, says, "I would cast my spell upon Egypt, and I will cause the people of Egypt to pass three days and three nights without seeing light" (Exodus x, 21). The treasures of this curious document are not exhausted, for here we have also the story of Moses and the hushites, for one magician rebukes the other with the words, "Art thou not Hor, the son of the negress, whom I saved in the reeds of Ra?"

The manuscript contains many more valuable gleanings from the traditions current in Egypt in the first century of our era—a period when Alexandria was the emporium of the literary wars of all the known world. This valuable papyrus is but an earnest of what we may expect as the rubbish-heaps of the Fayoum and Lower Egypt are explored.—London Standard.

## THE HERO

He was a cripple—"Crippled Tim" they called him—but he had always longed to be a hero. He had heard people talk of heroes when he was still very small, and his heart had beat with wonder and admiration when he heard of their brave, noble deeds. When he was older he learned to read and write a little, and then, if he could get an account of some heroic deed, he would leave the other boys, and hobbling off by himself would read and picture in imagination the brave, thrilling events chronicled in the story.

Once, while Tim had been selling newspapers on the crowded streets, he had seen a runaway and a man dash into the street and stop the maddened horses at the risk of his life. Tim had always remembered it, and he felt that if he could have stopped that horse and heard the cheers of the crowd he wouldn't have minded being lame the rest of his life. He would rather have been that man than king of the greatest country in the world.

At another time he had seen a great fire, and he had almost forgotten to breathe as he watched with wide-eyed admiration the firemen climb through the smoke and flames into the burning buildings, to save the lives of those within. He had lain awake most of that night and thought about it, and when he dropped asleep he dreamt that he went to heaven and was a fireman and climbed into burning buildings to save people's lives.

When he stood among the crowds that lined the pavements, and saw the soldiers marching to the transports which were to carry them to the battle-fields in the distant Philippines, his heart had almost burst with envy. He didn't cry with his disappointment, because heroes wouldn't have cried, but he thought of it for days and days, and it seemed very, very hard that he must always be "Crippled Tim."

Sometimes he wondered whether, if he ever had an opportunity, he could not become a hero, too, and he pictured himself doing some of the things he had read and heard about until he felt quite sure that he could do something brave if he only got the chance.

It was dusk of a winter evening and Tim had been selling his papers when he did get the chance he longed for. He was just starting across the street when he heard some one cry, "Runaway!" and the people crowded back to the sidewalk as two maddened horses and an empty huggy rushed wildly toward the crossing. They had nearly reached it when there was a sudden frightened cry, and Tim looked around to see a small boy who had fallen directly in the path of the horses. Tim, being lame, had not reached the sidewalk as quickly as the others, and was nearer the child than any one else. In another moment the horses would be upon the boy and crush him under their flying hoofs. And then the crowd that gazed in shuddering horror saw some one hurry forward and drag the child from under the very feet of the horses, and a wild cheer went up from the assembled crowd. And little Tim? For one awful moment he had closed his eyes; then he had opened them again, seen the maddened horses dash past, seen some one raise a frightened child in his arms, heard the wild cheers, and knew that his opportunity had come—and gone. And then "Crippled Tim" had gone on crying his evening papers.

It was during the same winter that Tim's mother fell ill and was forced to stop working. Tim was the oldest child, and there were little mouths to feed, and so he worked very hard. He sold more papers and stayed out late in the cold, dreary streets to get rid of them, and he got up very early to sell the

morning ones. During the day he blackened boots and did whatever he could to earn a penny. He never complained, though it seemed to him that he was always cold and tired and hungry. And when at last his mother was better, his crippled leg had become so bad that he had to stop working. He grew worse, and then there was a fever, and when the doctor came he said "Crippled Tim" would die.

His mother did all she could for him, but it was no use; and when the doctor came the last day and heard the story of how Tim had worked while his mother was sick, there were tears in his eyes, and he bent over the bed and said something about a "little hero." But Tim did not hear it. He was dead. And probably if he had heard he would only have wondered what the doctor meant.

Tim had not realized that his work saved a human life. It had never occurred to him that he was a hero.—A Prize Sketch from Current Literature.

## CARNIVOROUS PLANTS

Not a few plants are as truly carnivorous as a tiger, catching their prey, converting their structure for the time being into the stomach, and digesting the nutritious parts just as we do our dinner. Our bogs and mountains are studded with the attractive little sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia* and *longifolia*). From a loose rosette of hattedore-shaped leaves rises the panicle of somewhat inconspicuous flowers. The leaves are thickly sprinkled with bright red tentacles, each crowned with a tiny drop of sticky mucilage, which glitters in the sun and gives to the plant its name. But woe to the fly that is attracted by its beauty! Once let him light upon it and there is no escape; the mucilage holds him fast. There is a story somewhere of an Englishman who won a large sum at a gambling-house in Paris. Unwilling to walk the streets at night with so large a sum about him he was persuaded to engage a room in a lodging-house next door. Fortunately for him he was too excited to sleep, for in the still hours he suddenly became aware that the tester of the bed on which he was lying was slowly and silently descending to smother him. The feeling of the fly on the sundew must be somewhat similar to his. Equally slowly and silently the tentacles which cover the leaf fold themselves around him, and when they expand again there is nothing left of the fly but the wings and the skin, the rest having been assimilated by the leaf.

Another carnivorous plant is the bladderwort (*Utricularia*). It is an aquatic plant, wholly submerged with the exception of the blossom, and profusely furnished with small bladder-like appendages about the size of snipe-shot. The bladders are open, and the opening is fringed with hairs pointing inward like the wires of a rat-trap. The small animal organisms, whose number and variety in a single drop of water when examined under the microscope astonish one, can enter, but cannot leave it. There and then they turn into vegetable.—Longman's Magazine.

## HOTTER THAN THIS

The high summer temperatures recorded in history show that they are nothing new. In 627 the heat was so intense in France and Germany that all the springs dried up; water was so scarce that people died of thirst. In 879 work in the fields had to be given up. In 993 the sun's rays were so fierce that vegetation burned as under the action of fire. In 1000 rivers ran dry under the protracted heat of the sun. The fish were left dry in heaps, and putrefied in a few hours. The stench that ensued produced the plague. Men and animals venturing in the sun in the summer of 1022 fell down dying, their throats parched to a cruder and their blood rushed to their brains. In 1132 not only did the rivers dry up, but the ground cracked on every side and became baked to the hardness of stone. The Rhine in Alsace nearly dried up. Italy was visited with terrific heat in 1139. During the battle of Bela, in 1260, there were more victims made by the sun than by weapons. In 1303 and 1304 the Rhine, Loire and Seine ran dry. Scotland suffered particularly in 1625; men and beasts died by scores. The heat in several French departments during the summer of 1705 was equal to the heat in a glass-furnace. Meat could be cooked by merely exposing it to the sun. Not a soul dared venture out between noon and four P. M. In 1718 many shops had to be closed, and the theaters never opened their doors for several months. Not a drop of water fell during six months. In 1753 the thermometer rose to 118 degrees. In 1770 the heat at Bologna was so intense that a large number of people were stifled. In July, 1793, the heat became intolerable. Vegetables were burned up and fruit dried upon the trees. Meat spoiled in an hour. The rivers ran dry in several provinces during 1821; expedients had to be devised for grinding corn. In 1822 a protracted heat was accompanied by storms and earthquakes. During the drought legions of mice overran Lorraine and Alsace, committing incalculable damage. In 1832 the heat brought about cholera in France. Twenty thousand persons fell victims at Paris alone. In 1815 the thermometer marked 125 degrees in the sun.—M. T. Keenan, in Boston Transcript.



## O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we  
sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all  
exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim  
and daring;  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle  
trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the  
shores acrowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces  
turning:  
Hear Captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer me, his lips are pale and  
still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor  
will;  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed  
and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object  
won;  
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
But I with mournful tread  
Walk the deck my Captain lies  
Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

## LONG SUFFERING



PORTLY gentleman emerged into  
Fourteenth Street from Yale  
Street one windy afternoon last  
week.

He wore a brilliantly polished  
silk hat.

He had scarcely got to Four-  
teenth Street before a sudden gust  
of wind lifted his silk hat from his  
head, and carried it up in the air,  
twisted it around on an eccentric axis for a  
while, dropped it, and let it fall right in the  
middle of the street between the car-tracks.  
A young man driving a grocery-wagon  
jumped from his seat, picked up the hat as  
he ran alongside the tracks, and waited for  
the portly gentleman to come up. The portly  
gentleman took his time about it. He didn't  
look to be a little bit in a hurry. He didn't  
look to be at all flustered. In fact, he wore  
a smile on his rotund features as he accepted  
the extended hat from the driver of the  
grocery-wagon, and pulled a quarter out of his  
change-pocket to hand to the driver.

"No, thanks, sir; glad to've collared it,"  
said the driver, declining the quarter; and  
then he hopped back to his seat and drove  
on, while the portly gentleman crossed over  
to the west side of the street and continued  
his dignified walk north.

A lot of school-boys were playing ball on a  
lot up near Kenesaw Avenue when the portly  
gentleman passed by the same.

One of the fielders threw the ball to put  
a base-runner out at the plate, and he threw  
wild. The catcher leaped in the air for the  
ball, but it was no use. The ball sailed about  
four feet above him, and it caught the silk  
hat of the portly gentleman amidstships.

The hat sailed out into the middle of the  
street, and the boy who was acting as catcher  
looked as if he thought it would be best for  
him to bolt in the opposite direction. The  
kindly countenance of the portly gentleman  
changed him in this determination, however,  
and so he ran out into the street, picked up  
the silk hat as an uptown Fourteenth-Street  
car was about to run over it, and respect-  
fully returned it to its owner, who was still  
quite unruffled, and whose countenance still  
wore an amiable smile.

"Ah, I am obliged to you, boy," remarked  
the portly gentleman; and the quarter that  
he held out was this time sheepishly accepted.

The portly gentleman pursued his way  
north. His hat didn't look so shapely and  
brilliantly polished as it had looked when he  
first emerged into Fourteenth Street, but he  
didn't appear to be worrying any over that.  
He was passing the cluster of small business  
buildings just south of Whitney Avenue, be-  
low the car-sheds, when a man who was  
repairing an awning-pole made a sudden turn  
with a long iron rod and swept the portly  
man's silk hat off his head into the ditch.  
The ditch was clean, if dusty, and the portly  
gentleman didn't appear to be put out. He  
cheerfully said, "Quite unavoidable—don't  
mention it," in response to the man's apolo-  
gies; and when the latter handed him the  
hat he replaced it on his head after smooth-  
ing it a bit with the sleeve of his overcoat,  
and went on his way.

He was just turning into the post-office,  
above Whitney Avenue, when a piece of  
newspaper that had been sent careering  
through the air by the gusty wind struck his  
silk hat, pulled it off his head and deposited  
it at his feet.

The portly gentleman put his gloved hands  
on his hips and gazed steadily at the silk  
hat. There was nothing malignant in the  
expression of his countenance, but there was  
a heap of determination. After gazing in-  
tently at the silk hat for about forty-five  
seconds the portly gentleman deliberately  
jumped up in the air and came down on the

hat with both feet. He then kicked the hat  
into the gutter, went into the post-office bare-  
headed and got his mail, came out, and walked  
across the street to a drug-store, whence he  
shortly emerged with a plaid cap, several  
sizes too small, on his head. He then con-  
tinued his placid return journey to Yale  
Street, and the incident was closed.—San  
Francisco Star.

## JOURNALISM IN JAPAN

However, there was one feature of Japanese  
life under the feudal regime which was favor-  
able to the establishment and growth of  
journalism. Under the rule of the territorial  
lords freedom of speech was by no means  
tyrannically suppressed. As a general rule  
these nobles were carefully educated from  
early youth in the doctrines of Confucius and  
Mencius. They were surrounded also by ad-  
visers—elders of the house, as they were  
called—selected from among the ablest and  
most experienced of their vassals, whose duty  
it was to advise their masters upon all mat-  
ters of importance. The system was one  
calculated to impress upon the nobleman a  
realization of the responsibilities of his posi-  
tion and a due respect for the opinion of  
others. The study of political doctrines in-  
culcated by Confucius and Mencius did much  
to make him liberal and tolerant; for, al-  
though China was in their day, as it is  
now, an absolute monarchy, the political  
philosophy of the sages named was not by  
any means molded in the same cast. On the  
contrary, their sayings are full of a genuinely  
democratic spirit. Mencius goes so far as to  
declare that a dynasty could, and should,  
continue so long only as its line of action  
was acceptable to the will of heaven—that is,  
to the people. He said that such wise emper-  
ors as Yao and Shun did not disdain the  
suggestion of peasants.

Now it is a curious fact that while in China  
the sayings of these ancient philosophers  
have been studied merely as models of lit-  
erary style the tendency of Japan has been  
toward the practical application of their  
teachings. Small wonder, therefore, that  
education based upon such broad and liberal  
doctrines should have caused Japanese feudal  
lords not only to concede to their elders and  
counselors the right freely to express their  
views, but to encourage the same freedom  
among vassals generally. Thus in the sam-  
urai were fostered a habit of frankness in  
the enunciation of his views and a feeling  
of responsibility for the welfare of his  
master and of his fellows. In the broader  
field of national affairs, education, training,  
and usage impressed upon him the duty of  
redressing the wrongs of the people and of  
correcting abuses of power; and when jour-  
nalism was introduced he found in the new  
vocation a natural and an effective instrument  
of reform. This explains why, at the incep-  
tion of journalistic enterprise in Japan, the  
leaders were mostly of the samurai class, and  
why the profession itself was regarded as a  
most honorable one.—T. J. Nakagawa, in the  
Forum.

## AMERICA'S SUPREMACY

No competent observer can doubt that in  
wealth, manufactures and material progress  
of all kinds the United States in a very few  
years must hold the first place in the world  
without dispute. Its population will soon  
double that of any nation of western Europe.  
That population will have an education second  
only to that of Germany and Switzerland,  
and superior to that of any other European  
nation. The natural resources of their coun-  
try exceed those of all Europe put together.  
Their energy exceeds that of the British;  
their intelligence is hardly second to that  
of Germany and France. And their social  
and political system is more favorable to  
material development than any other society  
ever devised by man. This extraordinary  
combination of national and social qualities,  
with vast numbers and unbounded physical  
resources, cannot fail to give America the  
undisputed lead in all material things. It is  
a curious instance of the power of national  
egotism that Europe fails to grasp this  
truth—that Germans, with their wretchedly  
poor country, narrow seaboard and scanty  
rivers, ports and minerals, still aspire to the  
first place; that Frenchmen fail to see how  
their passion for art, rest and home has  
handicapped them in the race for supremacy  
in things material; that Britons, in their nar-  
row island and comfortable traditions, will  
not recognize that the industrial prizes must  
ultimately go to numbers, national unity,  
physical resources, geographical opportunities,  
trained intelligence and restless ambition.—  
Frederic Harrison, in Current Literature.

## WIDE THOUGHTS

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought  
for every individual man that his earthly in-  
fluence, which has had a commencement, will  
never through all ages, were he the very  
meanest of us, have an end.—Carlyle.

Our private sorrows will look smaller when  
we accustom ourselves to care for the larger  
life of the world, for the good of the com-  
munity, for the public welfare, for the spread  
of truth and righteousness among mankind.—  
C. G. Ames.

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### BARGAINS FACING BOTH WAYS

This is the time o' year, we find,  
When woman nearly wrecks her mind  
Between the summer goods marked down  
And fall goods newly come to town.  
—Record-Herald.

### TWO UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT JOKES

**A**N EMINENT lawyer, one of the most eminent in the United States, was in the midst of an argument in defense of the patent rights of his client to a new-fangled collar-button that was being unlawfully manufactured by the people on the other side of the case. The distinguished counsel was describing the patent referred to, and its many advantages, when Justice Sbiras interrupted him, and in a most serious manner observed, "I should like to ask the learned counsel if his client manufactures a collar-button that won't roll under the bed?"

Of course, the court was shocked. Some young people in the seats reserved for spectators tittered, and the marshal, rapping on his desk with his gavel, roared, "Silence in this honorable court!" The eminent counsel maintained his gravity, although his soul must have been deeply stirred, and had presence of mind enough to turn the incident to his own advantage, saying, with emphasis, "I have the honor to inform the court that the collar-button manufactured by my client is unique in that as well as in other respects, but my client would not be so selfish as to patent so important a benefit to mankind."

The only other time, so far as anybody can remember, that a joke was perpetrated in the Supreme Court was when Thomas Wilson, of Washington, was arguing a case. Some people insist that he did not intend to be funny, but made his remark in sober earnestness. However, Mr. Wilson was arguing a case of some importance, and was dwelling upon propositions that were known to and accepted by every law student in the country, when he was interrupted by the late Justice Miller saying, "Cannot the counsel safely assume that this court understands the rudiments of law?"

"I made that mistake in the lower court," retorted Mr. Wilson, "or this case would not have been here on appeal."—Chicago Record.

### HOW BR'ER RABBIT BEAT BR'ER FOX

One day Br'er Fox was hungry. As he wandered about the woods he saw a squirrel upon the branch of a tall tree.

"Hello, Br'er Squirrel!" he said.

"Hello, Br'er Fox!" replied the squirrel.

Then said Br'er Fox, "I once had a brother who could jump from limb to limb."

"So can I," replied Br'er Squirrel.

"Let me see you," said the fox.

So the squirrel jumped from limb to limb.

"Br'er Squirrel, I have a brother who can jump from tree to tree."

"I can, too."

So Br'er Squirrel jumped from tree to tree.

"Br'er Squirrel, I had a brother who could jump from the top of a tall tree right into my arms."

"I can, too."

And he did. Br'er Fox ate him all up.

Br'er Rabbit was lying in his bed near by and saw all that was done.

"Br'er Fox," said he, "you're a mighty smart man, but I had a brother who could do something you cannot do."

"What was it?" said Br'er Fox.

"My brother could let anybody tie a large rock around his neck and jump off this bridge into the water and swim out."

"So can I," said the fox.

Then Br'er Rabbit fixed the rock and the string, and Br'er Fox jumped, but he has not been heard of since.—American Folk Lore.

### STILL THERE WAS DANGER

A little girl from Memphis who has spent her life in the city went out to visit her grandparents, living in the country, during the holidays, and, as usually happens in such cases, the little city lady displayed her ignorance.

The little girl soon after her arrival in the country manifested great apprehension of being hooked by the cows about the place. One day her mother told her to go to a neighbor's home and carry a message. The little girl started, but at the gate she encountered a cow, one of the milky species.

"In great excitement she ran back to her mother, crying, 'Oh, mama! there's a cow down there!'"

The mother looked out of the window and saw the meek-looking bovine.

"Why, daughter, that's a muley cow. She hasn't any horns and can't hook you."

"But, mama!" exclaimed the child, "she hasn't any horns, but she might hook me with her pompadour!"—Memphis Schmetar.

### HE CERTAINLY WAS A FIEND

The stage was rolling along the canyon trail when suddenly the horses reared back on their haunches as a lone highwayman armed with a Winchester appeared on the scene.

"Step out of the bourse, gentlemen, and bands up!" he ordered.

One by one they climbed out, with elevated hands.

The highwayman relieved the party, and several times was forced to remind one nervous little man to keep his hand from his pocket.

"What's the matter with you?" he finally roared. "You make another move like that and I'll pump the slugs in you!"

"Please let me," pleaded the little man, as his hand again slid toward his pocket.

"Please let you?" roared the desperado.

"Please let you perforate me? You're imposing on my generosity, sonny. Look out! Look out! Keep your mitt away from that pocket or by the eternal—"

"But it won't hurt you!" protested the little man; "it won't hurt you at all! Stand just as you are now and keep your rifle leveled. There! That's it!"

And while the highwayman was recovering from his astonishment the little man had flashed his kodak and snapped the button.—Indianapolis Sun.

### HOW HE GOT "THE LIVING"

Some time ago there died a witty clergyman who owed the rich living of which he was long incumbent to a lucky pun. He was tutor to the son of a nobleman, and had not long taken orders when he attended the funeral of the rector of the parish in which the nobleman's seat was situated.

The father of his pupil was patron of the living, and was also present at the funeral of the deceased rector. There was a young clergyman present also whose grief was so demonstrative that the noble patron was much affected by the sight, and asked if the young man was a son of the deceased gentleman.

"Oh, dear no, my lord—no relation at all," said the tutor.

"No relation!" exclaimed the nobleman, in a surprised tone.

"None, my lord; he is the curate, and I think he is not weeping for the dead, but for the living."

His lordship, who was something of a wit and a cynic himself, was so delighted with the bon mot that he conferred the living on the ready punster.—London Tit-Bits.

### NOT A SOCIAL DIPLOMAT

Lord John Russell, of England, was a man of noble character, but of a curious artlessness of disposition. He never cultivated the ability to pay harmless compliments. More than once he got himself into such scrapes as the following:

Once, at a concert at Buckingham Palace, he was seen to get up suddenly, turn his back on the Duchess of Sutherland, by whom he had been sitting, walk to the remotest part of the room, and sit down by the Duchess of Inverness. When questioned afterward as to the cause of his unceremonious move, which had the look of a quarrel, he said, "I could not have sat any longer by that great fire; I should have fainted."

"Oh, that was a very good reason for moving; but I hope you told the Duchess of Sutherland why you left her."

"Well, no; I don't think I did that. But I told the Duchess of Inverness why I came and sat by her."—The Baptist Union.

### ABOUT READY TO SETTLE DOWN

"That old man goin' by," said the landlord of the tavern at Yaphank to the summer man, indicating with a jerk of his thumb a bent and time-worn figure that was doddering down the village street, "is Uncle Zimri Tarpy. He's lived here all his life—most eighty-six years."

"H'm!" commented the city man, with mild facetiousness. "He must like it here pretty well by this time!"

"Oh, yes; he says he guesses he'll make this village his permanent residence."—Smart Set.

### A PROMISING CHILD

"What's the matter with our cherished infant?" inquired Mr. Blyklus, as a series of prolonged yells reached his ears.

"Why, he's lost his temper, and he's standing in bed clutching the foot-rail of the brass bedstead with both hands and shouting at the top of his voice."

"Let him alone. He'll be a great political orator one of these days. He thinks he's on the rear platform of a train."—Washington Star.

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Send your address and we will forward, free, a package that will cure two severe headaches as a complimentary example of its phenomenal and prompt action. Half a million double-cure packages are ready on call FREE.

### A FEW OF MANY

Mrs. C. H. Taintor, Corresponding Secretary of Illinois Home Missionary Union, 151 Washington Street, Chicago, writes: "I rejoice that I can recommend such a cure for sick headaches as your wonderful Me-grim-ine. I do a great deal of good with it among my friends who suffer."

William H. Smythe, Secretary Grand Lodge F. & A. M., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I have found Me-grim-ine a sure cure for headache and neuralgia. It is the remedy I have been looking for a long time. Both its effects and its after-effects are perfect."

Rudolph F. Toews, Secretary Home Mission Board, McLean, Kan., writes: "Me-grim-ine is the only thing I have found which will cure headaches, from which I have suffered for years. It acts like a charm."

Mrs. N. W. Jenvey, 5488 Jefferson Avenue, Chicago, writes: "The doctor certainly deserves credit for his formula. I used to take a headache cure and it would partially stop the pain, but it gave such a queer feeling in the heart that I was afraid of it. People should be told about this. Me-grim-ine stops pain even quicker and clears it away completely. Besides, there is no effect on the heart at all or any other harm noticeable."

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## SELECTIONS

### DUTY

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed.  
Whose deeds, both great and small,  
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread.  
Where love ennobles all.  
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;  
The book of life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes  
After its own life working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad.  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.

—Selected.

### SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT ANTS

THERE is a lot that is human about these little ants. They like to play and cut up; they make believe to fight, and when they wrestle in fun they roll all around like school-boys. They wash and brush each other and stretch out under the process as much as to say 'My that feels good!' When they sleep they often lie on their sides, and sometimes squat down on their abdomen and the last pair of legs for all the world like a man taking a nap. When they wake up they gape and stretch themselves and all but say, 'Ho, hum!' They always wash themselves and comb their hair as soon as they get up, and that without having to be told, like some little persons I know, but will not name here.

"They are like us in keeping pets about the house. Andre counted five hundred and eighty-four species of insects, nearly all of them beetles, that are habitually to be found in ants' nests. They must be there with their consent, for an interloper is instantly killed. Some of them are milk-cattle, like the aphides, such as caterpillars, which give syrup, and the little blind beetle clavier, which secretes honey from a tuft at the base of its wings. If one of these clavier is put into the nest of strange ants they fall upon it and slaughter it at once. Some kinds of wood-lice are kept as scavengers, and the silverfish, or bristletail, and the larvae of the elater beetle are handy to have around to do the heavy digging under the supervision of the workers. Many of these domesticated animals are unable to feed themselves. Lespus saw some ants eating sugar. A Lomechusa of their nest came up and nuzzled them till they fed it. Afterward it climbed up on the lump of sugar, but did not seem to know how to get the good of it for itself. But also there are pets about which are as useless as a pug-dog, if another such a thing in the universe can be imagined. The little Stenamma Westwoodii pranks about in the hills of Formica rufa and Formica pratensis. It runs along with them, jumps on their backs and takes a ride, and if for any reason the nest is removed they go along.

"Then there is another little ant in these nests that is by no means a pet. It digs its galleries in the partitions so small that the big ants cannot get in to kill them. Every once in awhile a Salenopsis fugax darts out, snatches up a baby and runs with it into its den, where it eats it up. It is as if we had cannibal dwarfs lurking in the walls and now and then carrying off one of the children to be devoured at horrid banquets behind the plastering.

"But if we begin calling hard names we might as well keep it up and admit first as last that all ants are cannibals, and feed not only on other kinds of ants, but even upon their own species when they are not of the same household. They capture and carry off the eggs, larvae and pupae of other nests, and what they do not have for dinner to-day they fatten for to-morrow. It is supposed that in this way they got into the habit of keeping slaves. The young captive ants came out of their cocoons, and, being naturally industrious, they bustled about and gave the babies their nimmy-nimny when they cried for it, swept the floor and carried in the coal till the approving workers of the captors began to talk to each other like this: 'That Fusca is a handy little thing about the house. Seems a kind of pity

to kill her when we got so much fresh meat on hand, and right in the busy season when help is hard to get. She's so good to the children, too. Let's keep her awhile. What do you say?' And then when it was decided to put off butchering-day they went to Fusca and said, 'Fusca, we've concluded not to kill you for a spell yet. You can stay around and do up the work, but mind, if there are any complaints about you, or the children are neglected, or you give any of your back talk—well, there'll be fresh meat for supper. Do you understand?'

"And Fusca dropped a curtsy and made answer, 'Yaiss, missy. Tank yo', missy. Ah'l do de bes' Ah kin.' (It is almost needless to say that F. fusca is a black ant.)

F. sanguineas can do their own work, and often do not keep slaves at all, but they are little thought of in ant circles. The real nobility and gentry are Polyergus rufescens and Polyergus lucidus. Work? They work? No, indeed! You don't see them demeaning themselves building, and minding the children, collecting food or even feeding themselves if you please. When the nest is changed they do not set foot to the ground; they are carried by slaves. They have always been accustomed to having help about the house. But they can fight. Their mandibles are fit only to crush others ants' heads. Huber put thirty of them in a box with honey and a lot of their larvae and pupae. What followed reminds one of the stories of the South in the Reconstruction period. They walked around, picked up the children in an awkward way as if they knew something ought to be done, they couldn't just remember what, and laid them down again. There was honey over there that ought to be served. 'You Pomp! Where is that black rascal?' But there was no Pompey, and they fell to pining for the days before the waw. They made them no dwelling. Half of them died of starvation. Then Huber put in a single black ant. Dinah, I think her name was, or Aunt Debby, I won't be sure which; and she began to do about. She built a house and attended to the children, helped the young ants out of their cocoons, and fed and groomed the old ones till they were once more able to go about discoursing on the 'eentellaictual eenfe'io'ity of the nigger, sah!'—Harvey Sutherland, in Ainslee's.

### AN ANSWER TO THE COLOR QUESTION

Some time ago there came information to us that the owners of a certain creamery wanted to hire a manager. We had just graduated a young man who was perfectly competent in every way to fill the place, but he was just about as black as it is possible for any one to be. Nevertheless we sent him on to apply for the place. When he came to see the owners of the creamery and tell them his errand they said, "But you are a colored man. That would never do. We do not want a colored man."

Our man declined to talk about any color except butter-color, and so they talked, the men about color and he about butter. Finally something that he said attracted their attention so much that they told him he might stay and run the creamery for a fortnight, although they still assured him that it was out of the question for them to hire a colored man as a manager.

When the returns for the first week's shipment of butter came back it was found that the butter which the Tuskegee man had made had sold for two cents a pound more than any product of the creamery had ever before sold for. The owners said, "Why, now, this is very singular!" and waited for the next week.

When the returns for the second week came, and it was found that the butter had sold for a cent a pound more than the week before—three cents more than the creamery's record before our man took hold of it—the men who owned the establishment didn't stop to say anything. They just hired that man as quick as they could. The extra three cents a pound which he could get for his butter had knocked the color out of his skin as far as those men were concerned.—Booker T. Washington, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.



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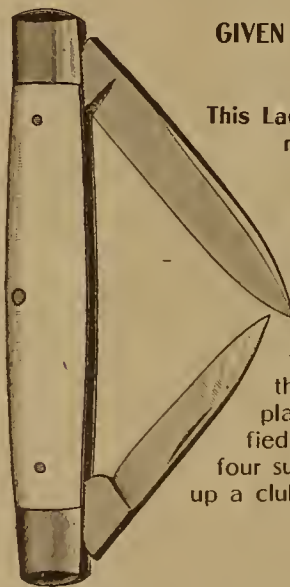
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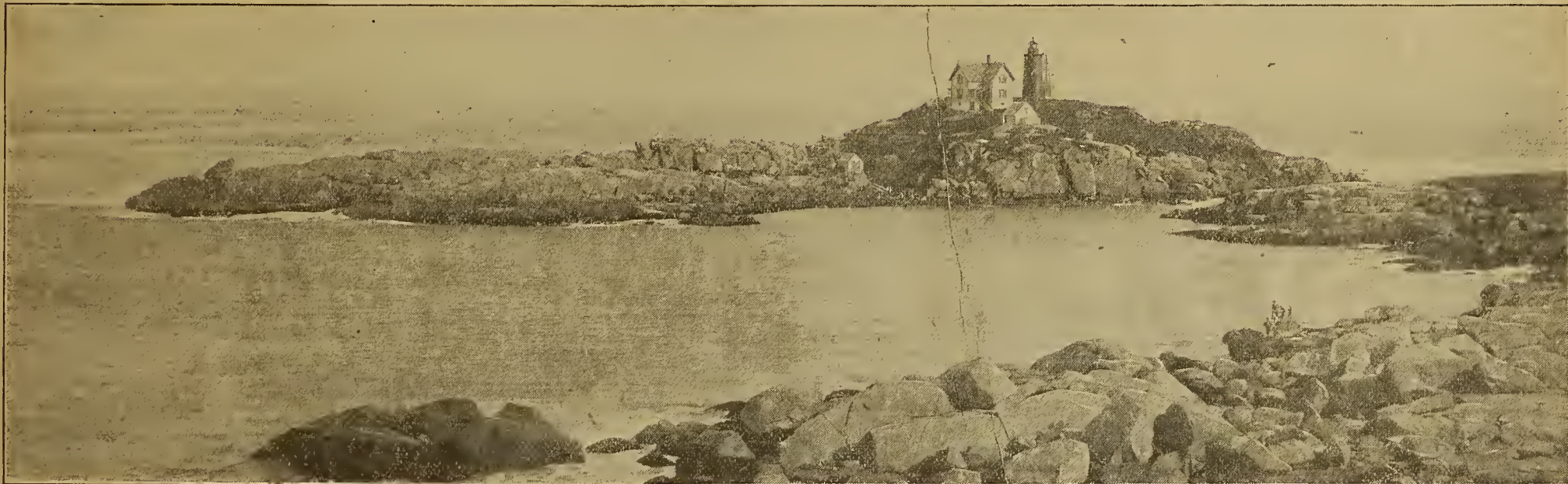
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## FARM SELECTIONS

## THE MODEL DAIRY

SOME criticism has been expressed in different agricultural journals because the reports supplied officially by the Exposition does not take into account the value of the skimmed milk. Skimmed milk doubtless has a value, and the herd that gives the largest amount of milk would naturally have the largest amount of skimmed milk to their credit; but against this should be charged the labor of handling, feeding or otherwise manipulating the same. As there are no prizes offered for skim-milk alone there has been no competition on account of it, and the records have not been encumbered with the additional figures because of the confusion that it would lead to. Figures are given, however, that set forth the total milk as well as the total solids, though it has been impossible to work up even this in detail because of the mass of figures it would require. Very complete records are kept in the Model Stable that are open at all times to the inspection of those who are interested, and the closest inspection solicited by all stockmen.

As a matter of fact, the value of skim-milk is of wide variation. Some judicious feeders value it as high as fifteen cents a hundred pounds, while others are so careless and indifferent that the probabilities are that the labor of handling eats up all the profit. Commercially the price of ten cents a hundred might be considered a fair valuation. At the Pan-American Model Dairy conditions have been such as to render any special record of the disposition made valueless to the farmer.

HERBERT SHEARER.

## IRRIGATING WITH WELL-WATER

Wright Clarke, Jefferson City, Mo., has a market-garden and small fruit on bottom-land, and a well thirty-five feet deep. He wants to irrigate the above-named crops next season, or be fixed so he can. He asks whether it is better to distribute water over the surface with a hose, or to run it in underground pipes. He does not state whether or not the well is on the same level. If it is he has a big job on hand if he does much irrigating. It takes, you know, about one hundred tons of water on an acre to equal a rain of one inch. I have seen water applied both ways. You can probably get more out of a given amount of water when it is conveyed along underneath the surface, below the plow, in drain-tiles. Less will be wasted by evaporation. The water will soak out between the joints of tiles. With an abundance of water, if the land is not absolutely level, you could arrange to let it run on the surface between rows. You can water small areas with a hose, changing the end about from time to time. You would usually get best results by having the water warm when applied. You could do this by making a pond or open cistern or tank on higher ground, raising water to this by wind-power and then letting it run by gravity to the land. Apply on the surface toward night; thus crops will get more good from it before evaporation begins.—T. B. Terry, in Practical Farmer.

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Besides doing his own work, many a farmer has paid for his power Aermotor the first season by doing custom grinding for the neighbors. Many are clothing themselves and their boys every year with what it earns.

Then there is feed to cut, corn to shell, and wood to saw. The grindstone must be turned; the churn must be operated; the machinery in your tool room needs to be driven.

No need of doing these things by hand.

If you hire this work done, it may cost you as much every season as an Aermotor would cost.

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## A Fall Festival in Georgia 2 By Susie Bouchelle Wight

A GREAT deal is written about maple-sugar making and the delights of the season, but one so rarely sees any mention of cane-sugar manufacture except from an industrial standpoint that the fact is overlooked that the South has a fall festival quite as distinctive and enjoyable as is the time of snow and flowing sap in the sugar-bush. This festival is variously known as sugar-boiling, cane-grinding and "makin' up sweet'nin'."

The first of these terms is, in South Georgia, a misnomer, for except in a few instances, where a small farmer makes a barrel of brown sugar for home consumption, the entire product of the cane is made into syrup, an article so pure and delicious that Georgia-cane syrup has a place for itself in the market reports, and is rapidly winning fame for its good qualities wherever it is shipped.

A few years ago every plantation had a small area in cane, which, after the first frost, was manufactured in the most primitive manner. A small two-roller mill crushed the cane, its propelling power being a dejected-looking mule, which trod its monotonous round hitched to one end of a lever made from a crooked black-gum tree. The juice ran down into a barrel, whence it was carried in tubs and strained into the boiler, an overgrown soap-kettle embedded in a squatty little mud furnace. After quite a process of skimming and dipping the boiled juice was pronounced syrup by the expert in charge, and was dipped off into a trough hand-hollowed from a poplar-tree. The cooling process was hastened by vigorous dipping, which raised a cream of delicious yellow foam, which was eaten with great gusto by the clustering swarm of children with little paddles made from broad cane-peeling.

The syrup was afterward marketed in barrels; but the producer never expected cash for it, and he fully understood when he offered a sample bottle of his product to the merchant that he would have to "take it out in trade," for cotton alone was depended on as a money crop in those days.

This was in that day of small things, when the South was no longer a land of broad plantations cultivated by slave labor, and the crude methods in use were almost unchanged from the "befo' de wah" times until some twelve years ago.

Little by little the merits of Georgia syrup became known, and it is now in every market put up in most attractive packages. The good prices it commands have so encouraged

the producers that in the southwest portion of the state the cane crop bids fair to outrival cotton. With this change the spirit of progress has taken firm hold, and the little one-horse mills and mud furnaces are getting more and more rare. There are many farms now well equipped with modern mills and

evaporators run by steam. In these plants the juice runs from between the big rollers into skimming-vats, and thence into the long, shallow evaporator, which is thickly threaded with steam-pipes that cook it into syrup. It is then run off, and while still boiling-hot poured into barrels or sealed up in

cans, jugs and fancy bottles, thus preserving the flavor of its first freshness.

The farmers take great pride in the beauty and clearness of their syrup, and each year the industry grows more and more important. Recent investigations and discussions point also to the establishment of sugar-refineries in this section, and it is quite probable that Georgia and Florida will eventually be known as sugar-producing states. In 1829 there was in Glynn County a plantation called Hopeton, which was owned by Mr. James Hamilton Couper. He planted three hundred acres in cane, and had a plant for the manufacture of sugar which was said to be equal to any in Louisiana or the West Indies. He carried on the industry very successfully for several years, but the price of sugar fell so low that along with the other lowland planters he finally abandoned its production, turning his attention to the more lucrative crops of cotton and rice.

It has undergone many changes, and will probably yet see more and greater ones, but there is a lighter side which has remained unaffected through all the years, and so long as youth and childhood last sugar-boiling time will be the one great festival of the year.

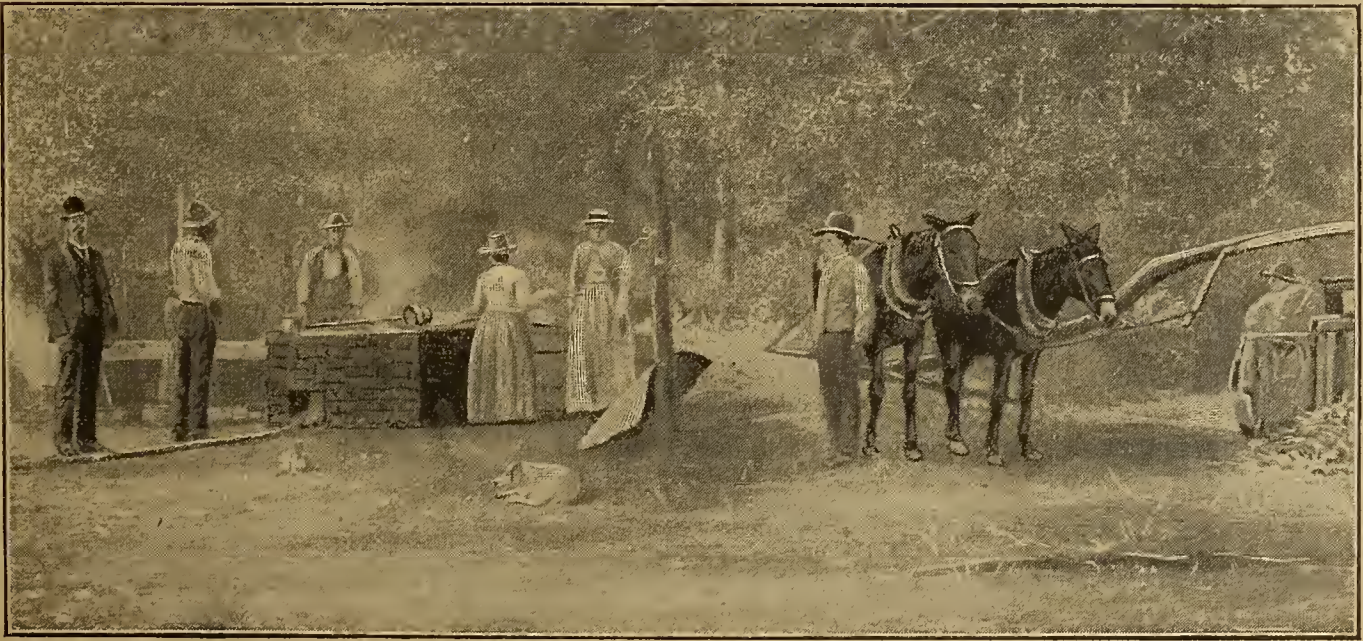
I have spent a good portion of my life on a plantation, and watched the progress from the crooked black-gum stage to steam-power and modern methods, and the cool, frosty mornings of December must always bring to me pleasant memories and tantalizing longings. One cannot easily forget the taste of the dark green cane-juice, the fragrance of the boiling syrup, and the mellowed sweetness of the negro laborers' songs and laughter floating up from the busy fields.

It is to the children, however, that the season means most. They rush away from breakfast to spend the happy days "down at the mill," growing fat and sweet in the syrup-making, and coming home at night tired and unspeakably dirty, but after a bath and the night's sleep ready to begin all over again on the morrow. Their favorite play-place is what they call "the pummy-pile," a long and moist white ridge of the cane pomace, more properly called bagasse. This is burned in the larger plants, but is more usually borne away in long, fibrous strips, and just clear of the mill forms a semicircular ridge, which is of wonderful possibilities in the way of fun. They dig out the most fascinating cave dwellings therein, these jolly little folks, and play at keeping house, and the steep sides of the "pummy-pile" suggest the delightful excitement of

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 5]



GEORGIA CANE-FIELD



CANE-GRINDING AND "MAKIN' UP SWEET'NIN' "



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ONE of his interesting letters from Scandinavia Mr. W. E. Curtis, special correspondent of the "Record-Herald," says:

"The several agricultural colleges and experiment stations in Sweden are conducted very much like those of the United States, but the Swedish government goes still further and requires practical gardening taught in the country schools and also in towns of less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants. Higher instruction in the art of gardening and fruit culture is conducted under the auspices of the Swedish Horticultural Society, with government supervision. Instruction is both theoretical and practical. There is a nursery at Rosendal Castle, where plants and seeds are sold or given away to persons who cannot afford to pay for them and can be depended upon to cultivate them with care.

"The school is unique and worth more than ordinary attention. The castle is occupied by twenty-five students, who receive free lodging, food, light, fuel and medical attention, and also the necessary books and implements, and are paid wages amounting to \$3.22 a month for the first year, \$5.36 a month for the second year and \$8.15 a month for the third year for the labor they perform upon the farm. Part of their time is spent at books. In the winter season they study writing, reading, arithmetic, geography, grammar, botany, surveying, chemistry and other subjects that are of practical use in gardening and fruit culture, and they are required to write essays upon the subjects of their study. They hear lectures upon the chemistry of the soil, methods of cultivation, the use of agricultural implements, the properties and uses of fertilizers, the use of water, the influence of heat, light and air on plant life, the care of hotbeds, the pruning of fruit-trees and berries, and the science of pomology generally, the planning of gardens and the general science of land-

scape-gardening, the construction of greenhouses, the treatment of plants and shrubs in parks, etc.

"In the country villages and what we call the district schools the children are taught the best methods of gardening and a general knowledge of the cultivation of fruits, vegetables, trees, flowers and medicinal plants, so that every boy and girl at the age of fifteen ought to be able to conduct a garden in an intelligent manner. On certain days of the year each child is provided with seedlings and garden-seeds to be planted at their own homes, and the teacher is expected to encourage them by exciting a rivalry among the scholars to see who can produce the best results. The school gardens of Sweden have been successful, and might be imitated with profit in the United States."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT announced that his administration would follow the policy outlined by President McKinley in his address at the Pan-American Exposition. In that address President McKinley said:

"We have a vast and intricate business built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of the manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises which have grown to such great proportions affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for storm or strain.

"By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we should extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good-will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

"If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad? Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific Coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports. One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer. We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have

more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense, they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go. We must dig the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed.

"In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This Exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for larger commerce and truer fraternity of the republics of the new world. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assemblage of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds this practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico. The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to make it live 'beyond it's too short living.'

"Who can tell the thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through this Exposition. Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler efforts for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure.

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of the earth."

## THE ON-LOOKER

THE last few weeks have been a period of thoughtfulness with our American people. A crime against our country, against self-government and against righteousness caused us to halt in our absorbing and selfish chase after money and pleasure and to think of our country's future. The tragedy of the new century has come home to the heart of the most careless and unthinking. Our Republic's chosen representative was slain because he was the representative of authority. Miscreants, correctly calling themselves anarchists, attempted to take a step in the direction they advocate, and a chastened people has felt that the foundations of government were no longer secure.

It happened to be my privilege to be in one of our great Western cities on the Thursday that our dead President's body was committed to the tomb, and to be one of the hundreds of thousands called to a halt for ten minutes by the city authorities, that there might be an interval for meditation and an opportunity for sharing, even at a great distance, in the tribute of respect being paid at Canton, Ohio, the place of burial. In that city, as in many others, a tap of a bell brought silence on the part of every one. The electric current was cut off from street-car lines, cabs stopped wherever they chanced to be, the throngs on the street stopped still, all work ceased, and the silence was more impressive than all the booming of cannons could have been. Not power, not mastery, not personal or national self-sufficiency, but human dependence and inability loomed up

great before the minds of every one in that sober ten minutes.

During the few days spent on the crowded streets of that city in the week succeeding the President's death there was opportunity to hear expression of the popular remedy for existing conditions. "Drive the anarchists out! Banish all of them to some island! Leave not a trace of such miscreants!" How easily said, and, alas, how impossible of accomplishment! The problem is intensely practical, and no temporary enthusiasm or patriotic fervor can search out and remove all the deadly poison by drastic measures any more than can the germs of tuberculosis be banished by an edict of our scientists. We can, and we should, punish all persons who advocate any crime against government, and the apostles of anarchy should be prevented from contaminating others so far as this can be done, but the rooting out of this form of malignity is beyond the power of detective forces. This fact, unwelcome as it is, must be recognized if we would grapple with the problem effectively.

In this time of thoughtfulness the advantages of rural life for our children appeal to us as never before. Reverence for government is the finest thing in the life of a human being. Subjection to law—divine and human—is a fundamental principle in a well-ordered life. In rural communities infraction of our country's laws is the exception, and the requirements of law are accepted as a matter of course. On the other hand, in our great centers of population there is much to breed irresponsibility and anarchy. It is in the air that laws are made for those too dull to evade them or their penalties. The police forces of two great cities are openly charged by their leading high-class periodicals with collusion with criminals. Leading journals of both parties admit the shameful fact and seek the overthrow of the bosses. The law-breakers that pay the cash each month for protection are in no danger except from committees of indignant citizens, who raid the dens, and even then the danger is slight because the police warn the criminals in time to secure their escape from the dens. This is anarchy of a type to which we accustom ourselves; but we should not be shocked that in its midst there is bred a class of creatures from whose ranks the most rabid anarchists can logically expect and do secure recruits that respect no law and recognize no rights.

That noble reformer of city slums, Jacob A. Riis, whom President Roosevelt has characterized as New York's most valuable citizen, has demonstrated clearly by figures that the lack of sunlight, the overcrowding of tenement-houses and the herding of the lowest grades of human beings, old and young, together in congested districts produce crime and criminals at a prodigious rate, and that more sunlight, more room and more opportunity to regard the privacies and decencies of life diminish crime rapidly. He could not send these people into the country, but he has labored for twenty years to secure public sentiment and proper legislation to compel the destruction of old tenements in the worst districts.

More reverence for law is needed. To secure it for our nation we must as individuals see that we have it ourselves. There must be such a public sentiment that only honorable men can secure office and that the enforcement of law will be a certainty. Anything less is collusion with anarchy. The cities must heed such men as Mr. Riis, wipe out their slums, prevent the massing of criminals and the overcrowding of the unfortunate. This would mean fewer crimes and fewer criminals. The figures on this point are conclusive. Altogether these reforms would mean greater reverence for law. I do not claim that such reverence would of itself destroy the anarchistic movement, but it is a step in the right direction that we, the people, can take, and must take if we would do our duty. Anything less is disloyalty. O—L.



## RURAL AFFAIRS

## Sowing Wheat and Rye

How much seed-wheat to sow an acre has frequently been a matter of difference of opinion. As in sowing or planting many other crops, it will be found that the prime factor for determining the amount that can be used most profitably is the condition of the soil. It stands to reason that if the soil is perfectly prepared, so that every seed will have a chance to grow, less seed will do than on soil that is put in poor shape or is dirty and stony; and that in very fertile soil, where every plant can come to full development, and thus occupy a comparatively large space, less seed will be required than on poor soil. The Ohio Experiment Station, as reported in a recent press bulletin, has proved this by means of a series of experiments made during a long period; namely, since 1877. Until 1891 these experiments were made on the rich bottom-land on the farm of the Ohio State University. The final summing up of these experiments made in 1891 indicated a maximum average yield on that soil from quantities of seed ranging from five to seven pecks. "In 1892 the station was removed to its present location, the soil of which is naturally far less productive than that upon which it was first located, and after a few years the investigation of this problem was again undertaken, with the result that the most profitable harvests have been reaped from eight pecks of seed and upward, the nine and ten peck rates having given the best returns in unfavorable seasons." I think these observations will be a safe guide in settling upon the quantity of seed-wheat likely to give the best results in each case. With me a good lot of straw is quite a consideration. It is chiefly for this reason that I am a great friend of the rye crop. Rye is hardier than wheat, and can be sown later in the season, after the time for wheat-sowing has passed, and it will give a crop of straw and grain on soil hardly good enough for wheat. I try to have at least a small patch of rye for green feed in early spring, too. It shortens the period of feeding hay by several weeks, and in these times of high hay prices it means a considerable lessening of the cost of winter feeding. It is a nice thing to have a lot of green stuff to feed to milk-cows long before the pastures are ready. I am not aware that any experiments have been recorded in regard to the most profitable amount of seed-rye to use an acre. The seed-rye is much smaller than seed-wheat, consequently a smaller amount of rye will be required to sow an acre; but the general principles which govern the determination of the amount of seed-wheat an acre must also apply to the question of how much rye to sow.

**Bee and Pomologist** The American Pomological Society had a well-attended and successful meeting near the Pan-American grounds a few weeks ago. For me it is a treat indeed to meet with so many of the great and famous fruitmen of the country, and to listen to the lively and interesting addresses. An extra and pleasing feature was added this time by a joint session of this society and the American Beekeepers' Association. The question of the merits of the busy bee in our orchards was well ventilated, and the bee had the best of it. All experts seem to be agreed that the little bee, although not quite innocent of the charge of being an agent in the distribution of pear-blight and perhaps other fungous diseases, is a welcome and desirable visitor to our orchards, and decidedly useful. The opinion is also unanimous that spraying with arsenical poisons during the blooming season is not only entirely useless and aimless, but actually and decidedly harmful, both by preventing the proper setting of fruit and by killing our friends the bees. This reminds me of my brother Friedemann's remarks in the FARM AND FIRESIDE of September 15th, in which he uses the difficulties of the wintering problem as an argument against any attempt made by the non-profes-

sional beekeeper to dabble in the business. In spite of all he says (and the main facts are well brought out by him), however, I still maintain that every farmer who has fruit-trees on his place (and who has no place for them?) should also keep a few colonies of bees, less for the added revenues to be derived from them than for the benefits to his fruit crops and for the chance to supply his own table with the palatable and most wholesome sweet gathered by the little workers. My dear brother has solved the problem of successfully wintering bees fairly well. The same means which he employs—namely, thorough protection of the hives on their outdoor stands by the use of chaff hives or heavy packing, or by wintering the bees in a good cellar or dugout—will help the farmer who has only two or three colonies to bring his few safely through the winter in our rigorous climate, as it helps him to winter his several hundred colonies. Why not? Is the little honey on the table now and then not a good and desirable thing?

Once more I wish to call the attention of every farmer who may yet visit the Pan-American to the bee and honey exhibit in the gallery of the Agricultural Building. I have never seen an exhibit even approximately as fine and worthy as that made there by our Canadian neighbors. The honey is the finest that can be imagined. It is put up in attractive packages, and the whole arrangement of the show is neat and tasty; in fact, almost perfect. The Falconers, of Chautauqua County, N. Y., show their neatly polished honey-sections, bee-hives, bee-fixings, etc. The A. I. Root Co., of Ohio, also make a splendid exhibit of such things, and have, among other things, a hive with double walls. This undoubtedly would be just the hive for farmers who are not expected to take extra pains in preparing their bees for wintering.

**Health in Honey** As a firm believer in the wholesomeness of pure honey, and as a free user of the same, and an earnest advocate of its free use, I beg leave to quote from the columns of the California "Fruit-grower" as follows: "The most effective and enjoyable way to benefit from the general use of pure honey is to have in every home a ready supply, diluted with say one pound to one quart of water, placed in a suitable glass or porcelain vessel—metal must not be used—from which about one tablespoonful put into one cupful of warm or cold water and taken at each meal would benefit one a thousandfold more than the stupidly conventional decoctions with which we daily clog and seriously disarrange our physical and mental machinery. Let any one who suffers from kidney and bladder trouble try this simple and pleasant substitute for one week or more and then faithfully report the wonderful results."

I will not say anything for or against the cure for indigestion here recommended, but I am quite confident that if the advice to substitute honey-water for our nerve-destroying strong teas and coffees were generally accepted and heeded we would hear far less complaints about nervousness, stomach troubles, sick headaches, etc., than at present. The quoted suggestion seems to be so much in line with my remarks concerning the keeping of a few colonies of bees by the average farmer that it gives me particular pleasure to call attention to it.

**The Fruit Cure** As bees and fruit-trees go well together, so may the products of both—honey and fruits—be considered companion remedies. A paragraph taken from "Green's Fruit-grower" states that Dr. J. W. Kellogg has found from the examination of over eight thousand stomachs that in thirty per cent of the cases objectionable bacteria are present. In bacterial diseases he recommends an exclusive fruit diet for several days. The fruit acid serves to sterilize the digestive system and make the germs harmless. Any fruit acid is good, and it should preferably be eaten raw. I am fully convinced of the potency of fruit acids as destroyers of disease germs. T. GREINER.

## SALIENT FARM NOTES

**Cow-peas** One of the experiments I decided to make last year was the planting of cow-peas between the hills in the corn rows. Last spring my corn was planted late in May. When it was up and cultivated once over I planted one acre to cow-peas, putting the seed in half way between the hills with a hand corn-planter. The soil was in good condition, so the job was easy and quickly done. The variety planted was the Black, an early, moderately dwarf sort. The plants soon appeared, but did not in the least interfere with the subsequent cultivations of the corn. The drought set in, followed by the burning hot winds of July, and the corn made less than half a crop. The peas grew slowly all summer, and when the corn was cut, the last days of August, they were ten to fifteen inches in height and fairly well supplied with seed-pods. September 12th I drew in the fodder and tethered a milk-cow on the peas. September 20th a sharp frost killed all that remained, but I kept the cow on them and she took off every pod. Before I tethered her on the peas she had been steadily failing in yield of milk, but from the first meal the yield increased until frost nipped the peas, when the yield began to decrease again.

The experiment this season showed that the peas can be put in quite rapidly with a hand corn-planter; that they do not interfere with the cultivation of the corn, and that they will do fairly well in the rows. If the corn be an early maturing variety and is drawn off the land as, cut, or soon afterward, the peas will give a large quantity of most excellent pasturage at a season when green food is apt to be quite scarce. In case drought cuts the corn short, as it did this season, the peas will still make a fair quantity of pasturage. Should chinch-bugs destroy the corn the peas will quickly cover the ground and make a large quantity of excellent hay or pasturage and at the same time improve the soil. If there are indications that chinch-bugs are going to be abundant I think it would be a good idea to plant cow-peas in all the corn adjoining wheat or oats. A strip fifty to one hundred rows wide would cover most that would likely be damaged by the bugs.

**Straw** It seems but a few years ago that the August and September skies used to be lighted up at night by the fires of burning wheat and oat straw. As a boy I drew tons on tons of the finest of straw from the threshing-machine with a horse and rail and scattered it about to be burned as soon as the machine and grain were removed. One old farmer who came from Vermont used to create considerable amusement by declaring that he would as soon think of burning his hay as his straw. When people laughed at him he would say, "Laugh away, boys; you'll live to see the day when you'll wish you'd had more sense!" He stacked all his straw on a piece of thin soil on his farm and let his cattle and sheep work it down. There is a large quantity of straw in this locality this season, but not a spear of it has been burned, though the hay crop was large and was gotten up in fine condition. All the straw farmers can spare is being baled and shipped to points where there is a demand for it at good prices. No more straw will ever be burned in this locality. The past few years many farmers have carefully converted their straw into manure by using it for bedding stables, sheds and yards where cattle, sheep or hogs were kept. Some placed it in large, open racks for the cattle and sheep to pick over and work down. The manure thus made was scattered over the meadows, pastures and corn-land with excellent results, and many an old-timer reluctantly came to the conclusion that the "everlasting, never-failing black soil of central Illinois" really is benefited by manure. And now we meet with men who are actually investing money in commercial fertilizers to apply to this same "exhaustless soil," while hundreds are watching the result of these experiments with a view to investing if it will pay to do so. FRED GRUNDY.

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## FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE

**W**ARMING THE BARN-YARD.—With present prices for grain and hay it is going to be costly work warming up a barn-lot with a few cattle this winter. I have fed steers in an open lot—did this several winters before I knew better—and I have fed them in warm stalls, and of two things I am sure: Fattening stock need very little exercise if they are properly fed, and comfortable animals fatten on less feed than uncomfortable ones. On Western corn-farms in a season of cheap corn it may pay to use extra grain instead of lumber to maintain heat in cold, stormy weather. There is less labor, and a bushel of corn does not count for much some years. But this year feed is high-priced, and the thousands of farmers who like to carry a few steers through the winter are debating the profitability of it or have decided that they had better sacrifice the stock on hand and stay out for one year. They know best; but if the cattle are to be kept, the feed should go to a better purpose than merely that of keeping the animals warm. I have housed thousand-pound steers comfortably in stalls three and one half feet wide, letting the stall-divisions run back three feet. The cattle stood on a tight clay floor, were heavily bedded, and the weakest or most cowardly in the lot ate with the same security enjoyed by the masterful ones. They were comfortable, lay down much of the time when not eating, and digestion was as nearly perfect as could be gotten. The average farmer feeding a few cattle during the winter for market or for summer grazing cannot afford to keep them in open barn-lots. Boards are cheaper than corn.

**CHEAP SHEDS.**—Wealthy men can have fine barns and abundant room for stock, but the most of us need to count our dollars twice before spending them, to make sure there are enough for necessities. South of the belt of heavy winter snows the average farm-barn is not a large one, the necessity of housing all live stock not being so apparent. There are cold rains, some snow, much cold wind and plenty of discomfort, but warm quarters for all animals have never been very liberally provided. Where straw is abundant no farmer should be too proud to have a shed of this material if he can have no more permanent ones. I have seen comfortable sheds of this sort, the sides being stuffed with straw, so that no wind could enter. But for a few cattle—a dozen or so—a single shed added to the barn in the form of a lean-to, furnishing a stall forty-two inches in width for each animal, is far better. Most of the barns in the section of which I write have no basement, and mangers can be placed on the edge of the floor, making feeding convenient. The siding that is removed is used in making the shed, and the expense is small. Such arrangement means a direct saving in feed, there is more pleasure in the feeding, and the manure is saved, adding to the fertility of the farm. Having had experience with open-lot feeding and stall-feeding I say confidently that the farmers mentioned, wanting to winter a few cattle, would never return to feeding in mud and cold if they would try the economy of individual feeding in comfortable quarters.

**ABSORBENTS FOR STABLES.**—Farmers who use commercial fertilizers have noticed that any mixture containing ammonia is relatively high-priced. This element is worth nearly three times as much a pound in the market as either of the remaining elements bought in fertilizers. Ammonia, or nitrogen, usually costs about fifteen cents a pound when bought in the form of a nitrate, which is the one immediately available for plants. Stable manure is rich in this material, and this is especially true of the liquids. The common board floor for horses set off the ground and having cracks in it is a costly floor and a cold one. If the actual money loss from the use of such floors was realized

few would be in use. A stall floor should be tight enough to retain all the liquid, and then it should be kept covered with absorbents. Comparatively few owners of old barns want to make a cement floor, and for them the next best one is the thing needed. Horsemen are agreed that there is no better floor for the health of the horse and for his foot than a clay one, and if the clay is properly puddled and packed it is reasonably impervious to water if the bedding is kept heavy. The usual difficulty is that the animal makes holes in such a floor, but this is largely due to the narrowness of the stalls and to tying. Really a working-horse has a right to some liberty in its stall, but many stables are not arranged for this. The next best arrangement is boards bedded in clay, then covered with plenty of litter. For retaining the ammonia that would escape into the air plaster was formerly used, but some now prefer to apply acid phosphate. In its treatment with sulphuric acid at the factory a part of it becomes land-plaster, and by its use in the stable extra value is gotten from it, the phosphoric acid being retained by the manure, so that it is not lost. DAVID.

## NEW USE FOR TELEPHONES—DAILY NEWS SERVICE—FARMERS FURNISHED MARKETS BY WIRE

What was considered one of the wild-est of Bellamy's "Looking Backward" schemes is a reality to-day. The news of the world delivered daily to telephone subscribers over the wire is a scheme practised to-day by Mr. W. S. Pershing, editor and postmaster at an Indiana town. At seven o'clock every morning the contents of the evening newspapers are telephoned to subscribers living near or remote from a central exchange in direct communication with all the phones on a company's system. As soon as the last edition of the afternoon newspapers is received Mr. Pershing notifies his subscribers to get ready to receive the news contained in the paper. Not all of the contents are read over the wire, but enough to give an exact idea of the events of the day. Special attachments for home telephones have been provided for all who desire to secure them, by means of which the receiver may be held at the ear while the person receiving is seated at the family table or on the veranda. It is the custom for the person listening to repeat the message to those about him, so that all in the circle may instantly receive the benefits of the service.

At seven o'clock prompt there are three rings, and every farmer adjusts his receiver to his ear. The report opens as follows:

"Good-evening. Now all be quiet. Washington standard time forty seconds after seven o'clock. Weather indications for the next thirty-six hours, fair and cooler, with probable rains tomorrow afternoon. Chicago markets—corn, 60; wheat, oats, clover, rye, timothy, hogs, cattle, potatoes, etc."

Then follow crop indications that have local application, the quotations for the local stock market, and other information of interest to the community. After this the foreign news is given; then comes a review of the state news, and then all local matter that is of sufficient importance to repeat.

In speaking of the scheme Editor Pershing said: "I do not claim entire originality in this daily-news service, but so far as I know, except in one county in southern Missouri, this is the only daily-news service of the kind in the world. While this is a great stride forward, the telephone in its application to farmers' use is only in its infancy. The day is at hand when farmers all over Indiana will have these news reports furnished by regular news agencies at least once daily, and perhaps the future will bring several daily editions. Wherever the telephone reaches in the country districts this is not only possible, but it will come. We have demonstrated that it is practical. The results are manifold. The farmers who now have the service would not let it be discontinued at any reasonable cost. It is beneficial to their co-operative telephone companies, as demonstrated by the fact that since the service has been started orders for phones and wires are greater than can

be supplied, and the lines are being run down every road. The day will come when busy farmers who are interested in the county fairs and races, but cannot leave their crops to drive ten or twenty miles, can have them reported heat by heat or discussed as the heats are run—such as, Jaybird has the pole; Mary C gets off ahead; all in a bunch; Mastodon leads by a nose at the quarter, etc. When great political orators of the future come to town they will be able to address the people of the country districts for twenty, thirty or even fifty miles around."

That ordinary business transactions effected over telephones is regular and binding is proven by the fact that twice recently courts have established the validity of contracts made by telephone. Some day this ruling by the courts may make it possible for farmers living at a distance from polling-places, or rendered incapable from attending the voting-booth by sickness or other cause, to cast their ballots over the wires.

One of the most successful editors in Indiana whose original methods have attracted wide notice is the editor of "Truth." He sees at hand a complete revolution in news service for the farmer. He is preparing for a similar service to that described, but he is building his own lines all over his section of country, only asking the farmers to co-operate in so far as putting up his poles and stringing his wire. He will supplement the news contained in the metropolitan dailies with the late editions of newspapers printed in the neighboring county-seats and all late local news. He is also organizing a system by which he expects to do a general traffic business and a merchandise delivery.

Practically all the first congressional district is now covered with farmers' telephone-wires. In Warwick, Posey, Gibson and other counties, including parts of Vanderburg, Pike and Spencer, all in the southwestern part of Indiana, there are more than three thousand farm-houses connected by telephone. It is claimed that the "Pocket" farmers were not only the first in the state, but also in the entire Mississippi Valley to adopt the telephone as an essential part of farm equipment. They resorted to it to obviate the evils and inconveniences resulting from impassable roads in the winter and during the season of overflow of the Wabash and its lower tributaries. They are now engaged in organizing just such a system as the one described for receiving the daily news. All their lines now center in Oakland City as the general central exchange, though they have a dozen smaller exchanges over the district. They now have long-distance, free-toll lines of the best copper wire, and farmers can talk almost a hundred miles free of all charge except the stated regular rentals. The ladies make their calls that way, and inter-county matrimonial alliances have been the result of a free use of the electric current.

The farmers in sixty-one of the ninety-two counties of the state are now putting up lines and utilizing the phones. Already farmers in all counties surrounding Indianapolis can be reached direct from the city, and they will all soon be having a regular daily-news service furnished by a company organized for that purpose. In Tipton County, where the scheme has long passed the experimental stage, it is noticed that after a few weeks the farmer who gets such service begins to live in a wider world. He wants, and must have, the daily papers for details, and he subscribes for them. Many are favored with free mail delivery and others are organizing country carrier routes so that they can have their daily mail delivered at their doors without government supervision.

C. M. GINTHER.

## CURRENT AGRICULTURAL NEWS AND NOTES

In Porto Rico there are said to be more than one hundred varieties of bananas, some of them being over two feet in length. The largest sizes are invariably cooked before being eaten.

In wheat improvement special attention should be given to the "tillering," or "stooling," proclivities of the plant. By this it is meant the production of a

large number of stalks from an individual or single seed.

Our agricultural imports in the order of their importance are sugar, coffee, hides and skins, silk, wool and vegetable fibers, tropical fruits and nuts, tea, tobacco, vegetable-oils and cocoa.

A bulletin on the wheat areas of the Far West has just been issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. It will be of special interest to California, Oregon and Washington wheat-growers. It shows the average yield to be greater on the Pacific slope than it is east of the Rockies; also that a large acreage of irrigated wheat-land is now devoted to fruit culture.

The main crops of Russia are rye, oats and wheat in the order of production. Rye is exported more largely than wheat or oats. Russia grows about one half the world's production of rye and oats.

In order to realize the most profit from apples they should be wrapped in tissue-paper and be put into boxes of uniform size. Mr. W. N. White, of London, England, in an address delivered before the Watsonville (Cal.) Board of Trade, among other things said, "Apples for England should be shipped not later than the last of November, and must be put into cold storage until their arrival there."

The wool-growers of Montana are considering the matter of forming an association, the leading objects being those of classifying and marketing wool. By this means it is thought that a great advantage would accrue not only in securing better classification of wool, but better freight rates, also.

In times of drought or flood, or when the chinch-bug, the army-worm or the wheat-weevil gets in its destructive work, one can hardly expect anything but unfavorable reports. This accounts for the fact that in too many instances crop reporters are inclined to base their percentages on fears rather than on facts.

The statistics of Massachusetts show conclusively that education and the production of wealth go hand in hand. The value of education as a wealth-producer is not confined to manufacturing alone. It is equally as valuable on the farm as in the workshops.

In New Hampshire the introduction of the separator process has greatly diminished the production of first-class butter-making at the farm homes. By the establishment of numerous creameries the quality of butter has become more uniform and its standard is greatly improved.

President W. S. Warren, of the Chicago Board of Trade, in a recent interview stated this important fact, "Wheat is now the cheapest commodity in the world, and domestic consumption will undoubtedly be very large. Potatoes, vegetables and fruits are double and treble in value what they were a year ago. Bread is the only food that is now cheap, in comparison with the price a year ago."

Dairying in the line of supplying cream and pure milk direct to city customers is not appreciated as it should be by small farmers living near large cities. No other specialty in the line of farm products tends so much toward the continued improvement of the soil. The small land-holder who has a silo and keeps the best-paying cows is sure to have a good bank-account.

With the view of enlarging the wheat-growing limit west of the one hundredth meridian throughout the semi-arid plains extending from Canada to Mexico, Secretary Wilson has authorized the distribution of seed-wheat of varieties that have proven valuable under similar conditions of soil and climate in Russia.

Altogether too little attention is yet being paid by grain-growers to grading up seed with the care that is bestowed on the improvement of stock. The selection of seed from the largest and most vigorous and early ripening plants should be made each year of every profitable kind of grain. A great increase in yield and quality would in a short time be the gratifying result.

The magnitude of our wheat exports is shown by the fact that during July of the present year the average daily shipment was a little over a million bushels a day for every working-day in



the month. In Chicago August 19th was an exceptional day for the export of wheat from that point, as 1,735,000 bushels were cleared for foreign ports. The bulk of the shipment was purchased more than a month ago.

The farmer who sends his products to market, whether of potatoes or fruit, must grade and pack them honestly and send them in good condition, so that the dealer and customer will come to regard the label of the producer as a guarantee that the contents of each package is true to name and of prime quality. It never pays to place upon the market any second-rate quality of perishable farm products. Dishonesty makes the producer a meaner man, and the consumer as mad as a wet hen.

W. M. K.

#### MODERN CONVENIENCES IN COUNTRY HOMES

It seems hard for some farmers who are abundantly able to go to the expense it would require to realize the convenience and luxury modern improvements have placed within their reach. In many cases it would not only be a luxury and convenience, but an item of economy to make the change from the old to the new. One of these is heating the dwelling with a furnace. The cost of putting in the furnace and required pipes, registers, etc., in the most pretentious farm-house would rarely reach three hundred dollars; the average would not cost over one hundred and fifty dollars. Any one who has had any experience with a modern furnace knows that the fuel bill of the house kept warm by stoves is much more than the bill for the same house after the furnace has been put in. For the average-sized house the saving in fuel alone for two or three seasons will pay for the furnace. Those who have always lived with the dirt, dust and inconvenience of the best of stoves cannot realize the labor-saving and the satisfaction of a furnace-heated house. It will be but a short time until the economy, convenience and sound sense of furnace-heating the farm dwellings will force itself upon the general rural public.

Water-works is another convenience that is within the reach of all well-to-do farmers. The cost is not so great, and the convenience is unquestionable. With a good well and a windmill enough water can be supplied to an elevated tank to furnish an abundance of water. This tank, of course, must be made proof against freezing. In many houses it is placed in the attic and the water forced up to it. From there it is easily piped to all parts of the house. The luxury of a modern bath-room in a house cannot be overestimated. This is, to say the least, impracticable without a good system of waterworks. Waterworks, of course, are incomplete without a good system of sewerage as well. The cost of all this is far from being what one would suppose until investigations are made.

The ice-house, cold-storage room and refrigerator are too well known to need more than mere mention. Like the putting in of waterworks, much of the work connected with this can be done by the help on the farm during the lulls in the farm-work. With a good ice-house the cost of putting up ice is reduced to a small item. The use of ice in preserving meats and fruits, keeping vegetables fresh, and in the dairy and other places about the farm-house, makes it of material value to the farmer as well as a luxury.

The telephone is fast becoming an institution of the farm-house. The cost of connecting the farm home with a system of phones is so slight that any enterprising farmer needs only the opportunity of connecting with a system to put in a phone. This puts the farmer's family in momentary touch with their neighbors, with their friends in the city, and with the local business men, thus saving many a trip to neighbors or town, and giving more time for the work on the farm. The phone has become a necessity. This is shown by the rapidity with which the rural telephones are extending over the country.

The daily delivery of the mail at the farmer's gate is also a modern improvement on country life. With the daily papers at his door the farmer can know what is going on in the world as soon

as his city cousin. With the rural circulating libraries such as many of our states are sending out the latest and best literature of the world is being placed in the hands of the farmer and his family. With these and other conveniences and luxuries within the reach of the farmer, and through hard work and economy is able to have an income sufficient for his daily bread and something more, surely farm life is not the prosaic, "buried" life some of our city cousins who know not the charm of a quiet, retired home would lead us to believe. The luxury of the modern country home will equal the more pretentious city residences, and with them country living will lose much of its darker side while gaining in charm and congeniality.

J. L. IRWIN.

#### BARLEY AS FOOD FOR HORSES

Except on the Pacific Coast barley is not extensively used as a feed in the United States, doubtless owing to the fact that it is in such a great demand for brewing purposes that it is high in price. Wherever it is grown, however, it is frequently possible to secure at a low cost grain which is off color, owing to rain or fog during harvest, and which, for this or some other reason, is unfit for brewing, but valuable as feed. The barley grown on the Pacific Coast is extensively used in the feeding of horses. Its use for this purpose is old in other countries. The Arabs feed their horses unground barley, and it is used successfully by the Berbers of North Africa. In Europe its value is generally recognized. Barley may be fed whole to horses having good teeth and not required to do severe work. Since ground barley, like wheat, forms a pasty mass when mixed with saliva, it is regarded as more satisfactory to crush than to grind it if for any reason it is considered undesirable to feed the grain whole. In composition barley resembles oats and other cereal grains quite closely. The North Dakota station has recently studied the value of barley as a feed for work-horses and mules. For some months this grain was fed with timothy hay to three horses and two mules. The mules did not eat the barley with marked relish at any time, but for two months, during which time they were performing light work, they ate enough to keep them in condition. The work was then increased, but they would not eat a correspondingly greater quantity of barley, and soon began to refuse it altogether for a day or so at a time. The mules were then given oats on alternate months. This grain was eaten with relish, and gains in weight were made. Although the trial lasted nine months the mules persistently refused barley.

Of the horses mentioned above two were work-horses. They were fed alternately barley and oats, with timothy hay for nine periods of twenty-eight days each. They ate the barley without regard to the amount of work required of them. On the oat ration there was an average daily gain of .38 pound a horse. On the barley ration there was an average daily gain a horse of .15 pound. In both cases the horses averaged 5.50 hours' work a day.

This trial indicates that horses, when taxed to the limit by hard work, cannot be supported upon barley quite so well as upon oats, and that it is worth slightly less a pound than oats with stock which is given a medium amount of work. It indicates further that mules take less kindly to barley than do horses, and that horses which are inclined to be "dainty" eaters will not eat barley so readily as oats.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 133, United States Department of Agriculture.

#### A FALL FESTIVAL IN GEORGIA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

rolling down, laughing and shouting in the general mix-up at the bottom. When too tired for anything else they sit in a row on top chewing cane and telling tales, a black face and kinky head here and there showing among the fairer ones of the plantation's children.

In the old times they used to contend for the honor of riding the mule which pulled the lever around and around, but in these days the chief scramble is

for the privilege of pulling the wire which makes the whistle blow—now in short, imperative toots signaling to the hands in the field, and again in a single long-drawn blast calling them home to dinner and the hour of rest.

To all it is indeed a season of good cheer and a broad hospitality. However penurious a man may be, he never grudges the jugs and bottles of juice which wayfarers carry away from his mill, while his wagons loaded high with the purple cane are free plunder for all. Everybody chews the cane, although the extracted juice is near at hand; and there is an old joke of an uninitiated Yankee who tried while in Rome to do as the Romans did, but made the mistake of eating his cane. On being asked how he liked it he replied, "Oh, I guess it's good enough to eat, but it's devilish hard to swallow!"

Open house is kept on all plantations great and small. Visitors are prepared for and expected, and they do not fail to come. The mistress of the house feels quite complacent, for she knows that this is of all times of the year the best for entertaining, and she does not need to put on her thinking-cap in order to plan a company dinner. The chickens and turkeys are plentiful and fat, the smoke-house is adorned with festoons of sausage, while the hams are in that most delicious half-cured state when they are just right for boiling and slicing into the loveliest pale pink slices. The pantry is beautiful to behold, with its rows of pickles and jellies and golden Elbertas shining luscious and tempting through the glass. With it all it is no wonder that the housewife is in a good humor. On some of the smaller farms the women-folks lend a hand around the furnace and mill, but I have never yet seen one of them wear a sulky face.

It is usual for the boiling to be carried on far into the night, and it is quite the thing for parties of young people from neighboring towns to drive out to the sugar-boiling on moonlight nights. They herald their approach by their songs, which float out clear and sweet on the frosty air, and at the first whiff of the boiling syrup the mules are urged forward and they bring up at the mill with a great flourish. They find "sweet'nin'" in plenty, and are at liberty to enjoy themselves as they please—a candy-pulling if they will trouble to cook it down in a small boiler, or roasting sweet-potatoes and peanuts in the hot ashes at the mouth of the furnace.

There is abundance of light furnished by the old-time light-stands—tall scaffolds thickly covered with sand and then crowned by a blazing fire of fat wood splinters. The ruddy beams shine out over those at work and those at play—the one group old and settled, perhaps, the other young and light-hearted, but all as one in sweet content, for is it not the gladdest time of the year, the time of "makin' up sweet'nin'?"

#### THE WOOL MARKETS

There is a general feeling of confidence pervading both the woolen industry and the wool trade, and the belief prevails that the market is in good, sound shape, and that between now and the end of the year an increased activity in the market will be experienced. The worsted yarn and dress-goods mills are especially confident as to the future, and one manufacturer, in view of the business now in sight, is confident that there is so much wool going into consumption that later on, in anticipation of a scarcity of domestic wools of certain grades, and in order to obtain desired selections, a number of consumers who hitherto have pursued a hand-to-mouth policy in their purchases of wools, will show more disposition to buy for future requirements.

With the trade feeling as it does, and with a volume of business which has certainly come up to expectations in view of the exceptional conditions prevailing, there has been no disposition to make any concessions in prices of wool. They are firmly held, in fact, on every kind of wool, and the sales which have been consummated have been at exactly the same prices as those previously ruling.—The American Shepherd's Bulletin.

## A Go-to-Church Lantern



### The Dietz Junior Lantern

is just the right one for this purpose, also for any other purpose which calls for a light weight, convenient lantern, giving a fine bright light. The farmer's wife will especially appreciate it. We send one by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, and we give your money back if it doesn't suit you. That's fair enough. Circulars free.

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can be realized from well baled hay than from loose hay. Your market is your nearest R. R. station when your hay is baled.

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## Notes From Garden and Field

**THE PROPAGATING OF CURRANTS AND GRAPES.**—A lady reader in New Mexico (Mrs. M. F. W.) asks me for information how to make and root currant and grape cuttings. Surely this is easy enough. There are few things more easily rooted than currant cuttings. Take wood of this season's growth and make the cuttings six to eight inches long, each cutting having from six to ten buds. The best time to do this is as soon as the wood is mature and the leaves ready to come off, say in September, although such cuttings can be made and rooted successfully any time from fall until spring. If taken in early fall they may be either buried on a sandy knoll or stored in sand, moss or sawdust in the cellar or planted immediately. For currant cuttings, especially in the inquirer's locality, I would prefer immediate planting. The ground should of course be well drained and in good condition, and the cuttings set nearly perpendicularly, so that only one or two buds remain above the surface. Concord-grape cuttings may be made in the fall or early winter. Select strong, sound, short-jointed canes. Commercial propagators usually make two-eye cuttings because they take less wood and are more easily handled and planted. For the home grower, however, I think it advisable to make three-eye cuttings, as they usually make stronger plants. Store the cuttings in moss, sand or sawdust in the cellar until spring, to allow them to become well calloused, then plant in well-prepared soil just a little slantingly or nearly perpendicularly, leaving only the top bud exposed. If only a few plants are wanted layering may be resorted to, and will usually prove to be the easiest and surest way of securing good plants from a parent vine in the home grounds. Select a vigorous young cane, and lay it in a little furrow under the trellis, covering two or three inches deep with nice mellow soil. In the fall or spring the layer is taken up and cut into plants. Nearly every bud will produce a plant.

**TOMATO-WORM.**—A lady reader, Mrs. T. A. B., of Ontario, Canada, desires to know whether I have noticed some insect eating the tomato-worm. It appears to lay its eggs on the tomato-worm, and when the young hatch they suck the juices out of the big worm, leaving nothing but the skin. A member of my family asked me the other day about the queer appearance of a number of tomato-worms she found in one of my tomato-patches. "Little white things were sticking out all over the worms' backs." I have always tried to instruct every one on the place not to harm a tomato-worm that has those white cocoons on its back. These white bodies are the larvae of a small, four-winged black fly which lays its eggs into the back of the worm. The young feed on the juices of their host and soon kill it, they themselves going through the final transformation, and as fly continue the warfare against the tomato-worm.

**SEEDED STRING.**—What is "seeded string?" From Wichita comes the report that one Mr. E. F. Israel has invented a machine which turns out "little strings of tissue-paper charged at regular intervals with seeds, thus making it possible to plant the smallest and most delicate seeds not only with rapidity, but also with as much regularity as could be done by putting each seed into the ground by hand. All the planter has to do is to lay a string of seed into the furrow and cover it with a hoe, or, where there is much of it to be done, to take a small, inexpensive reel-drill that makes a furrow the depth required, lay a string of the seed therein and cover it up." It is not easy to place a true estimate on the value of this new idea. It is true, beyond doubt, that most home growers find it difficult to plant just the right amount of garden-seeds. Usually such seeds are sown by far too thickly, and consequently the larger part of all the seed that is planted is worse than wasted, for it necessitates

doing a good deal of labor and spending time in removing the surplus plants. Where plants stand as thickly in the rows as we often find them in some gardens the task of thinning is quite tedious. If neglected the resulting crop is usually of little value. If strings of tissue-paper charged with seed at regular intervals can be manufactured cheaply enough I would consider it of considerable value for people with little experience in gardening or unskilled in sowing garden-seeds. Much depends on the price at which this "seeded string" is offered to the gardener. But I do not expect that the market-gardener, or any one else who grows vegetables on a larger scale, will take kindly to the new device. With a good garden-drill we have no difficulty in sowing any kind of garden-seed rapidly, economically and just about as thickly and as deeply as we want it.

The machine which makes this seeded string (and of course it is patented), somewhat resembles an ordinary sewing-machine. At one end is a large roll of ribbon-paper. This is wound off and the seeds deposited thereon at the desired intervals by a simple device. Then the ribbon-paper is wound on a reel, and in so doing is twisted, thus making a seeded paper string. "A fifty-foot string, or enough to plant a bed of ordinary seed ten feet square, was run off in fifteen seconds, the machine being so well adjusted and so simple that the boy handled it with ease. In connection with the machine for making the seeded string a simple reel or drill has been devised. This consists of a small wheel to which is attached a handle, a small reel and a piece of iron through which the seeded string passes as it makes a furrow the desired depth. With this the little daughter of the inventor planted last spring at the latter's place in the city eight rows eighty feet long of radishes in twelve and one half minutes. When in a few weeks the plants came up in such regularity just as they had been planted, there was no doubt in the minds of all those who saw this garden but that the seeded string was a success."

I give this mostly as a piece of interesting news, and need hardly assure the reader that I am investigating this matter quite thoroughly and hope to soon be able to report more fully.

**PAPER WASTE AS BEDDING AND MANURE.**—H. S. R., of Wellsville, N. Y., asks for my opinion on the value of paper waste for bedding horses and as manure. I have never used such material for either purpose, and do not believe it has much to recommend it. While there is nothing in ordinary paper waste that would prove injurious to the growth of vegetables, yet I think there is very little in it that could be of use to the plants, and the material is awkward to handle in the stables to say the least. When I have a lot of waste paper that I do not know what to do with I simply make a bonfire and let the stuff go up in smoke.

**A BAD LADYBUG.**—L. P., a subscriber in Tres Pinos, Cal., asks me how best to destroy ladybugs on beans and squashes; also what to do for the little wireworms which dig into and destroy melon and cucumber seeds. He has tried tobacco-dust, but without satisfactory results. The ladybug complained of is undoubtedly the one which has been fittingly characterized as "the black sheep of the ladybug family." It is the only one of its members which feeds on vegetable crops, especially on pumpkin and squash leaves, bean-vines, etc. The beetles average nearly three eighths of an inch in length, are almost as broad as long, and nearly convex. In color they are bright yellow or yellowish brown, with four black spots on the thorax and seven on each wing-cover. The eggs are deposited in patches on the under side of the leaf, and easily recognized by their bright yellow color. The larvae are yellow, with black, branching spines. The beetles are easily found eating in broad daylight on the upper leaf surface. Try to destroy the eggs and larvae early in the season. Like nearly all leaf-eaters, this beetle and its larva succumb most readily to applications of Paris green. It does not give us any trouble what-

ever in this locality. In regard to the small worms which allegedly have destroyed our correspondent's melon and cucumber seeds, I can give no definite information, but will express my belief that they are merely scavengers working in the already decaying seeds.

**ORCHARD CULTIVATION.**—It is true that we sometimes raise a good crop of apples on trees that are standing in old sod. It is true that frequently the trees that have had the highest culture right along fail to bear the crops that we expect of them. And yet the longer I live and observe, the more I see the absolute necessity of giving to our fruit-trees, especially pears, peaches, plums and quinces, the best of attention and cultivation. I see that our neglected orchards this year are in bad shape everywhere. Trees that have been under culture are far better-appearing everywhere. In isolated spots in this county may be found orchards bearing from moderate to heavy crops of apples, pears, peaches and plums. These orchards are invariably those that had high cultivation. The best pears grown in this township are those from orchards which are as bare of any growth underneath the trees as a barn floor. I have some Bartlett trees in sod. Neither the trees nor the fruit on them amount to anything. One row where the ground has been kept under the plow for a few years on one side only bears regularly and moderately fair fruit. It pays to give the orchard the most thorough cultivation. It is not necessary to plow around the trees two or three times every year. It may be well to plow once in early spring. After that the work can be done much better and more quickly by means of a heavy harrow drawn by three horses.

**HARDY ONIONS.**—The hardiest of all onions, and possibly of all garden crops, is the Egyptian, or winter, onion. It does not make a regular bulb like our common onions, but it gives very fair green bunch-onions much earlier in spring than we could expect to grow them from sets of our common sorts; and after once planting a patch of them in some out-of-the-way corner or any odd spot where they can have just ordinary care the supply will be abundant and continue from year to year even without replanting. Some two months ago I received a quantity of Beaulieu's Hardy White onion-seed for trial. I have a little patch of this now growing in my garden, and shall soon be able to tell whether it is as hardy as the introducer claims. I have several times, some years ago, succeeded in safely wintering patches of Yellow Dutch from seed sown in August and securing a big crop of bunching-onions in early spring. Such onions had to be pulled and used quite early, as those left for a while longer were bound to run up to seed. The introducer of the new Hardy White claims that it can be sown from August 15th to October 1st, and transplanted as soon as the sets are the size of goose-quills, or may be sown in rows, thinned out, and left to stand where sown. T. GREINER.

### CULTIVATION OF THE ORCHARD

Passing through the region about Niagara Falls on our return from abroad, we were greatly interested in watching the different methods of cultivation or no cultivation of the orchards along the railroad, with the effects of this cultivation upon the orchard itself. The country for some distance this side of Niagara Falls is a noted fruit country, and some farmers pay great attention to their orchards. We noticed that with scarcely an exception the orchards that were thrifty and bearing abundant fruit were those that were cultivated regularly, even when the trees were eight or ten inches in diameter.—Wallace's Farmer.

### UTILIZING THE GREENHOUSE IN SUMMER

"During the summer months it is the prevailing custom," says F. W. Rane, of the New Hampshire station, "to clean out the forcing-houses, allowing them to lie idle until it is time to prepare for the fall campaign. The excessive heat

in summer dries out the soil under glass quickly, and consequently much shading, watering, ventilating, etc., are required. Also, the crops ordinarily grown under glass are readily grown outside at this season."

It was to ascertain whether these houses might not be profitably used during this period that experiments were undertaken at the New Hampshire station with a number of crops, like tomatoes, egg-plants, peppers, sweet-potatoes, pole-beans, sweet-corn, celery, melons, etc. The favorable results secured with pole-beans and sweet-corn have been noticed in a previous bulletin of this series.

With tomatoes the seed was sown March 10th, Early Acme, Beauty, New Liberty Belle, Ignatum, Fordhook First and Bond Early Minnesota being used. The plants were set eighteen inches apart each way and trained to single stems. The fruit began ripening July 10th. The yield a square foot from this date until August 10th, the usual time when tomatoes in New Hampshire begin to ripen in the field, averaged two pounds six and one half ounces. The average price of tomatoes for this period was seven cents a pound, thus making the average income a square foot 16.8 cents. In 1897 the outdoor tomatoes did not ripen until August 30th, and the income a square foot of surface for that year was 20 cents.

The unfavorable weather conditions of 1897 prevented the outdoor fruiting of egg-plants and peppers. In the greenhouse large squash-peppers yielded at the rate of one hundred and sixty and one half pounds a square rod, and the Ruby King one hundred and twenty-two pounds a square rod. Of the egg-plants grown Early Long Purple and New York Improved were most satisfactory. The returns a square foot with egg-plants was about 18 cents.

Sweet-potatoes have not been a success in the experiments. The vines grow well, but few potatoes set. Celery was not as crisp and nutty as that grown out of doors, but it is believed that it can be made a profitable crop. Golden Self-blanching proved most suited for greenhouse growing. Muskmelons were started in pots and transplanted. It required three months from the time the seedlings were transplanted until the fruit matured. A space seven by fifty feet yielded three hundred and thirty fruits. With cucumbers the custom has been to utilize the same vines that have been bearing during the earlier spring, running them on until the crop begins to come in from the garden.

The following conclusions are drawn from this work: From our experience it is evident that we can ill afford to allow the houses to remain idle throughout the summer. The conditions are easily controlled, and whatever the outside season may be, we are assured of at least these crops. Possibly this may not apply with equal force to those states farther south, but it is a subject worthy of consideration, we believe, in the more temperate sections, and especially in New England.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 133, United States Department of Agriculture.

## Orchard and Small Fruits

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN

**Plum-gouger.**—C. F. D., Marne, Iowa. The Burbank plums which you sent are infested with plum-gouger. If you will clean off the pits of some of them you will find a small hole in them. The plum-gouger works in the interior of the plum-pit, while the plum-curculio works around the outside of the pit. The mature insects in each case closely resemble one another, both being small snout-beetles, and the best remedy for each is jarring the trees, as frequently recommended in these columns.

**Leaf-roller.**—J. H. C., Augusta, Mont. The worm that affects your gooseberries, causing the leaves to curl, is probably what is known as a leaf-roller. This insect draws the leaf together and works inside. The best remedy is to use Paris green in water the same as for potato-bugs. This will not be effective if the worms are thoroughly protected by the leaves, but will prevent new broods from forming. The best way to destroy those already in the leaves is to gather the leaves and burn them.





## THE POULTRY YARD

CONDUCTED BY  
PH. JACOBS HAMMONTON N. J.



### DAMP POULTRY-HOUSES

Dry poultry-houses are better than those that are warm but damp. If the house has a stove in winter it ventilates the house, because a current of air is constantly passing into the stove. A dwelling-house is sometimes damp during certain periods even when the stoves are numerous. The walls of the poultry-house are always of the same temperature as the surrounding atmosphere, but sometimes when the interior is warmed and the exterior is cold the moisture condenses on the walls because the walls are colder than the air of the interior; but as the walls become warmer the moisture passes off. There are various causes for dampness on walls, among them the condensation of moisture from the air, the giving off of moisture by the lumber, and the moisture exhaled by the fowls. Currents of air would assist to dry the house, but they are unsafe. The door and windows should be open during the day, and there should be plenty of glass, with the windows so arranged that sunlight can come in. Keep the floor well littered, and remove the litter daily, as fowls bring in moisture with their feet. Do not have the drinking-water inside, as a portion evaporates. A small night-lamp inclosed in a suspended wire cage will assist in both drying and warming the house; or an ordinary stable-lantern may be used, as it is safe and almost inexpensive. Care must be used to suspend it with wire. Shelter when the weather becomes cold is very important if eggs are expected, and even during the damp days of the fall the fowls feel the cold more than when the days are dry and the temperature lower. A fowl can stand almost any change of weather if protected by shelter, but the house must have a good roof and no cracks in the walls. Some farmers find that their fowls can roost on the trees and yet survive; but such farmers do not get eggs in winter, and they waste food in simply keeping the fowls alive. As a rule the fowls of improvident farmers are compelled to seek both food and shelter. But for the refuse food from the cattle and horses many hens would perish in cold weather. As the fall season comes the hens are compelled to subsist on dry food. The succulent grass will not be available, and they must adapt themselves to new conditions. The owner can assist them by giving a variety. As the winter sets in they will consume more grain, but no system of feeding should be practised that does not compel the fowls to exercise. The molting hens will need extra care, as their bodies are more exposed; but with varied food and warm shelter they will put on new feathers rapidly and be the best layers in the flock. For the reason that they have no drain upon the system and being really renewed they will be full of vigor and activity.

### SHIPPING EGGS TO MARKET

Commission merchants publish directions for shipping eggs every year. Where farmers combine to ship eggs they should use long, stiff barrels. Put two or three inches of long-stalk hay or straw evenly over the bottom of the barrel, then finely cut straw or wheat chaff (never use oats chaff or buckwheat chaff) to a depth of two or three inches, then a layer of eggs laid upon the sides, evenly embedded in the packing, with the ends toward the barrel, but fully one inch from the staves. Cover this layer of eggs with packing to the depth of one inch, and rub well in between the eggs with the hand. Place about three inches of the packing material over the last layer, and then about the same quantity of long straw or hay as at the bottom. Fill so that the head must be pressed down with a lever or by other mechanical power. This method of packing will hold the contents so firmly that they cannot shift in the barrel. In winter

guard against frost by using more packing material, leaving the eggs further removed from the packages. Never pack in new oats, straw or chaff; these will sweat and rot the eggs in a very short time. Dry oats make good packing material, but are too expensive. Do not crowd too many eggs in one packing. For an ordinary flour-barrel from sixty-five to seventy dozen are quite sufficient. Put about four and one half dozen in the first layer, and increase one half dozen to the layer up to six and one half dozen in the two layers, then decrease again at the same rate. Count carefully and mark the number on the head of the barrel. In warm weather forward the packages by express. When only a small quantity of eggs is sent, and at short distances, they may be packed in mill-board partitions, an egg in each square cell, thirty-six in a layer, the whole contained in a handy-sized packing-case, or with careful packing in straw or chaff. Baskets may be used when there is a sufficient quantity to fill them, but a barrel makes the best package.

### THE LARGE GRAY LICE

It seems strange that nearly all who look for lice do not go beyond the small mites with which persons are familiar. The most destructive louse is the one that preys upon the head and neck of the fowl, and which cannot be detected without examination, as such lice do not leave the bird and crawl on the hands of the person handling them, as do the mites. They are whitish, and resemble in shape the lice on the human head. When the birds are attacked by these parasites great prostration is the result, and the debility causes diarrhea, with symptoms strangely resembling cholera. When the birds show by their actions that something is wrong look along the side of the neck and on the heads close down to the roots of the feathers and the lice will be found. A mixture consisting of one gill of melted lard, one tablespoonful of crude petroleum and five drops of carbolic acid well mixed kills them instantly. Rub it in among the feathers of the heads and necks and on the skin. Fill a sewing-machine oil-can with the mixture, and force it in the feathers along the back. Put very little grease on the naked body under the wings, and use it very sparingly on chicks. Repeat the application as often as may be necessary to rid the place of vermin. Dips should not be used, because they may cause the hens to take cold. All dips that can be used avail nothing unless the poultry-house is clean, as the hens will soon become overrun again with lice. Just as soon as the mites leave the poultry-house then the hens can clear their bodies by dusting in ashes or dry earth, conveniently provided for them.

### INQUIRIES ANSWERED

**Dying Rapidly.**—C. L. F., Geyerville, Cal., writes: "This year's pullets (White Leghorns) die suddenly. Their faces are red, eyes swollen, tonsils swollen, and they gasp. They have a range, and are given sealed bran in the morning and wheat at night. What is the cause?"

**REPLY:**—It is possible that they have been eating some injurious substance or are overfed, causing apoplexy, especially in summer, and it would be well to examine for the large gray lice. It is difficult to give the cause without an examination of the birds and surroundings.

**Disease of Pullets.**—S. J. N., Hemingford, Neb., writes: "I have Barred Plymouth Rock pullets that are fed on all kinds of grain, also milk, meat and bones. I find some large lice on them. I killed several and found hard lumps in the place of eggs, the lumps resembling the yolks when hard-boiled."

**REPLY:**—The pullets have been greatly overfed, especially as the season has been warm, thereby probably becoming excessively fat. The large lice are nearly always found on the bodies of hens during the summer, and at other seasons sometimes. Follow the directions given in the article above.

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## A HEN COUGH

is fatal to poultry success. This is equally true of roup, frozen combs, etc. Your poultry will have none of these if their house is sided up and roofed over with **SWAN'S EXTRA HEAVY FELT ROOFING**. You can put it on yourself. It only takes a knife and a hammer—no experience necessary. Keeps out wind and water and is fire-proof. Soft and pliable; becomes as hard as slate. The ideal light structure roof. Send for free sample and circulars. **THE A. P. SWAN CO., 112 Nassau St., New York.**

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Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE relating to matters of general interest will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

**Building a Dam Across a Creek to Form an Ice-pond.**—C. H. D., Marine, Iowa. "The Ice Crop" gives the following methods of making dams: "The depth of the pond and the force of the current of the stream are to be taken into account in fixing upon the proportion and construction of dams, also the quantity of water usually running into the pond and the largest amount likely to be received during a season of flood. If the soil is a light loam, or a seam of gravel is near the surface, dig a trench down to a hard bottom, and on the pond side drive in a row of stout boards, breaking joints and sloping them toward the dam. Behind this paling fill in with clay, and ram down. A crib formed of logs notched and bolted together and lined or faced with plank on the pond side should be set at the rear of the subpaling. This crib is filled with stones and clay or sand. The front is banked up with earth and covered with riprap. The center of the dam is provided with a sluiceway large enough to carry off flood-waters, and at the bottom a pipe or a box well embedded in cement gives a current on the bottom which carries off sediment. It is also useful in taking off air and gases, which, arising from the bottom, form air-bubbles in the ice. Some water should always pass over the upper sluiceway. Dams may be formed entirely of an embankment of earth and stone. Their base should not be less than their height, with increased thickness where pressure from a current has to be resisted. Shallow dams may be formed by driving two rows of planks across the line of the dam and filling in the inclosed space with rammed clay. Break the joints in the planking, and bolt stringers along the top edges to bind them firmly together."

## VETERINARY

CONDUCTED BY DR. H. J. DETMERS

To regular subscribers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Veterinary queries should be sent directly to DR. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered.

**Anonymous Inquiries** go into the waste-basket.

**Don't Like Long Horns.**—A. M. L., Dickinson, N. D. If you do not like the rather lengthy horns of Hereford cattle it would be far preferable to any mutilation to breed cattle with shorter horns—for instance, Shorthorn cattle; or if one objects to horns altogether, to breed polled cattle that have no horns.

**Periodical Ophthalmia.**—M. S., Brookston, Pa. What you describe is a case of periodical ophthalmia, or so-called moon-blindness. It is practically incurable, at any rate leads almost invariably to blindness, and is hereditary, at least in so far as the predisposition is transmitted by either parent upon the offspring.

**Bloody Milk.**—E. N. S., Brownsville, Va. An admixture of blood to the milk may be due to diverse causes. In your case it appears to be most likely that the udder of your young cow was injured while the calf was sucking, or that, as you say, the calf did not take all the milk, and that in consequence some chronic mastitis, or garget, developed, which has not yet entirely disappeared. If such is the case I would advise you to milk the cow gently but thoroughly at regular periods, say three times a day.

**Possibly a Case of So-called Ringworm.**—M. A. G., Pasadena, N. Y. Your very meager description conveys the impression that you may have to deal with a case of so-called ringworm. If such is the case you will effect a cure by painting the diseased spots or plaques of the skin of your cows once a day, for a few days in succession, with tincture of iodine, provided at the same time the premises in which your cows are kept are thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Ringworm is a contagious disease and cannot be exterminated unless the fungi, which constitute the cause, are destroyed wherever they may be. Special attention must be paid to a removal and destruction of bedding and other rubbish and a thorough disinfection of all grooming utensils.

**Chicken-lice.**—O. G., New Florence, Pa. Chickens, especially if lousy, should have no access to a horse-stable. Either thoroughly clean the stable and keep out the chickens or build a new stable for the horse to which the chickens have no access. In either case the horse will soon recover, because chicken-lice will not permanently stay and do not breed on a horse, but will cause an immense annoyance if a new supply is constantly provided.

**About Breeding a Cow and Feeding Sorghum.**—E. S., Covington, La. You ask how long you can safely keep a cow, after she has calved, from the bull. You mean, I suppose, without any danger of your cow not conceiving. This is something I cannot answer, and, I think, nobody can, because a sure conception depends upon a great many conditions that nobody can foretell. Concerning your question about feeding green sorghum I have no doubt that the greatest danger is incurred if the sorghum contains too much indigestible cellulose or woody fiber.

**Possibly a Case of Influenza.**—A. B. G., Elcho, Wis. What you inquire about is probably nothing more nor less than a mild case of influenza causing some bronchial affection. I would advise you to exempt your horses from all kinds of work until restored to health; to keep them in a place in which they have perfectly fresh and pure air to breathe without being exposed to drafts of cold air; to feed them moderate quantities of sound food easy of digestion; to give them pure and fresh water to drink, and to relieve any costiveness of the bowels, as you are doing, by an occasional bran-mash. Do not blanket the sick horses.

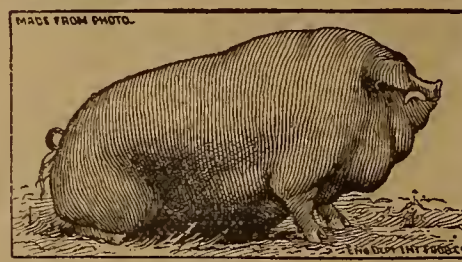
**Heaves.**—H. A., Wool Market, Miss. What you describe is a case of so-called heaves, or, in other words, a case of chronic, feverish and incurable difficulty of breathing. You can somewhat ease and decrease the difficulty if you keep her in a cool place in which she has fresh and pure air to breathe; if you feed her but very small quantities of voluminous food, and particularly not any dusty hay; if you make up the deficiency by allowing more grain, and relieve any costiveness of the bowels with a bran-mash. Also see to it that the mare is never hitched up for work immediately after she has consumed a full meal, and do not use her for breeding.

**Itching—Possibly a Defective, or Carious, Tooth.**—M. B. H., Palm View, Fla. As to the horse that rubs a great deal as though he itched all over give him first a good wash with soap and water, to be applied with a good brush, and then in the same way a good wash with a four or five per cent solution of creolin in water; repeat the latter wash in about five days, keep the horse in a clean stall and see to it that the same is afterward well groomed every day. Concerning the horse with the swelling on the jaw it is very well possible that a diseased tooth constitutes the cause of the swelling. Examine the molars in the mouth of the horse, and if a diseased tooth is found have it pulled by a veterinarian, who will then also do what is further necessary to remove or to reduce the swelling.

**Weakness in Hind Quarters.**—E. A. M., Poplar, Cal. Weakness, or paresis, in the hind quarters of sows, as has been often stated in these columns, may be due to various causes, and can be removed only if the causes are removed, provided irreparable morbid changes have not yet been produced. Therefore, as you say that the hams of your sow have become withered, from which it must be concluded that the muscular fibers have become atrophic, or have become partially destroyed, it will not be necessary to again enumerate all the possible causes, especially as there is in your case no prospect of a cure. Fatten your sow as soon as you can and convert her into pork, but when butchered have the muscles of the hind quarters, but especially the tenderloins, examined for trichinae and other parasites.

**Distemper Abscess.**—R. W., Houston, Tex. What you describe appears to be a distemper abscess of long standing. If at the time it broke, nearly a year ago, the opening had been enlarged in a downward direction, so as to enable the pus to flow off and to be drained from every part of the abscess, a healing would have been effected in a very short time; but as it was, the opening undoubtedly was too high, so that a pus-filled pocket remained, from which the pus could never be fully discharged. Therefore, the pus remaining in the pocket constantly irritated the walls of the same, caused them to become callous, and kept up the suppuration, so that now the former abscess is equivalent to a fistula. All that can be done now is to split the abscess open in a downward direction sufficiently to provide a free exit of every particle of pus, to destroy the callousity of the walls of the old abscess by means of caustics, and, this done, to keep the abscess and its surroundings clean. Very likely the callous walls are easiest destroyed by filling the whole cavity with absorbent cotton saturated with a concentrated solution of sulphate of copper. Whether one application will be sufficient, or whether a second one has to be made the next day, will depend upon the condition of the walls and upon other circumstances, and must be determined by good judgment. Blistering ointments are not only useless, but will also aggravate the case.

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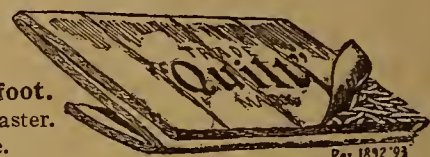
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## Fruit Trees Given Away.

October and November is the time for fall planting. R. Morrill, the Michigan peach king, gains a year's growth by planting peach trees in fall. He banks trunks with earth. Fall-planted trees make twice the growth of those planted next spring. You can buy trees now cheaper than in spring, and can get a better assortment in fall. New fall catalogue of Green's Nursery Company, Rochester, N. Y., is now ready and will be sent free. Send for it at once. We offer one new Thanksgiving Prune tree, free, with every \$7.00 order, or one new Niagara peach tree, free, with all \$4.00 orders.

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If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

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Agent or not, are you interested in the very latest and best-paying agency out? Our agents, besides liberal terms, have special advantages not accessible to others. Write us, and we will send full particulars. All who work our agencies in good faith, on any of our three different plans, pronounce them an unequalled success. One has done a business of \$3,520 in 33 weeks, his own unaided work. A young man of 19 has cleared \$350 in 16 weeks. Another writes, "Your new plan takes like wild-fire; have sold \$128 worth in 10 days." Others are doing as well. We always prepay transportation charges. Applications from book and novelty agents, fruit-tree men, ministers, teachers, students, etc., will have special attention. Address The Crowell & Kirkpatrick Co., Springfield, Ohio.

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**HAVE YOU HOGS?** All our readers who own hogs should take "Blooded Stock," Oxford, Pa. It is a first-class hog paper. Send stamp for sample.



## THE GRANGE

Conducted by Mrs. Mary E. Lee, New,  
Plymouth, Ohio

Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged.—Dr. Manasseh Cutler.

## CURRENT COMMENT

**Grange-work in Maine** For the first time in grange history the National Grange is to meet in Maine. The old Pine-tree state is determined to make this meeting a record-breaker. State Master Hon. O. Gardner writes, "More than five thousand new members have been added to the grange during the year, and there will be over three thousand to take the seventh degree."

Secretary Libby writes, "We have given the sixth degree to over twenty-two hundred since last November, and shall have eight hundred or one thousand more early in October, besides a large sixth-degree class in November at Lewiston. The Patrons are alive to the fact of the visit of the National Grange, and all indications point to the largest meeting the National Grange ever saw. We are a modest people, and prefer to show by our works rather than brag."

**Grange and Traveling Libraries** It is now time to begin active preparations for securing a library. The ideal way is for each grange to own its own library or the beginning of one, and to make use of the traveling library where the local libraries fail. The states having a system of traveling libraries have added new books, and the work of accessioning is going rapidly on. Send in early, that you may get your choice of books. The cost is trifling. Upon receipt of stamp we will be glad to furnish information concerning the states that have traveling libraries, with their rules and regulations. Get ready to make the winter evenings seasons of great mental and spiritual growth.

**Michigan's Grange Library Work** At the suggestion of Mrs. F. D. Saunders, state lecturer of Michigan, a law was passed making all grange libraries which so desired associate libraries. The plan briefly is this: Any grange which owns twenty-five books may register with the state library. The grange can then borrow as many books from the state library as it now owns. These books, under certain regulations, can be kept one year. But provision is made that new books must be added to the grange library before borrowing a second time from the state. Each grange may make its own selection of books. It is also entitled to the advice and suggestions of the purchasing committee of the state library. The list may then be forwarded to the state librarian.

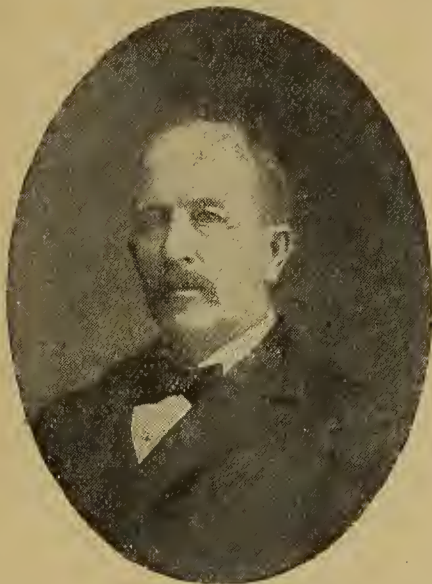
## HON. WELLS W. MILLER

Our curiosity concerning men and women who have risen to places of trust and honor is both natural and commendable. They have realized the ideal toward which every right and normal mind struggles. They lend dignity to the place which they belong, and to the time in which they live. As it is the dream of youth and the constant endeavor of maturity to attain the highest degree of success, they rightly subject to scrutiny the means by which the successful have subordinated circumstances, overcome difficulties, won the respect and homage of their contemporaries, and the approval of their conscience.

Brother Miller's very signal success in life is due to his unswerving fidelity to whatever he undertakes to do; his habit of concentrating all his powers on one thing at a time; the ability to see clearly the good to be attained, and the force to attain it without flourish or deviation; a wide and accurate learning, and a skill in using that knowledge; exactness and promptitude; a pure and upright life; a faithful devotion to the demands of friendship, and an unflinch-

ing loyalty to what he believes to be right. One who has been closely associated with him for years said, "I never knew Mr. Miller to do a mean, underhanded thing. He is too great-hearted for anything little or dishonorable."

Mr. Miller has for years been secretary of the Ohio State Board of Ag-



HON. WELLS W. MILLER

riculture, treasurer of the Ohio State Grange, and also assistant secretary of the National Grange.

## MRS. EVA S. McDOWELL

We hear a great deal about the early struggles of the founders and leaders of the grange—what they suffered, hoped for, prayed for—but seldom is there aught said of the wives and mothers and daughters, without whose active help, ready sympathy, clear insight and steadfast loyalty, the movement would have been a failure.

Mrs. McDowell, treasurer of the National Grange, will be remembered by grange-workers not only as the wife of one of the founders of the order, but as a faithful, earnest, efficient worker whose judgment and assistance can always be depended upon. She is a woman of culture and refinement, who gives me the impression of having a



MRS. EVA S. McDOWELL

large fund of mental strength in reserve. Reticent and unassuming, yet sympathetic and helpful, firm and loyal to her friends, she lives a helpful, earnest, noble life. Her influence is always for that which is best.

## OUR SORROW AND OUR SHAME

As I write this the last sad funeral rites are being performed over our honored and beloved President. Mingled with our grief for the loss of a great and good man—and what loss could be greater?—is shame and humiliation that the one who most nearly represented our ideal of American manhood and leadership should be shot down by a cowardly assassin. No President has had greater problems to deal with; none have brought a clearer head to see the justice of both sides, or a firmer determination to render justice, than President McKinley. Probably no one had a higher conception of the ultimate destiny of the race, of the community, of interests of the nations of the world, than he. His closing sentences at the Exposition are indicative of the man and prophetic of the times which we see in part only, but which he saw clearly. "Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not con-

flict; and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of the earth."

"He is dead. We have lost him; he is gone; We know him now; all narrow jealousies Are silent; and we see him as he moved, How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise, With what sublime repression of himself, And in what limits, and how tenderly."

But while our sorrow for our and the world's great loss is keen, his unhappy taking-off forces upon us duties and considerations that we have too long neglected. No one for a moment dreams that the blow was directed at the President only. The universal love and esteem in which he was held precludes such an assumption. It was struck at the institutions which he represented. It was the cowardly vindictiveness of a class whose policy is destruction. Who would annihilate all government, all law, all order, who hate with an unreasoning and ferocious hatred all representatives of an advanced civilization. The assassin will be put to death. If we are wise, little notoriety—the food on which this class of minds feed—will be given him or his accomplices. Maudlin sympathy that seeks a cheap notoriety will be frowned upon. So far as is possible anarchy will be stamped out. Yet with all these things accomplished we have but made a faint beginning.

We may practically banish anarchists, but that destroys not their existence. It only removes them a short distance from us. They are ready at any time to strike terror to the world by another brutal assault upon a nation's ruler. Let us stop making anarchists and encouraging anarchism.

We have a certain class of newspapers that seek to render contemptible and despicable the party to which they are opposed. It matters not how upright the man, how pure his motives in supporting a certain policy; if he happens to differ from these journals then is he subject to the most violent and dastardly abuse. His motives are impinged, his honor called in question, his whole life villified because of a difference in opinion. A man kills another, and suffers the death penalty. But this incendiary journalism, too cowardly to strike a mortal blow, stimulates distrust and hatred and incites others to do the bloody deed their own cowardice prevents them from doing. They mistake liberty and freedom of the press for license and excess. The leniency of our laws and the submission of our people to their cowardly assaults are an incentive to more villainous abuse. They glory in the stigma, "yellow journalism."

It is right and just that the acts of public officials be held up to scrutiny; but it is inimical to the best interests of our country that the mistakes and blunders that all fallible men make should be ascribed to the lowest motives. It is criminal to render mean and contemptible the agents of vested authority.

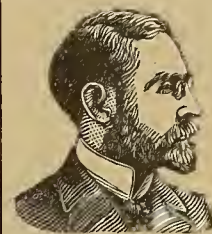
Nor are the distinctively "yellow journals" the only sinners. It has grown to be a common practice, from the great metropolitan daily to the little country weekly, to make the announcement of a man's name for office the signal for attack upon his manhood. A man who has hitherto lived an upright and exemplary life, who has secured the esteem and respect of his fellow-citizens, when he asks for their support is immediately made the target for all sorts of attack.

The better class of journals see the dangers that confront us, and have issued their warning. Shall it be in vain? Will it need another martyred President, a senator or two, a governor, perhaps, to teach our people the right respect for good government and its exponents? God forbid! But if the license that has been rife in the last few years continues, and is naturally augmented, we may look for these things. Let the people demand stringent laws that will limit the license of those who would array class against class, race against race, and would inculcate a disregard and contempt for law and government.

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of the cases before and after the treatment. Any one desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies of the papers by writing to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several noted Europeans are numbered among those who have taken his treatment and been cured.

The Doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble, either in the first, intermediate or last stages, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the Doctor has prepared about kidney troubles, and describing his new method of treatment, will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M.D., 49 Mitchell Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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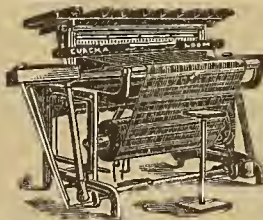
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WHEN "red-hooded October sits dreaming," and dark November waits at the door, then comes Allhallowe'en, a time of frolic and fun. Let me tell you of a Hallowe'en party given by some young friends of mine. The daughter had two girl friends visiting her, and together they planned the party.

The invitations were written on the fine, inner husks of ears of corn. The hall, parlor, library and dining-room were decorated with stalks of corn, the husks turned back to show the yellow ears, long sprays of Virginia creeper with flaming leaves, branches of bitter-sweet, with orange-berries and bouquets of goldenrod and purple asters. The girls spent nearly all of one day making Jack-o'-lanterns of yellow pumpkins—two for the gate-posts, one large one for the front piazza, one for the hall window, three for the parlor, two for the mantel-shelf over the library fireplace, and two for the side-board in the dining-room.

The refreshments were served in the dining-room. The dining-table was without a cloth, and held a large panful of red and yellow apples, a panful of pop-corn, a wooden bowl filled with doughnuts, six pumpkin pies, two jugs of sweet cider and two bowls of nuts.

Games of various kinds, all appropriate to Hallowe'en, were played; fortunes tried by trying to blow out a candle while blindfolded; selecting one box from three, one of which held a dime, one a thimble and one a ring; naming chestnuts and roasting them on the hearth; paring apples carefully, so that the paring would be in one long strip, then throwing it over the left shoulder, when it was expected to form the initial letter of the future husband's or wife's name. At last, as the bewitching hour of midnight drew near, each girl in turn sought to see the face of her future husband in a small mirror which she carried in one hand, as with a lighted candle in the other hand she carefully went backward down the cellar stairs. Each one saw a young man's face in her mirror as she reached the bottom of the stairs, for a mischievous young man had learned the way into the cellar from the outside, and as soon as a girl took the candle and started down the stairs a young man would slip out and be at the foot of the stairs before she reached it. When the girl came back she would not say anything about the trick, so the next one would meet a like surprise.

A merry evening was spent, and the next day the girls decided that the success of the party fully repaid them for all their trouble in preparing for it.

#### MILLINERY

The effect a well-dressed woman strives for in selecting a hat is one principally of line and color. Most women appear to the best advantage in black hats, keeping color below the face. The blend between the hat and the gown should be perfect, and there should be no jarring note from the top of her hat to the hem of her dress. All should be harmonious.

Into that little word harmony is locked the whole secret of successful color-work. It is harmony we strive for everywhere always all through our lives. It is harmony of color in dress, in the color and decoration of the furniture in our homes, as well as in our flowers. Hence, to be a real success anywhere it is vitally important to train the mind and eyes to a true appreciation of the harmoniously beautiful.

How the gaudy, flashy apparel of ignorance often offends good taste and violates every rule of harmony! The minute detail and technique of the science of color-mixing must be mastered, must, in fact, become as one's abcs before harmony in all its many variations and complexities can be quickly grasped and made of service.

Observe the coloring in butterflies, birds and flowers. Green and blue do not harmonize, therefore we have few blue flowers, and their foliage is not of a free green. If you use a great deal of blue put a little pink with it. The following short list of colors harmonize: Red and blue-green; red and white; red and black; red and gray. Yellow can combine with blue, violet and gray; blue with orange and crimson; orange with gray, green and violet. Among the three-color combinations are blue, amber and crimson; cream, amber and deep blue; orange, green and violet.

Next in good taste to harmonious colors are complementary colors. These are any two colors which when combined produce white light; that is, when the two sensations unite they affect the eye the same as white light.

The rainbow is a good standard of colors; each ray branches out into hues and tones. The truest complement of red must contain both yellow and blue; thus green with the least amount of blue in its composition according as the red is of a yellow or bluish hue will form the complement of red. Bearing the above principle in mind it is readily seen that orange is complementary to blue, and violet to yellow.

Becoming perfectly familiar with these little details of color technique is the only means of gaining an accurate eye and good judgment. To go into further detail governing colors would only defeat the aim of this article, which is to simplify and make plain.

A charming woman who is always faultlessly dressed has only three hats, but they are so well chosen that she adapts them to suit all occasions and changes of the weather; they are a dress-hat, a rain-hat and a sun-hat.

The dress-hat is an all-black hat of silk chiffon, with a long, graceful ostrich-plume; and just here I will tell something of plumes. The ostrich-plume will always be the style for those who can afford to buy them. The natural shade is a silvery gray, but is bleached white and dyed every hue of the rainbow in the factories. With



FIG. 1

care a good plume will last three or four seasons. To clean and renew the luster each year treat in the following manner, which is a French secret, not generally known: Wash well in the best grade of alcohol, and dry at once over a strong heat (that of a cook-stove is best); take care not to burn, as the alcohol will draw the heat. If you have a good grade of plume, one you have paid five dollars for, you will see it run up into beautiful rings as soon as dry; but if a cheaper one, you must curl with a dull knife, placing it on one side of a few sprays, with your thumb on the other, and drawing tightly and backward.

The sun-hat, made of cloth, is something of a novelty and very pretty; the

crown is cut in four sections, and stitched up in front, back and both sides; the rim is stitched closely, the whole resembling a large Alpine in shape. It can be made of grass-cloth, silk, moreen or linen, and the stiffening should be light. Around the crown of many of these cloth hats is drawn a soft fold of silk, which is crossed in front, and the ends left loosely resting on the brim.

The rain-hat is also a cloth hat, made from dark green serge left from a dress, and put through the following water-proofing process: Stir one ounce of sugar of lead and one ounce of pow-



FIG. 2

dered alum into one gallon of rain-water, and when clear pour off the liquid. Soak the cloth in this for twenty-four hours, and when dry it will be found quite rain-proof. Another very good water-proof is to mix olive-oil with melted beeswax, and rub weekly the hat or shoes. This last is a trick of the firemen on their shoes, and they claim they can stand ankle-deep in water for three hours and come out with dry feet.

Now to make the rain-hat. Cut a rather large-sized sailor-shape from either buckram or cardboard. Be sure to wire the edge, then cover the frame as for the velvet winter hats, using the water-proof goods, and make a ribbon rosette for the front, having treated the ribbon in the same water-proofing mixture as the rest of the goods.

E. HARRINGTON.

#### BELGIAN HARES

I became interested in them while visiting in Denver, and after my return home I decided I would go into the business myself. I had heard many cry them down in this part of the country, call it only a fad and speak in disparaging terms of them in every way, so I thought I would see what I could do.

In every new undertaking one will always make some mistakes, and my first mistake was in starting with only a pair. I should have had four or five does at the least. It would be just as silly to start in the chicken business with only one hen and one rooster. However, my little doe did the best she could for me, having kindled five times during the year, and having all told twenty-six young ones, only ten of which I succeeded in raising—six bucks and four does. Out of these I sold one pair, ate two, leaving six still with me. One doe in the first litter has kindled twice, having thirteen in all, out of which I raised five.

I had much to contend with, and knew nothing of their habits, nor

how to care for them, so feel that my inexperience was the cause of my losing so many, and as those I did raise are hearty, healthy and fine, at the close of my first year I have invested in another buck and two more fine does. I intend it more as a pastime and to use them as a matter of food, for no one who has eaten them but pronounces them far superior to chicken and a much cleaner meat, as they are fed entirely on hay and oats and are cleanly and particular about their food.

To a lover of animals they appeal in every way. I have now seventeen upon my back porch, which is inclosed. Part of

them are in cages, while others are in partitioned runs. They soon get to be such jumpers that they can clear a twenty-inch wire easily. They are delightful as pets, and soon grow to know the one who cares for them. They are nicer than chickens, and are so quiet that they are never an annoyance. Numerous books are published on the subject, so it is needless for me to go into details; but if you want to keep your children at home give them something in which to take a personal interest. There is no animal that will

give you better returns in every way than the Belgian hare.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

#### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

There are few people not familiar with the beautiful poem "The Children's Hour," by our greatest American poet, Longfellow, and many have seen the picture of the three little ones "descending the broad hall stair" to claim the happy moments of song and story before bedtime. Fortunate, indeed, are the children who can count this hour the best of the day, and look forward to it with eager longing.

To many mothers bedtime is merely a release from the numberless questions and ceaseless chatter; and while children do weary one with their little joys and sorrows, childhood is all too short not to fill as many as possible of its fleeting moments with beautiful thoughts and tales of heroic deeds. All too soon the school and the world claim their attention, and the golden time is past.

"But," say many mothers, "it is so hard to find stories suitable for the children."

My dear, bewildered ladies, there is nothing easier. Children like the same kind of stories that grown-up people like, only told in simple language; and they like fairy-stories, besides. Have you ever tried telling, not reading, Bible stories on Sunday afternoon? Children will listen with never-failing interest to the marvelous accounts of David and Jonathan, Gideon, St. Paul and the Christ Child.

Cultivate the art of telling stories in pleasing, simple words, and then allow the children to ask questions when you have finished. At first it may seem difficult to spare an hour from your work, but it is time well spent. You will have time for elaborate housekeeping and fancy work when your children are grown and you can no longer have them with you. A busy mother of my acquaintance tucks the little ones snugly in bed and sits with her mending in her hand to sing for them or tell stories. While the marvelous tales of "Jack and the Beanstalk" or "The Three Bears" are unfolding the busy fingers are skilfully setting patches in torn garments, and the favorite songs, "Sleep, Little One, Sleep" and "Babes in the Wood," are not at all marred by the pleasant accompaniment of the swift needle.

Really the list of songs, stories and poems is endless if you only try to find



them. We are living in a country rich in Indian traditions which rival the old mythological tales of the Greeks and Romans. Take the "Song of Hiawatha," for example. I know plenty of little folks who never tire of the legend of the corn, the moccasins of magic and other wonderful tales of Hiawatha and Minnehaha. Then there are the fables of the flowers, the trees, the birds and the stars. The Milky Way, the Big Dipper and the Seven Sisters will furnish hours of amusement and interest in astronomy. The fairy ring of tiny toadstools or mushrooms on the lawn, the bird's nest in the tree, the tiny darting fish in the brook, and the smooth shells and pebbles are as wonderful to the child as a diamond-mine would be to its parents, and can be made the foundation of numberless stories about Mother Nature. A good prayer for most parents would be, "Open thou my eyes."

And the beauty of it all is that your little audience never tires of the same stories and songs. They will beg for their favorites night after night, and feel the same thrill of delight when the fairy prince carries off the beautiful bride that they felt when the story of "Cinderella" and her slipper was told for the first time. I have told the story of the "Pollywog," who thought his tail was getting shorter, to my small niece till I am tired to death of it; but she still cuddles in my lap, and says "Pollywog 'gain" in such a bewitching way that the hardest-hearted aunt would have to submit.

If you feel that you cannot successfully tell stories, read to the children and make their hour bright with history and fiction. "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson" please all children, and the books may be had for as low as ten cents apiece. Often



FIG. 3

at book and holiday sales they can be picked up for a mere trifle, as well as dozens of others that never fail to interest boys and girls. "Tom Brown at Rugby," the Alcott books, Mrs. Lillie's, Kirk Monro's and dozens of others may all be had at moderate cost. If you are near a public library, by all means pay the required fee and take books from it, for it will be worth hundreds of dollars to your children in the way of education and culture; but if no library is near, start a book-shelf of your own, and see that it fills as rapidly as possible with the best books. The best books are not always the most expensive ones, either. Look over a list of the nine and fifteen cent books the city department-stores send out and see how many really good ones you can get.

By sending to any good music-publisher, for a few cents you can get copies of Christmas, Easter, Arbor Day and New-Year's cantatas that are filled with bright, sweet little songs for little ones if you cannot afford a regular child's song-book.

Make a beginning at once, even if it is only to tell stories of your own childhood, and see how the children look forward to their hour before bedtime. It may not be possible to give them wealth, social advantages or even a thorough education, but you can make their childhood a golden treasure of song and story. HILDA RICHMOND.

#### SOME DAINTY PIECES OF MODERN LACE

Fig. 1 illustrates a pretty design for a Honiton handkerchief. It embodies several different stitches, the "point d'Angleterre," or spider-stitch, being used principally. The design is one that will repay one for the expenditure of much time and care. Like other handkerchiefs, this one may be worked with simpler stitches.

The twelve-pointed doily is very simple, but an effective design, and may be worked as shown in Fig. 2, or both braid and stitches changed. Those used were "point d'Alencon bar," or twisted bar, and buttonholed herring-bone.

The Flemish lace handkerchief illustrated in Fig. 3 requires but one kind of braid, but it must be delicate and fine. Purling is used for the edge, and the English wheel with the spider and twisted bar for stitches.

The oval doily illustrated in Fig. 4 is very simple, but no less pretty. A variety of braids are used, with pleasing results. It is an addition to any sideboard.

There is no reason why one may not make many charming additions to one's home. The patterns and braids are procured at any store which keeps supplies for such, and with a little patience very pretty pieces may be accomplished.

ALICE WIGGIN.

#### LACE-MAKING AMONG THE INDIANS

It is a noble and a holy thing to relieve the necessities of those who lack the material comforts of life, yet it is a better thing to put the needy in a position where their own efforts can supply their own needs. Work is man's best friend, the most important factor in his development.

Lace-making is being taught the Indian women on the government reservations. It is not taught them as an accomplishment, but as a means whereby they can earn their living. With the teaching of this art comes other lessons—lessons which make these women better wives, mothers, neighbors and citizens.

The home-life of Indian women is simple and primitive. One result of this is that their

household cares are few, leaving much of their time unemployed. God put it into the heart of a noble woman to make an effort to broaden and brighten those narrow lives.

This woman, Miss Sibyl Carter, was already deeply interested in missionary work among the Indians. She saw that what they needed was not so much material help as the knowledge and opportunity to help themselves. While traveling in Japan Miss Carter saw the native women weaving lace in their own homes. She determined to teach the same work to those whom she longed to help. Having learned to make lace herself she obtained from Bishop Whipple permission to introduce the work into a mission established by him at White Earth, on the Ojibway Reservation. This reservation is in northern Minnesota, and the work began in 1890.

Miss Carter began by nursing in the hospital. There she formed the acquaintance of the women and girls, gradually explaining her plan to them. They were eager to learn, and a class of twelve pupils was formed. Miss Carter's first lessons were in making the most simple kind of pillow-lace.

The teacher's troubles had only commenced. Two things threatened the overthrow of her hopes. These were irregularity of attendance and a lack of cleanliness. Patience and loving forbearance righted the troubles. The Indian women were led to see that in

order to be salable their work must be spotless. This could be accomplished only by the worker being cleanly. After a certain degree of proficiency had been reached the lace-makers were allowed to take their tasks home. The good work went on until the wigwams or cabins became clean places—real homes.

The results were wondrous. In two years' time schools for teaching lace-making were opened in the missions at Leech Lake, Wild Rice Lake and Red Lake, all in northern Minnesota. Another was established in the southern



FIG. 4

part of the state at Birch Coolie. This was done by the request of the Indians of that reservation. At the present time the work is also taught in Oklahoma and Dakota. It has proven remunerative for the Indian women. Much of it is paid for by the piece, and the general average is a dollar a day. Proficient workers often make ten dollars a week.

The laces made on the Ojibway Reservation are principally point, Honiton and Battenberg. There is a tiny edging



made, which sells for fifty cents a yard, but lace six inches wide brings from twelve to twenty dollars a yard. Many exquisitely beautiful handkerchiefs are made, also doilies, centerpieces, collars, berthas, boleros and other accessories of dress and bits of fancy work.

The Indian woman often displays a surprising originality. Not content with merely copying the designs given them, they often produce new ones.

At Birch Coolie beautiful bedspreads are made entirely of pillow-lace. These sell for two hundred and fifty dollars or more. All of the work finds a ready sale. Through Miss Carter's efforts many persons in the East have become interested in this branch of mission work, and large orders are sent to her. While the prices seem high, one must remember the slowness of the work. The lace is sold for only enough to pay for the material and the labor. Two years ago a box of the lace made on the Chippewa Reservation was sent to Honolulu, Hawaii.

One of the best-known schools at the present time is situated at Leech Lake. In a picturesque little log cabin overlooking the lake Miss Pauline Colby, one of Miss Carter's most-valued assistants, teaches the Indian women. Miss Colby is dearly loved by her pupils and employees. She has made a study of Indian life and customs. In her home is a fine display of bead-work and reed mats. Some of these show not only originality of design, but also something

closely resembling artistic taste.

What of the noble women who have left their homes and congenial surroundings to help these aborigines? As was said centuries ago of the Master it may be said of them, that the common people hear them gladly. They are giving their lives to the Indian women—their sisters.

Not giving in vain. Miss Carter herself says, "One foundation-stone of society is daily work." She is giving this work, giving the skill to do it, the discipline that comes from work well done, and thus she is giving a better conception of life to those whom she teaches. HOPE DARING.

#### DRESS FOR STOUT WOMEN

If the day would ever come when the stout woman could be beguiled into the belief that a princess dress fitting her form in a loose manner was not only more becoming, but much more comfortable, we should not see so many in tightly laced corsets and tight-fitting dresses trying to appear comfortable and trying to breathe.

Instead of destroying the waist-line as a stout woman should, most of them accentuate their size by a decidedly tight-drawn appearance to form a waist-line, which makes both the bust and the abdomen appear to be even larger.

The princess dress illustrated worn with a comfortable white waist would be cool in summer, and with a silk or wool waist equally as comfortable in winter, as the other dress.

Stout women as a rule wear their clothing entirely too tight. The wearing of corsets or some close-fitting waist is necessary to preserve a line of form, but it need not be so tight as many wear it.

Most of the underwear should be entirely of gauze or silk, and if possible all underskirts should be upon deep yokes. No stout woman should venture upon bands or gathers. Each one should dress in a way to suit her own individuality. First find out what is most becoming, then adhere to that firmly, following fashion only so far as is necessary to keep from being conspicuous. In these days sleeves are about the only determining part of fashion, and one could have a gown always like a former one with only the change in sleeves to bring it entirely up to date.

In Chicago alone there are over three thousand women who adopted a comfortable style of dress ten or more years ago, and one is not able to discern them from the usual-dressed women only that they appear much more elegantly and suitably attired than hundreds of others seen upon the streets every day. Comfortable dress will always appeal to any good dresser.

B. K.



## ONLY A LITTLE BLOSSOM

BY ADELBERT CLARK

A little flower blossomed  
One morning in the dew,  
With petals fair and fragrant  
In palest shades of blue.

'Twas sad and weak and lonely—  
"Of what good can I do?"  
And other flowers whispered,  
"Who'd give a thought for you?"

But when the twilight shadows  
Were deep'ning on the lea  
A mother pale and weeping  
Stood lone beside the sea.

She took the little flower  
And pressed it to her breast.  
"My darling loved you dearly—  
Of all that blooms, the best!"

And so it was contented,  
And sweetest fragrance gave,  
And helped that day to brighten  
A little lowly grave.

## THE DARK CLOSET

**F**OR the dark closet I know of but two strictly legitimate uses or purposes, although in my own home and for my own housekeeping two such closets have been in constant use until recently. The photographer has a dark closet as a part of the necessary equipment for the perfecting of his art. The dark closet, too, is said to be a superb place for keeping canned fruits in glass jars, from the fact that light affects the keeping of fruits, as well as the flavor. But far better than the dark closet for fruits is the comparative new invention—the stone jars of various sizes, with porcelain and metal tops, after the fashion of the old-time Mason jars, and those with earthen caps and suction-keeping qualities or make-up. Hence, here we can dispense with the dark closet for housekeeping, and leave the photographer the undisputed possessor.

Did you ever make the mistake of having one of these affairs built into your house? If you have not, profit by a warning and the experience of others, and never admit one. If you have, rectify the mistake, even at almost any cost; the cost is warrantable, and the money valuably expended.

One dark closet in my home was off from the large kitchen. To be sure, the door admitted rays of light, but not enough to warrant an always sanitary condition of things therein, except when under direct daily supervision of self, and also kept clean by myself. The best "help" it has ever been my lot to secure could not be trusted to keep this pantry-closet in respectable shape or condition. The unwritten, but sadly ignored, law of the household was: Not one article of food in that place, and not a perishable article of whatever kind. Its shelves were intended solely for tin and graniteware, skillets, kettles and pans, dish-pau, flat-irons and bottles of different things. But despite the utmost watchfulness and precaution, lectures, warnings and pleadings, things went from bad to worse, until in sheer self-defense and desperation a carpenter was called in to tear out every shelf and put up cleats on the wall, on which to hang the kitchen dresses and aprons.

To admit light to that closet was an impossibility, as it had no outside walls, but the worst that can accumulate now is a little dust, for there are no dark recesses between and under the shelves, and no dark corners in which to push things back to get them out of sight and save the work of keeping clean. Bits of food and raw but perishable food materials can no longer be dropped on shelves to mold and decay, nor can vegetables, etc., be pushed back under the bottom shelves, there to lie until the mistress of the place can find time to give another overturning of things, and clean them up herself. The walls were freshly papered, ceiling and all, and every particle of woodwork treated to two heavy coats of paint—even the floor. So much for one troublesome dark closet that has eventually been turned into a serviceable, and at the same time entirely cleanly, place "to put things."

To hold the things taken from said pantry-closet the same carpenter was

pressed into service in the building of a very large cupboard in one corner of the kitchen, where daylight and sunlight find it at all times, and where not one article can be tucked away out of sight. The cupboard measures four and one half feet long, twenty-two inches wide, and reaches from the floor to the ceiling; seven shelves of such capacity as one readily sees holds about all the kitchen utensils needed by a small family; two sets of doors—four in all—make it impossible for interior neglect. At one end of the cupboard and between each of every two shelves four quite large holes were bored with a brace and bit, and over them, inside the cupboard, square pieces of wire window-netting were tacked. This was to admit air freely and exclude the flies. A few swift, forceful swings of the cupboard doors back and forth, when wishing to close the doors for a few hours, was a very forceful reminder to the flies buzzing about in the cupboard that it was time to vacate; and not appreciating the uncomfortable sensation of the air as the cupboard doors thus swing, they darted out, and the cupboard was closed, yet not devoid of air and light.

The shelves were fitted with white and black mottled oil-cloth. Newspapers are objectionable in a cupboard of this description, as it would be the work of an hour or two to change papers when obliged to lift the "too numerous to mention" articles occupying the space there. With a basinful of water and a soft cloth articles can be shoved easily from place to place, and the dust and bits that invariably accumulate readily taken up, leaving the shelves fresh and clean. When covering the shelves with oil-cloth a boiled flour-paste was made as for papering walls, the cloth side of the oil-cloth was well pasted over with it, and the strips, cut to fit the shelves, were then pressed down firmly and smoothly upon the shelves. This manner of fastening oil-cloth to shelves is much better than tacking it down. The cleaning-cloth is always catching on the heads of the tacks if they are not driven down closely. Still when the tacks are driven close they are very hard to remove when new oil-cloth is needed. Since learning to paste down the oil-cloth strips I have resorted to no other method. Many also use table oil-cloth about stoves and on closet floors. Try pasting down all such strips instead of tacking. When pasted down to a carpet about a stove it will be a loose from the carpet when one wants to take it up, and leaves no traces of paste on the carpet.

Off from a bedroom was another dark closet. This was an oversight, or lack of thought and judgment, when the bedrooms were built on, some nine years ago. Less than three feet wide and some twelve feet long, one will readily imagine how dark and smothery that closet was in summertime. It was dark at all times; that is, it was far from being well lighted. Light entered through the door, to be sure, but in summer it was stifling there, and I always dreaded the real task that it was to go in and take down the clothing wanted. But it was well aired, for two always open windows let plenty of fresh air into the bedroom, and thence through the open closet door. But the darkness was simply distressing. When carpenters were at work this season building on more rooms a window was cut through into that dark closet. The relief that it has proven, and the comfort, far outweigh the expense, the dirt and general muss it made.

Have plenty of cupboards, but no pantry-closets. By all means plan for plenty of commodious, well-lighted and easily cleaned closets for clothing and the various other things every housewife finds it necessary and convenient to put away out of her general living-rooms.

It is said one needs to build several houses before being capable of planning a house to just suit. And I readily believe it. But by one another's helpful suggestions we may better know how to arrange things when either building new or building on. Hence my suggestions relative to closets, and warnings against dark ones.

ELLA HOUGHTON.

## A CLOTHES-LINE RESCUE

AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HER RESCUER

The time is summer. The scene the yard of a comfortable American home, with rows of white garments whipping in the breeze. Suddenly a little shower begins to fall, and the anxious housewife dashes out into the rain to snatch in the drying linen. Her clothing is wet, her feet are damp, but the clothes from the line are dry, and she congratulates herself. Next month she is sick from functional derangement in some form. She realizes that she "must have taken cold" and submits to the pain and discomfort she endures. What she does not realize is that in just such little acts of thoughtlessness and their consequences there are often sown the seeds of womanly ill-health. Women are peculiarly self-forgetful in their home life. They keep on their feet when it means not only present pain, but future suffering. They work



when they should rest. They either do not know or do not believe that the general health is so closely and intimately related to the local womanly health that when the latter is undermined there must be a failing in the general physical health.

## THE WORTH OF HEALTH

A woman never knows what her health is worth until it is lost. It is when she has to leave the guidance of the house to others wholly or in part; when she has to see household duties neglected or done in slipshod manner; when she has little voice in the home to command or control; then it is that she realizes what health is to her, and what she has lost.

And yet in spite of her sufferings and her helplessness she would no doubt be a very indignant woman if some neighbor walked in and said abruptly, *Why don't you get well?*

But it would be a fair question. There are hundreds of thousands of women who have been cured of womanly diseases by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and every one of those women is a living question asking:

Why don't YOU get well?

Put away the idea that you cannot be cured, because in thousands of cases "Favorite Prescription" has cured women who had suffered for years and were deemed incurable.

Perhaps your case is different in some respects from any of those you know of. It is the cure of such cases which has made Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription famous among women, for its remarkable cures of womanly diseases.

"I was a great sufferer for six years and doctored all the time with a number of different physicians, but did not receive any benefit," writes Mrs. George Sogden, of 641 Bond Street, Saginaw (South), Mich. "One day as I was reading a paper I saw your advertisement, and although I had given up all hope of ever getting better, I thought I would write to you. When I received your letter telling me what to do, I commenced to take your 'Favorite Prescription' and follow your advice. I have taken ten bottles in all, also five vials of the 'Pleasant Pellets.' Am now reg-

ular after having missed two years. I also suffered with pain in the head and back, and I was so nervous, could not eat or sleep. Now I can thank you for my recovery."

## TWO INCURABLE WOMEN

The record of the cures effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription (supplemented when necessary by a free consultation by letter with Dr. Pierce), shows that of the hundreds of thousands of weak and sick women who have used Dr. Pierce's remedies and consulted Dr. Pierce, ninety-eight per cent have been perfectly and permanently cured. Cured altogether, cured to stay cured. Restored to perfect health and strength and the full enjoyment of life. The two women in each hundred who have not been perfectly cured have invariably been helped and benefited. Women who had kept their beds have been enabled to get up and mingle with the family.

Women who couldn't work at all have been made strong enough to do some work. Suffering all the time has been changed to suffering some of the time, and the intensity of the suffering at all times greatly lessened. What woman who is weak or sick can hesitate to begin the use of Dr. Pierce's Prescription with an almost certain cure before her, and an absolutely certain benefit to health, even if a perfect cure is impossible.

"Words cannot tell what I suffered for thirteen years with uterine trouble and dragging-down pains through my hips and back," writes Mrs. John Dickson, of Grenfell, Assiniboia Dis., N. W. Ter. "I can't describe the misery it was to be on my feet long at a time. I could not eat nor sleep. Often I wished

to die. Then I saw Dr. Pierce's medicines advertised and thought I would try them. Had not taken one bottle till I was feeling well. After I had taken five bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I was a new woman. Could eat and sleep, and do all my own work."

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. That's the record written by women in thousands of letters like those printed above.

Will you try to be well?

The first dose of "Favorite Prescription" has been the first step to health for hundreds of thousands of weak and sick women. What it has done for others it should do for you.

If you feel your case needs special attention, you are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, as did Mrs. Sogden. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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The best Medical Book free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing more than a thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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We have just issued the **Twentieth Century Peerless Atlas and Pictorial Gazetteer of All Lands**. Two invaluable reference works in one, and sold at one fourth customary Atlas prices. Gives Official Census and Crop Statistics of 1900. New copyrighted Maps. New and brilliantly illustrated Gazetteer. Thoroughly up to date.

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## THE MURMURING SONGS

As on some lonely land  
In silence one may stand  
And hear afar  
The seas roll on the shore  
In muffled, solemn roar,  
With wild wind moaning o'er  
The harbor bar,

So they within the soul  
Hear mournful music roll  
Who watch and wait—  
Where fates are blowing free  
O'er life's vast troubled sea—  
Wondering what is to be  
The future great!

Low are the murmuring songs;  
Throb they with human wrongs,  
For sorrow sad;  
Wild melodies unknown;  
Yet they who hear, alone  
Know goodness will atone,  
And they are glad.

—Charles W. Stevenson, in the New York Observer.

## A BOY'S CHANCES

WONDER, my boy, if sometimes you think that you have not a fair chance in life, that you were handicapped at the start, that somehow you did not start even with other boys?

Well, now, put that idea out of your head. You have as good a start as any other boy. There is nothing in your place in the race to discourage you. There was a boy about sixty years ago who started in life with what even the most hopeful boy would have considered heavy odds. And he was no "story-paper boy," either; he was a real boy, with a temper and disposition pretty much like your own. He could not speak a word of English, and that was against him. He was born in Africa, and that was against him. And he was a young heathen, and that was bad for him. And he had no education, no manners, no morals, no decency, no clothes. In a fierce war between his father's tribe and some other savages this boy was taken prisoner. He was made a slave. His master sold him for a horse, and it was not a very good horse, either, because the heathen who got the horse came around with him and made the other heathen trade back. The next time the boy was sold it was for a keg of rum. The worse this was, the better the heathen liked it, so he did not go back on the trade. But the fellow who bought the boy said he was cheated, and that the boy was no account at all, so he brought him back. The savage who had sold the boy had drunk up all the rum, so he bought the boy for a small bale of tobacco. The boy was considered so worthless that nobody wanted him. But he was sold once more—this time more cheaply than ever—to a Portuguese slave-trader, who bought him for a few beads, some looking-glasses and a few cheap trinkets.

Down in the close, foul hold of a slave-ship the boy lay, packed in with other slaves, and you could not blame him if he had begun to think that things were running against him. But an English man-of-war was cruising up and down the seas looking for just such ships. A big gun ran its ugly black muzzle out of a port-hole; a British gunner squinted along the tube; a sheaf of flame, a puff of smoke, a defiant roar, and a solid shot screamed "Stop!" right across the slaver's bows, and naturally she stopped. The Englishman rescued all the slaves. This boy, ignorant, ill-mannered, penniless, half naked, who had been sold four times, who was considered worth less than a yellow dog, was taken to England. He was educated, and brought lovingly under patient and faithful Christian influence, and when he became a man he went back to Africa—Bishop Crowther—a Christian gentleman, educated, refined, respected in the Christian world, a noble, great-hearted, useful man.

Now, my boy, until you have been treated worse than Bishop Crowther

was, until you have been sold five times, and each successive time sold more cheaply, until you have had to look such black chances as his in the face, do not ever let me hear you say that you have not a fair chance.—"Bob" Burdette.

## THE PART MANY PLAY

John Speed, of Chicago, barely escaped being sent to a place of legal detention the other day. He was brought before Justice Quinn, of the Hyde Park Police Court, charged with disorderly conduct. And this conversation took place:

"What's your name?" asked the justice.

"John Speed, Your Honor," responded the prisoner, in a flippant tone.

"What do you do for a living?" asked Justice Quinn.

"I'm a filler in the noisy," came the startling reply.

"You're a what?" asked the court, astonished.

"A filler in the noisy—a dummy in the band-wagon."

The justice was impatient at the seeming levity, but asked the man to explain. "Don't get fresh now, or I'll send you where you can sober off."

"There is a great demand for bands nowadays," said the prisoner, "to stir up enthusiasm for political meetings. Usually the politicians want to make a big show for little money, so they hire a band-wagon and get about six real musicians, and fill the rest of the seats with dummies. I wear a uniform, blow a horn that has a cork in it, and, though I don't make any noise, yet from a certain standpoint I am as important to the success of the band-wagon as any man in it. It requires a great deal of hard work to become a good dummy." Justice Quinn was greatly interested, and judging the man sane, let him go.

John Speed should not feel lonesome. He has much company on this mundane sphere. He is numerous—omnipresent. In the world's band-wagon he fills much space. To the crowd which follows the wagon he is a big man. He fills a prominent seat, is dressed in gorgeous uniform, and handles his glistening instrument with professional dignity. What matters it to the people on the sidewalk that his horn emits no music?

John Speed is in politics.

John Speed is in business.

John Speed is in society.

Yes, and he is also in the church.—Epworth Herald.

## THE BEST SOCIETY IN THE WORLD

The best society in the world is that which lives in books. No taint of vulgarity attaches to it, no petty strife for place or power disturbs its harmony, no falsehood stains its perfect truth; and those who move habitually in these associations find a strength which is the more controlling because molded by genius into forms of grace and refinement.

There is a certain monotony in daily life, and those whose aims are high, but who lack the inherent strength to stand true to them amid adverse influences, gradually drop out of the ever-thinning ranks of the aspiring. They are conquered by routine and disheartened by the discipline and labor that guard the prizes of life. Even to the strongest there are hours of weakness and weariness. To the weak and to the strong in their times of weakness books are inspiring friends and teachers. Against the feebleness of individual efforts they proclaim the victory of faith and patience, and out of the uncertainty and discouragement of one day's work they prophesy the fuller and richer life, that grows strong and deep through conflict, sets itself more and more in harmony with the noblest aims, and is at last crowned with honor and power.—Royal Path of Life.

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Each week through a plan arranged by

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Of Philadelphia

**One Boy Writes:**  
"This week's profits, added to what I had already earned, gives me enough to buy the bicycle for which I have been working."

**Another says:**  
"By working on Friday afternoon and Saturday I earn more than my brother does in a whole week, and he is four years older and works in a store."

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Send a postal, and you will receive next week's supply of 10 copies, with full instructions, and a dainty little booklet containing photographs of some of our most successful boys and letters from them telling in their own way how they did it.

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## HER OWN

BY HOPE DARING

## CHAPTER I.

## A GIRL'S AND A WOMAN'S IDEAL OF LIFE

**B**EAUTIFUL! Beautiful! And it is my home—my own! Talk of its being sold! As if the transfer of title deeds could take from me my home—the spot where all my life has been spent! I cannot give it up!”

The speaker was a slender, unformed girl of sixteen. She stood upon the wide porch of a Kentucky farm-house, one foot extended and her hands clasped before her. Her fair face was flushed with a faint pink, and there was the sheen of tears on the lashes which shaded her dark gray eyes.

“I cannot—nay, I will not give it up!” and Marian Marshall’s beautiful scarlet lips were set in lines of determination. “Perhaps Frank did what was for the best. I am powerless now, but coming years will give me the ability to earn money, and then I will buy back Marshall Plantation. Time will bring me strength—not the cold, calculating strength of a man like my brother, but a woman’s strength, that shall have in it the tenderness and the firmness of my father.”

The scene spread out before her in the early sunlight of a June morning was a fair one. In the background lay lush green pastures, level meadows, fields of grain bending to the north in smooth, waving ripples of gold, and broad expanses of corn, through which a faint breeze was singing. Here and there a slope was covered with a gnarled old orchard or a hit of timber-land. Off to the right the Barren River wound, the sunlight touching its placid waters with sparkling radiance. Nearer there were spacious and well-kept grounds crossed by a white-graveled drive and dotted with beds of old-fashioned flowers. Behind Marian towered the large, two-story white house, its broad porches supported by tall, fluted pillars and shaded by clinging grape-vines and a mammoth queen-of-the-prairie rose-bush.

The girl drew a long breath. Just then a yellow-breasted lark rose from a clump of grass near by and soared heavenward, its long, silvery notes rising higher and higher. Slow tears crept down Marian’s cheeks, and before they could be wiped away there was a step behind her.

“Good-morning, little sister; you are—What, crying? Now, Marian, I did what was for the best, and it’s hardly fair for you to be so unreasonable!”

Frank Marshall was seven years older than his sister. He was tall and slender, like Marian, and carried his head with the same unconscious pride, but his face was darker and weaker.

Marian hastily dried her eyes and held out her hand. “Forgive me, brother; I could not help it. I suppose it was best.”

“Of course it was,” and Frank, after kissing his sister, drew her down on a settle at his side. “You know, Marian, the old place was heavily mortgaged six years ago, when our father died. In fact, it had always been since the war. Our grandfather built this house then, and managed to get upon his feet, but somehow the battle was a losing one. Father made money here; after his death we went steadily downward. My college course cost a pretty sum, and so did my journalistic training. Still father intended that you and I should be well educated.”

“But, Frank, he hoped you would stay here,” Marian said, her eyes fixed on the folds of her white dress, which she was smoothing with trembling fingers.

Frank Marshall laughed. “A farmer! Mother understood me better. I am like her—too stirring for life in a Kentucky farm-house. After her death I went to Chicago, as she had planned. You have been here a year and a half, Marian, with no one to look after you save Cousin Catharine.”

“I have been happy, Frank. And the farming has paid, only there was the interest and—and your expenses.”

“Exactly. When Lenore promised to be my wife I saw that I must make some definite plans for our future; yours as well as mine, Marian, for I shall never forget that you are my charge. I have a good position on a Chicago paper. Major Long, whom our father appointed your guardian, agreed with me in thinking that the plantation must be sold. We have saved a little out of it, enough to start me housekeeping and send you four years at Carter College. Our parents had always planned that you should go there. It is so near here that you will find many acquaintances among the students. Then you shall spend your vacations with Lenore and me.”

He paused, and sat gazing across the velvety lawn. Marian rose to her feet. “That is all?” There was a strange note in her clear voice—a note that Frank Marshall did not stop to consider.

“All save that next Tuesday is my wedding-day, and you are to be bridesmaid in the prettiest dress imaginable.”

She turned on him, her face flushed and eager. “After my college-days are over, Frank, I shall earn the money to buy back Marshall Plantation, then I shall come here to live.”

“Ha, ha! that’s a good joke! After your college-days are over, sister mine, you will marry and—I hope—shine in society. By that time I shall be able to do well by you. While you are not exactly pretty, Marian, there’s the making of a fine woman in you.”

At that moment Mrs. Catherine Van Ness, the widowed cousin of the late Mr. Marshall, came out from the great hall.

“Come, come, children, breakfast is waiting. Don’t you smell the coffee, Frank? And there are beaten biscuits and chicken.”

One week later Frank Marshall was married. It was a fashionable church wedding. Marian was one of the six white-clad bridesmaids, and her heart was thrilled by the solemnity of the marriage vow.

“I wonder if they realize all it means,” she said to herself, her breath coming a little faster. “Frank has always lived on the surface of things. Since I came Lenore has talked of nothing save her dress and the guests.”

A sigh parted the girl’s lips as her gaze rested on the face of the bride. It was a

Carter College stood a little to one side of the busy town. The three-story brick building was surrounded by a beautiful campus. It was still early, and groups of girls were scattered about the grounds in the shade of the mighty oak, whitewood and maple trees.

In a pleasant room on the second floor Marian Marshall was seated at a desk. This room was evidently a private study, for books were everywhere. Opening from it was a chamber. Marian was teacher of the English language and literature in her alma mater. After graduating she had boldly borrowed money, and gone abroad for a year’s travel and study. Since returning she had remained at Carter, beloved by both her pupils and her fellow-teachers.

The years had fulfilled the promise of her girlhood. Her face was still pale, only the faintest rose-flush staining her cheeks. It was a strong and somewhat grave face, yet marked by serenity and sweetness. The clear gray eyes had lost no whit of their old direct frankness.

A light rap sounded upon the door which opened from the hall. Before Marian could rise a girl’s voice said, “It is I—Vera. May I come in for a moment, dear Miss Marshall?”

“Certainly.”

Vera Lancaster was a dimpled little blonde. She hastened to cross the room to Marian’s side.

“Hard at work, Miss Marshall?” she asked, with a glance at the papers littering Marian’s desk.

“Yes; you juniors on ‘Macanlay,’ and the Freshmen on the ‘Vicar of Wakefield’—well, I found my tired brain refusing to appreci-

“Oh, you dear thing! We will have such a time! You shall have a saddle-horse. Ah, you do not know what riding is until you have galloped for hours over a Texan plain with the morning air like new wine. Now I’ll run away,” and with a wave of her hand Vera disappeared.

A moment later Marian was again interrupted. This time it was a maid carrying a salver on which lay a single card.

“Professor Verne Howard,” Marian read, the flush on her cheek deepening a little. Below the name a line was written in penell, “I am suddenly called away. Can you give me a half-hour?”

“Show the gentleman up, Katy, then kindly explain to Mrs. Lane that I will not be present at chapel this morning?”

Marian hastened to her chamber, and saw that her dark brown hair was smooth and shining. Returning to her study, she stood waiting the coming of Professor Howard. He proved to be a man of forty, tall and stooping. His scholarly face was lighted by kindly blue eyes. A heavy brown mustache hid his mouth, but the hair that was carelessly tossed back from his high forehead was iron-gray.

Professor Howard was a naturalist. Being a man of wealth he had severed his connection with Yale College a few years before that he might give his time to independent study. During a several-months’ sojourn in Kentucky he had lectured at Carter and become well acquainted with Marian.

Miss Marshall greeted her caller with quiet cordiality. When the Professor was seated he said, “Late last night I received an invitation from a friend to join him in a visit to Brazil. He is a student, and has received through our minister in Rio Janeiro an excellent opportunity for study and research. I need not tell you how gladly I accepted his kind invitation, although a delay in the forwarding of his letter will oblige me to start at ten this morning in order to join him at Charlestown.”

“It will be a delightful trip,” and Marian’s eyes kindled with interest.

“Yes; I hope to bring back many rare specimens for my collections. Miss Marshall, my time is limited. Will you pardon me if I speak of my personal affairs?”

“Certainly, Professor Howard.”

Instead of availing himself of her permission he sat gazing from the window, a look of abstraction on his face. Marian waited a moment, then asked, “Will you be gone long?”

“Several months. Will I find you here when I return?”

“I think so.”

“Miss Marshall, do you remember the day we were picnicking at the country house of Mrs. Grant you told me of your desire to some day possess your old home?”

Marian remembered well. She had left the party and wandered down to where the river crossed what had once been a field of Marshall Plantation. While sitting in the shade of a group of paw-paw-bushes, in sight of the house, she had been joined by the Professor. Almost unconsciously she had told him of her happy life there, her grief at leaving the place, and her determination to one day own it.

“I remember,” she said, smiling faintly. “I still hope for it, although I must admit the realization of my dream seems far in the future.”

“Did you know that the plantation had recently been offered for sale?”

“No.”

“It has been. Leach, a stock-raiser, made an offer for it. He wished to build several new barns and establish a stock-farm.”

Marian compressed her lips. “That would make my hope even more vague.”

“Leach’s offer was not taken, for a better one was made. I have bought the place.”

For a moment there was silence. The Professor looked out of the window to the tree-dotted campus, while Marian’s large, far-seeing eyes were fixed upon him.

“I am glad.” Her hesitation was in marked contrast to her usual simple directness. “I hope you will make your home there.”

“Miss Marshall, I hardly know how to put into words what I want to say. Since we first met you have thought of me only as a casual acquaintance. On my part I was much interested in you. Your longing for your old home strongly impressed me. On learning that it was for sale I determined to buy it. I hope to make my home there. My doing so will depend upon you.”

“Upon me! I do not understand, Professor Howard!”

He turned his eyes from the pretty scene outside to her face. Marian’s gaze met his, and in those calm blue depths she read his meaning.

“You will say that this is too unexpected for you to reply to-day,” and he rose to his feet. “You are right. Think the matter over until my return. Miss Marshall, I could not go to that distant land without telling you that I loved you. It is the first passion of my forty years—the one love of my life. Think of this while I am gone. I shall cherish the hope that my home-coming will be to you and to a beautiful life together in the spot so dear to you. I must go.”



“The spot where all my life has been spent! I cannot give it up!”

lovely face—regular features, skin of the creamy tint of a magnolia-blossom, black eyes and hair, and a vivacious expression.

“She is beautiful and sweet,” Marian thought, loyally, “and it is better to be gay like her than to be such a dreamer as I am. I do hope they will be happy. I can’t imagine any one loving Frank well enough to marry him. I love him, love him the best of any person in the world, for he is my own brother. Still I know he is weak and vacillating. I hope all will be well. As for me, I will try to make my life what father hoped I would. I will study hard. In some way I must fit myself to earn my own living. Some day I will go back to the dear old home, and Cousin Catherine and I will be happy there.”

She came back to the present with a start. The bridesmaid next to her had given her a little push, so as to rouse her. The ceremony was ended, the organ was pealing out the wedding march, and Frank and Lenore were husband and wife.

Ten years came and went. It was again a Kentucky morning when we took up the thread of our story, but a May morning when the vegetation was still of the lighter shade of green that the summer’s heat hurries to darkest emerald, and the sky was of the softest, deepest blue.

ate all the excellencies and errors of these papers last night, so I left them.”

Vera laughed a merry, tinkling little laugh. “I wish I could recite everything to you, Miss Marshall. I wish you were president, lady principal and the whole faculty, then it would be easy for me to be good.”

Marian took the girl’s hand between both her own. “It is not doing easy things that makes us strong, lassie, and I want you to grow into a strong, helpful woman.”

“If I do, Miss Marshall, it will be because of you,” and Vera’s voice trembled. “Now I will state my errand, then go. Here is a letter from mama. It came inclosed in one of my own, and I am going to tell you what is in it. It is an invitation—a warm one, I know—to go home to Texas with me for the summer.”

“How kind of your mother, dear.”

“The kindness will be in your accepting. We will leave San Antonio early and go out to the ranch. Say yes, Miss Marshall.”

“I must have time to think, Vera. You may remember that last summer I traveled with the Osborns through the North. While in Minnesota I purchased some property, and must go there this summer to look after it. Later I think I may be able to give myself the pleasure of coming to you for a few weeks.”



He extended his hand, and Marian laid her own in it. Her eyes were downcast, yet in the softening and coloring of her face Verne Howard read something which pleased him.

"Good-by, Marian."

"Good-by."

He bent his head and pressed a long, lingering kiss upon the hand he held, then left the room.

Marian stood still, her head inclined forward, her ears strained to catch the sound of his receding footsteps. When she could hear them no longer she sat down at her desk and bowed her head upon the papers strewn there.

What did it mean? Not Professor Howard's declaration; that had been plain enough. But what was the meaning of the strange new joy that had woke to life in her breast?

Her old home! Fair and stately it rose up before her. Life there would not be the care-free, gay existence of her childhood; it would be the broader, better life of a woman who had learned many a lesson and at last found perfect peace.

Five, ten minutes went by. At last Marian raised her head. Upon her face was a new light; a visible grace rested upon her countenance.

"I am glad he did not press me for an immediate answer," she thought, as she moved around the room, gathering up the books she wished to take with her.

She left her study and descended to the lower hall. From there she entered the recitation-room where she met her classes. The pupils were still at chapel, and Marian moved round the room, seeing that all was in order for the day's work.

The day passed uneventfully. Marian's eyes had a new glow, and she was even more gentle than usual. Her last recitation in the afternoon was a Sophomore class in the history of English literature. As soon as the lesson was over Katy entered the room and advanced to Marian's side.

"There's a lady wants to see you, Miss Marshall. She came half an hour ago, but I took her up to your study, explaining as how you couldn't be disturbed. Here's her card."

Marian took the card, and read, "Mrs. Frank H. Marshall."

#### CHAPTER II.

##### A TALE OF WOE

AS MARIAN hurried up-stairs she wondered over Lenore's sudden appearance. Frank's family lived in Chicago, and Marian heard from them but rarely. The young journalist's dreams of success had not been realized. While Lenore had possessed no means of her own, she had been brought up by a wealthy uncle and had most extravagant tastes. From the first she had been desirous of living in the style to which she had been accustomed.

It was not a happy home. At each visit Marian saw that the husband and wife were drifting further apart and that they were growing poorer and poorer. She saw something else—something that almost stopped the beating of her heart. There were unmistakable signs of dissipation on her brother's face. Two children were in the home—Essie, aged nine, and Paul, aged five. Marian had not seen them for years. Her Northern trip the year before had included a stop in Chicago. When she arrived there she found a letter awaiting her, stating that Lenore had been suddenly called away from home. She could find no trace of her brother; months before he had left the paper upon which she supposed he was working.

All these things flashed through Marian's mind. She reached her study, and entered. A woman seated near an open window rose and came forward. Marian started back. It was Lenore, but she was sadly changed. The vivacity and bloom of her face were gone, and in their place was a look of despondency and wretchedness. She was dressed in a shabby black.

"Lenore, dear Lenore, what is it?"

"Essie is dead, and I have left Frank."

Lenore Marshall's voice was hard and metallic. She shrank from Marian, who retained her composure by a great effort. Putting her arms around Lenore, she said, "Essie dead! dear little Essie! Why was I not sent for?"

"Why? Because it was a pauper's funeral. Her father killed her, and I hate him."

Marian gasped for breath. Then the misery in Lenore's eyes gave her strength to say, "Poor little mother! I am glad you came to me. When you are rested you shall tell me all about it." Then with swift, deft movements she removed Lenore's hat, made her lie down on the couch, and bathed her hands and face. Lenore talked on brokenly.

"My life has been awful, Marian, for the last six years. At first Frank and I were happy, although I was not contented. You see, when we were married I supposed he was rich; but he told me he could soon make a fortune, and I was fool enough to believe him. Then Essie came, and I loved her so—my beautiful baby girl! But I was so tired of being poor. We got along very well until I learned that Frank was drinking. That was the year before Paul was born." She paused. Her voice had grown more natural, but at that moment the hard look came back to her face. "Frank lost his situation on the 'Herald' and had to take one at a lower salary. I hated Paul before he was born, and—well, I never felt toward him like I did

toward Essie. He is a strange child, will say the most hateful things and has an old, ugly look."

Marian bent lower over her. "Lenore, where is Paul?"

"I left him with his father. Wait until I come to that part of the story, as I must tell it in my own way. Well, we went down and down. You saw a good deal the last time you visited us, but I hid the worst from you. Frank would work steadily for weeks, and then would go off on a spree, often losing his place as the result. I had no patience with him. It was a lie what I wrote you last summer about my going away. I could not let you see in what a place we lived."

Marian continued to stroke her sister's hand. She was too sick at heart to speak until the miserable story was done.

"Last winter was hard for us," Lenore resumed. "In the spring Frank got a better place than he had had for a long time. Essie had tonsillitis. She was better one day, and I let her go to school. It began to rain. Frank came home alone in the afternoon and scolded because I had let Essie go to school. I might have known I couldn't trust him, but I let him start to take her rubbers and umbrella to her. He never went near her, and she came home wringing wet. That night she was taken worse. In three days' time she was dead, killed by her unnatural father."

There was a moment's silence. Marian recalled the wedding-day of these two. "Through sickness and through health, through evil report and through good report," they had promised at God's altar, and now—

"It was two days before Frank came back. He pretended to feel dreadful about Essie, but I knew he didn't really care. She died, and the city authorities hurried her. That was three days ago. I sold my wedding-ring and one that had been my mother's and came here. I will never look upon Frank Marshall's face again! I hate him! I came here to give you Paul. Take him and do what you like with him."

"What of your husband, Lenore?"

"I don't care what becomes of him! All I ask is that I may never see him!"

"What of yourself, Lenore? Where will you go, and what will you do?"

"I don't know! I don't care! Oh, Essie, Essie!"

Marian's face softened. She soothed the hereaved mother with gentle words and caresses. After a little she left her and went to explain to the president of the college that her sister, who had recently lost a child, was with her and that it would be necessary for her to be absent on the morrow. Then she procured a tray of food from the kitchen, carried it up to Lenore, and coaxed her to eat. Marian undressed the worn-out woman and put her in her own bed. Then she sent a telegram to Mrs. Catherine Van Ness, who lived in a village twenty miles distant, announcing that in the morning she would bring Lenore for a short stay with Mrs. Van Ness.

"It is the only way I can see," she said to herself. "I must find Frank. I don't know what I can do when he is found, but I cannot let him—my own brother—go down to ruin."

She was sitting at the window of her study. The light was turned low, but a new moon dimly illuminated the tree-dotted campus below. Marian laid her head on the window-sill, slow, sad tears dimming her vision.

"It has been a strange day. Joy and sorrow have come to me. Which will rule my future? I feel that the old peaceful though monotonous life is done."

When she awoke in the morning Lenore made no opposition to Marian's plan for her going to Mrs. Van Ness.

"I will stay until I am rested," she said. "Then I suppose I must go to work, although I haven't the slightest idea what I can do. I never learned anything save the little that was forced on me of housework, and I hate that."

Marian made no reply. Lenore's words suggested a new line of thought. In the wife's ignorance of and distaste for homemaking might there not lie the root of the evil which was now confronting them?

They reached Bagley, the little village where Mrs. Van Ness lived, at ten o'clock. It was a tiny place—a long, irregular street bordered with cottages, each surrounded by its own flower and vegetable garden. All about the town lay fields rich in the varying shades of the green of growing grass, wheat, corn and hemp.

Mrs. Van Ness met them at the depot. The years had changed her but little. The wrinkled face crowned by soft white hair was kind and motherly. She welcomed Lenore warmly, if only for the sake of Marian, who was dearly beloved by the old lady. A five-minutes' walk brought them to Mrs. Van Ness' low white cottage. Its front was shaded by a wide veranda, over which blossoming vines clambered, and within were pleasant, old-fashioned rooms.

Marian was frank with her cousin. She repeated to her the substance of Lenore's sad story, and added to this her own determination to save Frank.

"I don't know how this is to be done," she said, in conclusion. "The college year closes next week. I shall then go to Chicago and find him. I have already sent a telegram to the address Lenore gave me, telling him that

she is with me and that I will come to him in a few days."

There was a troubled look in Mrs. Van Ness' eyes. The two ladies were seated on the porch, and Lenore was lying down in the room that was to be hers during her stay.

"When you find him, what then? And, Marian, what are you going to do about the child whom this unnatural mother refuses to care for?"

"I am going to reclaim my brother, Cousin Catherine. In order to do this I must reunite him and Lenore, and thus solve the problem of Paul's care. I am sure Lenore will turn to her child after she recovers from the terrible strain to which she has been subjected. I do not know how I am going to bring this all about. God will make the way plain to me, step by step."

The widow took one of Marian's firm white hands in both her own. "You precious child! You will do it, hut, Marian, is it your duty? Frank did not do right by you. His expensive education so increased the debt on the plantation that it had to be sold, and he took half of the little that was left after things were settled up. All these years he has given you and your welfare but little thought."

"He is my brother," Marian said, gravely. "The same blood runs in our veins, and I cannot disregard the claim of my own upon me. It is not my choice, Cousin Catherine; it is so to be."

Marian left the cottage at four. Before going she said to Lenore, "Cousin Catherine says you are welcome to stay here as long as you wish. I shall pay her a small sum weekly for your board, so you need not feel dependent upon her. She also says she will take Paul. As soon as the college year is ended I shall go to Chicago, and will either bring or send the child to you here."

Lenore sprang up, a hectic flush dyeing her cheek. "You shall do nothing of the sort! If you do I will run away! I don't want Paul! He is Frank Marshall's child, and I hate the father so intensely that I am not sure but I hate the child!"

Marian grew very pale. "He is your child, Lenore; your own."

"So was Essie. And I loved her so—my precious little girl, whom that man killed!"

Marian saw that Lenore was weak and ill besides being half crazed with grief. Promising to write often, she bade them good-by and made her way to the little station.

As she took her ticket from her shopping-bag she chanced to see therein two letters that had been handed her as she was leaving the college that morning. Both of them bore the postmark of Red Wing, Minn., the town nearest to her Northern property. Knowing that they referred to this she had placed them in the bag unread, and in the excitement of the day had forgotten them. Opening them, she found that one was from the man whom she had placed in charge of the farm. Marian had become interested in that region and thought she saw an opportunity to make a good profit on her savings, and thus hasten the day when she might think of purchasing Marshall Plantation. She had paid for a part of the stock and farming-tools, and this man was to do the work for a share of the crops.

He wrote that he had left the farm. The stock and tools remained there for her, he having sold the wheat crop of the year before, which had been stored in the granary waiting for a good price, to pay him for his share of these things and for the work he had done. Marian's cheeks flushed with indignation. She had been very liberal in her dealings with this man, but he had not hesitated to cheat her.

The other letter was from Mr. Forbes, a lawyer who had transacted Marian's business in Red Wing. He had known nothing of the man's plans until it was too late to prevent their being carried out. However, Mr. Forbes had made a visit to the farm, and found everything in good condition. He had employed a man who lived near to look after the stock and crops until he heard from Miss Marshall.

"If I could take Frank and his family there for the summer, the intercourse with nature might arouse both husband and wife to better things," she thought.

When Marian entered the main hall of the college she found Katy waiting for her.

"Miss Marshall, there's a man here to see you," she said. "He's been waiting ever since noon. He says he's your brother, but I don't believe it, 'cause he's real seedy-looking."

Marian put out one hand and grasped the carved balustrade of the stairway for support. It was a moment before she spoke, but her voice was firm. "He is my brother. Where is he?"

"In the reception-room. I didn't mean to be rude, Miss Marshall."

"Never mind. I am going to my study. In ten minutes bring Mr. Marshall up there."

Marian was trembling. She reached her own room, removed her hat and gloves, bathed her face, and for a moment knelt in prayer. Then she sat down and waited the coming of her brother. She had not long to wait, for there were footsteps in the hall, the door opened, and Katy's voice announced "Mr. Marshall." Then the girl withdrew.

Marian rose, and brother and sister stood confronting each other. The eyes of the man wavered and fell. What was he that he should claim kinship with this fair woman?

Frank Marshall's face was bloated and marked with premature lines. His bloodshot eyes glowed with an unnatural light, and his trembling hands and uncertain movements told of the excesses that had robbed him of manhood, home and wife. He was clean-shaven, but his clothing was worn and badly faded.

One moment Marian hesitated. Then she stepped forward, her hands extended, and said, "Frank! my brother! Our father's son!"

That was not the greeting for which he had looked. He advanced, but only to fall upon his knees at Marian's feet. Instead of taking the hand she offered he picked up the hem of her skirt and pressed it to his lips.

"Don't touch me, Marian! When you know all you too will turn from me."

"I know all. Lenore has been here."

"Lenore!" He sprang up. "Where is she? I feared she had taken her own life!"

"I took her to the home of Cousin Catherine, where she is to remain for a time."

"Did she tell you of Essie's death?"

"Yes."

"Did she say I killed her?"

Marian hesitated. Her brother laughed a weird, unearthly laugh that was sadder than tears.

"I see. She was as much to blame as I, for the doctor had forbidden the child's going to school. I stopped for a drink, and—well, it's no matter now."

"Sit down, Frank."

He shook his head, but she gently pushed him down on the sofa and sat down by his side, saying, "I am glad you came to me. Where is little Paul?"

"In Chicago. A deaconess who helped to care for Essie took charge of him. I came to ask you to take Paul, Marian. If you refuse he must go to the poorhouse, for in the letter Lenore left she said she never wanted to see him again."

"What of yourself, Frank? Do you cast off this poor child?"

"I? There's no use thinking of me. I've made a wreck of everything. Lenore was always fretting for the riches and social position I could not give her. My work was not properly appreciated. We grew poorer and poorer. Lenore did not know the first thing about making a family comfortable on a little. But there's no use telling you this."

"Why did you not bring Paul with you?" she asked, resolved on seeing if the father, like the mother, was indifferent to the child.

"I was not sure that I had will-power enough to leave drink alone until I reached you. I sold the poor sticks of furniture, and after paying for my ticket I had a little left, enough so that after you promise to take Paul I can have one good drink before the end comes."

"The end! What do you mean, Frank?"

"What I say. I am going down to the old plantation and drown myself in that place where the river crosses the meadow."

Marian was gasping for breath. She felt faint, and there was a strange ringing in her ears. "Frank! Frank!" she cried, and the intensity of her tone touched even the hardened man at her side, "you must not think of such a thing! You can redeem your lost manhood! I will help you!"

He shook his head. "You don't know. When that awful thirst comes I would give my soul for the means to slake it."

"Have you any right to give the souls of others? Paul is your child. Lenore is your wife. You cannot cast off these ties. If you are away from temptation and have nourishing food your old strength of will and purpose will return. I am going to my farm in Minnesota. Come with me, you and Paul. I will help you fight this awful thing."

A look of utter hopelessness settled on his face. "It sounds plausible, but you don't know, Marian. That thirst is on me now. As soon as I am out of your sight I must quench it."

Marian Marshall drew a long breath. Had she strength for this?

"You shall not be out of my sight!" she said. "We will start for Chicago to-night!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

"But who shall so forecast the years,  
And find in loss a gain to match?  
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch  
The far-off interest of tears?"

"This Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off."

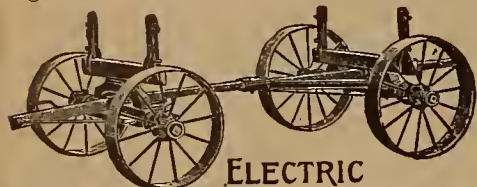
#### A LESSON AT THE GRAVE OF OUR PRESIDENT

A calamity has befallen our liberty, our country and the world. A calamity has befallen the cause of those great moral principles of freedom, progress, love and truth. It is fitting and right, therefore, that we should not allow such an awful event to pass—the most portentous event that has startled this country for a great many years—without paying a public tribute of the grateful and affectionate reverence due to the memory of our slain President. Lincoln and Garfield and McKinley were each stricken to their death by assassins. Blaine, in his great memorial oration on President Garfield, said, "Lincoln fell at the close of a mighty struggle in which the passions of men had been



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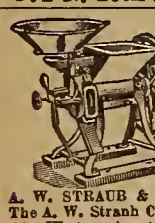
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deeply stirred. The tragical termination of his great life added but another to the lengthened succession of horrors which had marked so many lintels with the blood of the first-born.

Garfield was stricken at a time "when partizan rancor filled the land with angry contention and clamor," but McKinley ever sought to maintain social peace and amity and to make friends of all men and enemies of none.

Blaine, in his oration on President Garfield, quoted from some writer the portrait of murder. It is the likeness of the murderer of President McKinley:

"Whoever shall draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited where such example was last to have been looked for, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch the brow knitted with revenge, the face black with settled hate. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime as an infernal being, a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character."

What shall be done with such infernal heings? is the great problem that now confronts the lawful authorities of all countries.

## "The great King of Kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded Thou shalt do no murder: Wilt thou then Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's? Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand.

To hurl upon their heads that break his law."

The President's first thought after he was shot was for his wife. "Be careful about her. Don't let her know," he said. His second thought was for his assailant. "Let no one hurt him." It was like the same cry that came from the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

"Oh, pardon me thou piece of bleeding earth, That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man That ever lived in this tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood;

Over the wounds now I do prophesy."

Yes, all these bloody-minded butchers must and shall be exterminated from our land.

"O heaven, that such companions thou didst unfold;

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world."

No man ever stood at the head of this nation who had fewer enemies than President McKinley. He won for himself the esteem, respect and even the love of the whole people of this country, and in foreign lands he was justly counted as one of the wisest statesmen America has ever produced.

Since he was stricken every trace of factional or political bias or prejudice has disappeared. The most radical of the Democratic papers and severest critics of the President's policy in the past join with the Republican press in paying warmest tribute to our dead President's character.

Parents! are you teaching your children the great commandments? "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," and "Thou shalt not kill." If not, you may be rearing assassins in your homes.

Men of the press! are you not pandering daily to the passions and prejudices of the readers of your papers, by exaggerating and falsifying actual facts and conditions? If you are, you are unwittingly cultivating anarchy and lawlessness in our midst.

And you, men who have been honored by your fellow-citizens with the places of public trust! have you been faithful to their trust? Are you doing your whole duty as you swore to do it before God and your fellow-men? If you are not, you will cause discontent, and discontent breeds anarchy.

And you, men of commerce! are you striving to avoid corrupt commercialism? If you are not, you are aiding and abetting the anarchists, who may yet, like the furies, arise and destroy you. Let the rich and poor alike take warning at the awful calamity that has fallen like a pall upon our hearts and homes.

At the grave of our dead President let us one and all pledge ourselves to a more strict and faithful observance of the laws of God and man than we have heretofore observed, to the end that right and justice may everywhere prevail, and that men of good will, men of the stamp and quality of William McKinley, may alone occupy and control the destinies of our common country.—Columbus Memorial Address of Hon. Luke G. Byrne.

"Strike, and I die the death of martyrdom; Strike, and ye set these customs by my death Ringing their own death-knell thro' all the realm."

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; He is gone who seemed so great. Gone; but nothing can bereave him Of the force he made his own. Belug here, and we believe him Something far advanced in state, And that he wears a truer crown Than any wreath that man can weave him."

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## MODERN ELOPEMENT

The coatless man puts a careless arm Round the waist of the hatless girl, As over the dustless and mudless roads, In a horseless carriage they whirl; Like a leadless bullet from a hammerless gun, By smokeless powder driven, They fly to taste the speechless joy By endless union given. Though the only lunch his coinless purse Affords to them the means Is a tasteless meal of honeless cod With a "side" of stringless beans, He puffs a tobaccoless cigarette, And laughs a mirthless laugh But papa tries to coax her back By wireless telegraph.

—Boston Herald.

## SOMETHING NEW IN ZOOLOGY

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT was not always the mighty hunter he is now. He has had his day of being afraid of big game. But that was many years ago, when he was a wee little boy in short trousers, and used to play tag in Madison Square in New York.

Opposite Madison Square on the east side stood a Presbyterian church, and the sexton while airing the building one Saturday noticed a small boy peering curiously in at the half-open door, but making no move to enter.

"Come in, my little man, if you wish to," said the sexton.

"No, thank you," said the boy. "I know what you've got in there."

"I haven't anything that little boys mayn't see. Come in."

"I'd rather not." And the juvenile Theodore cast a sweeping and somewhat apprehensive glance around the pews and galleries and hounded off to play again.

Still the lad kept returning once in awhile and peeping in. When he went home that day he told his mother of the sexton's invitation and his unwillingness to accept it.

"But why didn't you go in, my dear?" she asked. "It is the house of God, but there is no harm in entering it quietly and looking about."

With some shyness the little fellow confessed that he was afraid to go in, because the zeal might jump out at him from under a pew or somewhere.

"The zeal? What is the zeal?" the mother inquired.

"Why," explained Theodore, "I suppose it is some big animal like a dragon or an alligator. I went there to church last Sunday with uncle, and I heard the minister read from the Bible about the zeal, and it frightened me."

Down came the Concordance from the library shelf, and one after another of the texts containing the word "zeal" was read to the child, whose eyes suddenly grew big and his voice excited, as he exclaimed, "That's it—the last you read!"

It was Psalm lxxix, 9—"For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."—Harper's Weekly.

## THE DOCTOR GOT HIS FEE

"Sam" Elder told the doctors some pretty good stories the other afternoon at the Massachusetts Medical Society dinner about their own profession. From the way his hearers laughed I should think the yarns were about all new. One was about an old practitioner who, because of advancing years, had relinquished all of his out-of-town practice to his young assistant. One night the older physician was called on by two men in a huggy, one of whom wanted the doctor to come to his house, eight miles away, and attend his wife, who was very ill.

"She will have no one but you, doctor," said the man.

"Well, I'll go for ten dollars, and not a cent less," said the doctor.

A whispered consultation went on in the carriage, and finally the physician heard a voice say, "Better pay the ten. It's a good deal cheaper than hurrying her."

And the doctor got his money.—Boston Journal.

## A DIFFERENT REASON

"Here is an account," said Mr. Morse, pointing to a paragraph in the evening paper, "of the way in which a boy was saved from drowning by a mastiff which belonged to his cousin. The boy ventured too near the edge of a treacherous bank, lost his footing and fell into the lake. The dog dashed in after him, and succeeded in pulling him out."

"There," said Mrs. Morse, turning an accusing glance upon her ten-year-old son, "that shows how dangerous it is for a boy to go too near the water."

"Why, mother," said the boy, in sorrowful astonishment, "I thought father read it because it showed how perfectly safe I'd be wherever I went if you'd only let him buy me a big dog."—Youth's Companion.

## THE ADMIRAL'S OPINION

The members of the Athenaeum Club in Loudon represent the higher spheres of literature, art and diplomacy, and particularly the Established Church, inasmuch as nearly all the hench of bishops may be found upon its list. The United Service Club, on the other hand, is made up of officers of the army and navy. One day last summer, while the Athenaeum was closed for repairs and its members were temporarily enjoying the hospitality of the other club, there came down into the hall a retired admiral, a man of portly build and violent temper.

"Where's my umbrella?" he demanded of the hall porter.

Search was made, and the umbrella was not forthcoming. The admiral began to fume. A dozen flunkies immediately swarmed into the hall.

"My umbrella!" cried the admiral; "an umbrella with a silver knob—where is it, sir?"

The bustle continued for a few moments, and then one of the attendants timorously informed the admiral that it could not be found.

"What, sir—what, sir? Not to be found, sir? Why not, sir?"

"I am afraid, sir," replied the hall porter, "that some gentleman has taken it by mistake."

"Taken it! Taken it!" roared the admiral, now fairly apoplectic with rage; "you mean stolen it—yes, sir, stolen it! I might have known what would happen when we let in all those d-d bishops!"—Argonaut.

## DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BROTHERS

"Yes," said Rev. Mr. Goodman, "I am sorry to say that there is a vast difference between my brother and myself. Two years ago we visited the Holy Land and the River Jordan. Naturally when I came upon it I was lost in such a profound and reverential reverie that I paid no attention to George, and when I turned around he was gone."

"In such a sacred place he decided to commune alone, probably," suggested Mrs. Frontpeugh.

"Well, no," answered the minister, "I do not think such a thought ever entered his head. He had hunted up a nice shady spot about fifty yards down, and was fishing."—Indianapolis Sun.

## A LUCKY WOMAN

"Yes, my wife really got more good out of our trip this year than ever before."

"I suppose you were away from home longer than usual, so that she had a chance to get thoroughly rested. The trouble with people generally is that they don't make their vacations long enough. They plan to be away from home two or three weeks, and expect to get all built up in that time. As a matter of fact, though, one ought to have a month or two of complete change and rest in order—"

"Oh, I don't know. We were gone only four days, but things developed so that I had to go very suddenly, and she didn't have a chance to get all tired out making preparations."—Record-Herald.

## WHY PLEASED

A certain teacher of English in a school of high rank in her native state, Mississippi, who, in spite of her vivacity in conversation, is perhaps, if anything, too fastidious in her choice of words, was spending the summer at the New York Chautauqua. Her flow of spirits made her the delight of the dining-table at which she was first seated, but at the end of a fortnight she was moved by her landlady to another place. A lady from Boston, who had been sitting opposite the Southerner, expressed her regret at the change.

"I am so sorry you are going to leave us," she said, with warmth; "we have all enjoyed your dialect so much."—Harper's Magazine.

## WHERE HE WAS EFFICIENT

"Your son," said the teacher, "has missed it on arithmetic."

"Yes?"

"No good at spelling."

"Yes?"

"A dunce in history."

"Yes?"

"And there's no good in him."

"Perfessor," said the farmer, "have you ever heard that hoy cussin' of a Georgy mule, under a brillin' sun, in a ten-acre field?"—Atlanta Constitution.

## QUITE A NUMBER

"Willie, whom did George Washington marry?"

"The widow Custis, ma'am."

"Had he any children?"

"Yes'm—the sons and daughters of the revolution."—Life.

## Its True Character

### Catarrh is Not a Local Disease

Although physicians have known for years that catarrh was not a local disease, but a constitutional or blood disorder, yet the mass of the people still continue to believe it is simply a local trouble and try to cure it with purely local remedies, like powders, snuffs, ointments and inhalers.

These local remedies, if they accomplish anything at all, simply give a very temporary relief, and it is doubtful if a permanent cure of catarrh has ever been accomplished by local sprays, washes and inhalers. They may clear the mucous membrane from the excessive secretion, but it returns in a few hours as bad as ever, and the result can hardly be otherwise because the blood is loaded with catarrhal poison, and it requires no argument to convince any one that local washes and sprays have absolutely no effect on the blood.

Dr. Ainsworth says: "I have long since discontinued the use of sprays and washes for catarrh of head and throat, because they simply relieve and do not cure."

"For some time past I have used only one treatment for all forms of catarrh, and the results have been uniformly good. The remedy I use and recommend is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a pleasant and harmless preparation sold by druggists at 50 cents; but my experience has proven one package of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets to be worth a dozen local treatments."

"The tablets are composed of Hydrastin, Sanguinaria, Red Gum, Guaiacal and other safe antiseptics, and any catarrh sufferer can use them with full assurance that they contain no poisonous opiates and that they are the most reasonable and successful treatment for radical cure of catarrh at present known to the profession."

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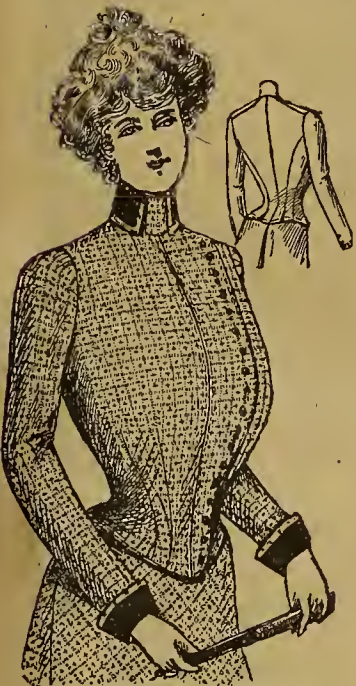
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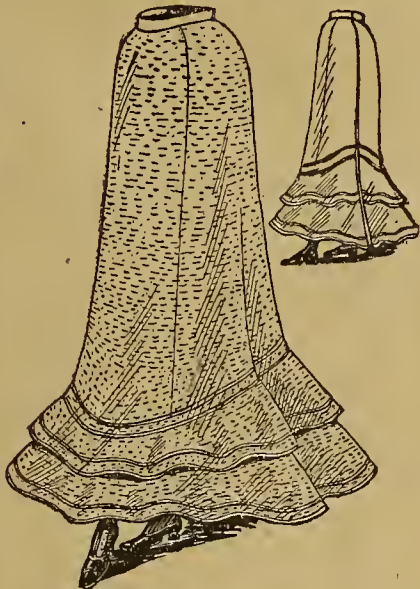
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No. 3946.—CHILD'S DRESS. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 2, 4 and 6 years.



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Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.



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Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 3953.—FANCY WAIST. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



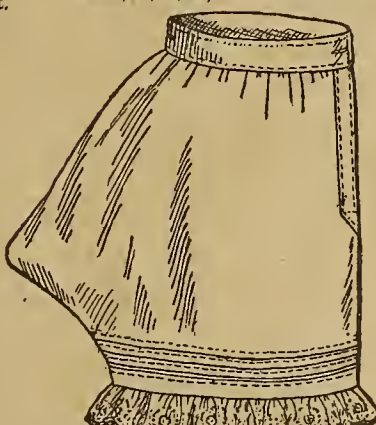
No. 3949.—GIRLS' COSTUME. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.



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No. 3936.—INFANTS' SHIRT, BOOTE AND BAND. 10 cents. One size.



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## FARM SELECTIONS

## SORGHUM SYRUP

**S**ORGHUM has as wide a range of latitude as Indian corn. The juice always contains a colorless solution of crystallizable and uncrystallizable sugar, mixed with vegetable and mineral impurities, which are partly in solution and partly in suspension in solid form. The variable quality of sorghum syrup is not due so much to a variable amount of true and good syrup-making material as it is to the variable amount of impurity in the juice.

It seems to be true that almost any soil in any section of the country produces sorghum which has sufficient crystallizable and uncrystallizable sugar to produce good syrup if the impurity is well removed from the juice before heating and also during concentration to finished syrup.

There is no generally accepted opinion in regard to the selection of varieties for syrup manufacture in any section, except that Early Amber is preferred for early cane. A variety may give good syrup in one season and poor syrup in another season, yet have sufficient good syrup-making material in its juice in both seasons, with variable amount of impurity. The way to make selection of varieties is to remove impurities which conceal the true qualities of each variety.

Growing cane by syrup-makers should be with a view to obtaining purer juice. Sugar-cane and sugar-beet growers take much care in the selection of varieties and in cultural work, yet they have plants yielding naturally purer juices than that of the sorghum cane.

Clarification of the juice determines the quality of the syrup. When well done the syrup is equal to any cane syrup. When imperfectly done the syrup is of poor quality, dark color and rank flavor.

Impurities which were in solution in the juice appear in solid form continuously during evaporation. The same is true of sugar-cane juice and of beet-juice in less degree.

The processes recommended are: To remove solid impurities from cold juice or from warmed juice by settling before heating to the boiling-point; to remove coagulated impurities from hot juice by skimming and by settling; to remove impurities thrown out of solution during concentration to twenty-five degrees density by skimming and by settling; and to remove, as well as may be, the small amount of impurity thrown out of solution during concentration from twenty-five to thirty-six degrees density, the density of finished syrup.

In addition to these processes, filtering decanted semi-syrup at twenty-five degrees density is suggested.

Claying warmed raw juice and hot juice and hot semi-syrup is recommended as giving better settling.

Adding a small quantity of lime to the clay used is recommended as assisting in settling.

Adding lime to juice until it is but slightly acid is recommended as giving less acid and brighter syrup, preferred by most persons, though of darker color.

Reheating, settling and decanting turbid semi-syrups is advised.

The use of clariphos, or phosphoric acid, is not now advised in small syrup-factories.

The use of a syrup saccharometer is approved.

Canning the best syrup, using labels bearing the syrup-maker's address is favored.

The processes described in this page improved sorghum syrup in color, flavor and clearness. It is reasonable to suppose they may be simplified and perhaps improved by further experimental work.—Summary of Farmers' Bulletin No 135, United States Department of Agriculture.

What matter though sometimes the cup of tears

We drink, instead of the rich wine of mirth,  
There are as many springs as there are years,  
And, glad or sad, we love this dear old earth.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

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## Agricultural Possibilities of Alaska & By Frederic J. Haskin



WHEN Russia offered to sell Alaska to the United States for \$7,200,000, and the proposition was accepted, a great many thought Uncle Sam had been taken in by the wily Czar. The outcome of the trade, however, proved to the contrary. During the thirty odd years since the sale took place the new possession has paid for itself many times over with its wealth of gold, furs and fish. Although it has brought the government a return of many millions, its resources are so vast and varied that they are practically untouched. Owing to the severity of the climate and the broken, mountainous nature of the country it has never until quite recently been considered of any value as a farming section.

Governor John G. Brady, the present executive, is a firm believer in the agricultural possibilities of the district, and gave me the following statements: "Nothing should concern any of the people of Alaska so much as its agricultural interests. From the purchase until now the impression the general public has had is that Alaska does not amount to much agriculturally, and those who have persistently cried up its possibilities in this direction have been derided and looked upon as being cranky. It is true that we have rain and snow and glaciers and polar bears, but all when and where they belong and at the proper season; but it is also true that we have warm ocean currents along the coast, and that we have a climate in the southeastern part that is astonishingly mild and equable. Those who wish sincerely to investigate this subject will be greatly aided and rewarded by consulting a physical map of North America. They will there find that the line which traces the northern limit of cereals, after passing through Winnipeg, runs sharply to the north and west, and so continues, crossing the Porcupine River above Fort Yukon, and thence along the north side of the Yukon River until it comes out into Norton Sound above St. Michael. It will be noticed also that the isotherm for January, which passes through Wilmington, Baltimore, Indianapolis and Omaha in the United States, turns sharply to the north and west and comes out upon Prince of Wales Island in the southwestern part of Alaska. The isotherm for January runs through Alaska north of Mount St. Elias range, and comes out about St. Michael and runs north of St. Lawrence Island. It will be noticed also in latitude fifty degrees the North Pacific current makes a great sweep toward the Alexander Archipelago, and continues its course to Kodiak and Aleutian islands. Therefore, so far as heat and cold are concerned, it ought not to be thought impossible for things to grow in Alaska. The Department of Agriculture has taken the matter up, and in 1897 obtained an appropriation of five thousand dollars to make thorough investigations and to report to Congress. The Commissioners visited the Territory and gathered a great deal of desultory information from those who were making efforts in various places, and sent back to the Department all kinds of specimens, the natural and cultivated prod-

ucts, which they found growing here. The information thus obtained abundantly justified the Secretary in asking for another appropriation for further investigation, and the beginning of experimental work was made. Oats, barley, flax, potatoes, clover and many kinds of vegetables were planted and brought to full maturity. The showing which was made was gratifying, and the appropriation was continued and increased to carry on more thorough experiments. The results of the season's efforts are most gratifying to friends of agriculture, and will surely astonish and convince the 'doubting Thomases.'"

The Department of Agriculture has established experiment stations at Sitka, Kenai, Rampart and Fort Yukon. The investigations there are being conducted under the direction of Prof. C. C. Georgeson, an agricultural expert, who, when asked for a statement for the FARM AND FIRESIDE, said: "Visitors to Alaska who make the trip from Seattle up through the inland passage as far north as Skaguay and as far west as Sitka and back again to Seattle, usually report that agriculture is impossible in Alaska even if the climate did admit of it, because there is no land which can be farmed. They make a mistake of judging all of Alaska by the hillsides seen from the steamer. That the rocky islands and fiord-bound shores of southeastern Alaska do not contain a large amount of agricultural land is true, but there is more than an observer can see from the water. Probably five per cent of the area of southeastern Alaska is suitable for agricultural pur-

pasturage. No surveys have been made, and only the chief river-basins have been explored. But, in my judgment, at a conservative estimate the tillable and pasture land of the Territory amount to one hundred thousand square miles. The total area of Alaska is six hundred thousand square miles, and, after careful observation of the



SPECIMENS OF BARLEY, FLAX, OATS AND VEGETABLES GROWN AT SKAGUAY, ALASKA

region through which I have passed, I think it safe to assume that not more than five sixths of the Territory consists of mountains and waste land. The term waste land as here used includes land which will have no value for the farmer or grazier. Future investigations are more likely to prove that the area of waste land is much smaller than

prairie land. It is not likely that there will be bonanza farms in Alaska. It is not a place for capitalists to invest in land and expensive machinery with a view to deriving large returns from the investment, but rather a place furnishing homes for the poor man. Men who possess the courage to face, and sufficient energy and strength to endure, the hardships incident to pioneer life in a northern climate, who can clear and till the land with their own hands, will be the future owners of Alaska farms. The criticism is sometimes advanced that farming would not pay in Alaska, even if it should prove possible to farm at all. This is true only from the standpoint of the bonanza farmer. It is evident that it would not be profitable to pay hired men five or ten dollars a day to work on a farm. Not even the richest farms with the best near-by markets would justify such an outlay. Farming can be made to pay in Alaska under present conditions only when the farmer does most of the work with his own hands. He can secure good wages for his work; he can produce the beef, pork, poultry, eggs, butter, vegetables and grain which are needed for the support of himself and family, and he can raise enough of a surplus to derive a reasonable income in cash from their sale if he is located near some town or mining-camp. This is the style of farming which will be suitable to Alaska. It is also this style of farming which will make poor men independent and which will give to the future state a class of thrifty, industrious and self-reliant citizens. The Territory is not likely to be settled with a rush, such as the one which occurred when the Cherokee strip was opened to settlement. The settlement will be slow. The mining-camps and towns will be the centers around which farming will first develop, and from these settlements will spread over the country."

Professor Georgeson is quite right when he says that there will be no rush to settle Alaska for farming purposes. Up to the present time there has been very little inclination to till the soil, and whatever effort has been made in that direction has met with small encouragement. Very great difficulties stand in the way of the farmer. To begin with, the work of clearing is costly and laborious. From almost

every acre there must be removed tons of rocks and stumps and logs, and a thick layer of moss taken away before the soil is encountered. Then a system of drainage must be laid out over the tract to carry off soil-water.

Brush ditches are utilized for this purpose. Owing to the variation in the contour of the ground the ditches are seldom parallel, but radiate from the main ditch at various angles. The ditches are dug about four feet deep and only just wide enough to admit of a man working in them, usually about twenty inches. When all the ditches are dug they are packed with brush, begin-

ning at the upper end of the ditch. The brush is laid at an angle of about thirty to forty degrees, sloping up the ditch and with the butt ends down. Packed in this manner as closely as possible until the ditch is nearly full, a layer of moss is then put over the brush and earth shoveled on top. It is

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 7]



LEMON CREEK RANCH, NEAR JUNEAU, ALASKA

poscs. The Kenai Peninsula and the region bordering on Cook Inlet have a very large area, thousands of square miles, which can be cultivated or pastured. But it is chiefly the vast region in the interior which will furnish the agricultural land in Alaska. There are no accurate data as to the total area which can be used for farming and

this, and that the percentage of agricultural land is correspondingly greater. I do not mean that there are one hundred thousand square miles which can be settled and brought under cultivation with the same ease that our extensive prairies have been broken and cultivated. There is very little, if any, land which can be compared with our



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FOLLOWING an order of Secretary Gage to impose an additional duty on imported Russian sugar equivalent to the bounty paid by Russia on exported sugar the Russian government advanced the duties on certain imports of iron and steel from the United States. In a recent letter to the "Record-Herald" Mr. W. E. Curtis explains the real motive of the Russian government, in part, as follows:

"There has been a great deal of misrepresentation concerning the recent advance in the duties imposed by the Russian government upon machinery and other articles of iron and steel imported from the United States. The reasons given for the advance, and those which have caused so much agitation in our own country, are only the pretexts. The actual motives are deeper and broader. The Russian government has been contemplating for some time an advance of duties on iron and steel in order to protect its manufactures, and only seized upon the sugar controversy as an opportunity to justify it.

"For many years the Russian government has induced its own subjects and the citizens of other countries to establish at its centers of trade various kinds of manufacturing—furnaces, forges, machine-shops, foundries, boiler-factories, cast-iron-pipe works, nail-mills, bridge-works, tool-factories, hardware-factories, rolling-mills, wire-mills and other industries—which have been maintained principally by orders from the government. During the last quarter of a century an immense amount of material of this kind has been required by the railways, the department of public works, the shipyards, the armories and the various provincial and municipal authorities throughout the Empire. An enormous debt, amounting to more than three billion dollars, has been incurred by the government in the development of its internal resources, about one hundred and forty million dollars being expended in 1899, the latest year for which I can obtain the figures. The

total amount invested in railways up to and including that year was over one billion five hundred million dollars.

"The industrial situation in Russia to-day is critical. The completion of the Siberian Railroad and several hundred miles of feeders and connections, which is expected in 1902, will terminate for the present the plans of the government for public improvements, although the enlargement of the navy and the construction of fortifications will continue. It has been decided that the system of transportation already provided is sufficient for the present generation. The provincial governments and the municipalities have also ceased operations in the same direction for similar reasons. Nearly all the money that has been spent has been borrowed. It will be difficult to borrow more, and the interest charges are already a tremendous burden upon the tax-payers. Hence, the development period has practically ended, and now the population of the Empire will be allowed to catch up with the public improvements. The situation is similar to that which existed in the United States before the panic of 1873, caused by overenterprise, except that in Russia the government has made all these improvements upon borrowed capital rather than wild-cat companies and private investors. But the financial necessities are the same.

"It is recognized as a public duty as well as a public necessity for the government of Russia to protect the private capital and labor that has been engaged in manufacturing its supplies, especially as most of them must hereafter look to the people for patronage. The machine-shops scattered all over the country will no longer be kept busy by the government; the boiler-factories can expect none but private orders hereafter. The manufacturers of tools, hardware, nails and other articles of iron and steel will have to dispose of their products in the regular markets. The government cannot be expected to place any large orders for many years. At the same time it wants to keep these factories running, and the only aid it can give them is to shut out foreign competition, which hitherto has come almost entirely from the United States. In other words, the Russians have decided to adopt a protective policy for the benefit of their iron and steel manufacturers, but except all mining and agricultural machinery, tools and implements because it is equally essential to encourage those industries. There is no danger of a duty being imposed upon the excepted classes of articles, and the manufacturers of mowers, reapers, threshing-machines and other agricultural machinery in the United States need have no apprehension.

"Those are the reasons for the change of policy on the part of Russian government, although the action of Secretary Gage in imposing a countervailing duty upon Russian sugar is made the excuse."

THROUGH the "Crop Reporter" the Department of Agriculture gives three estimates of the world's wheat crop for 1901, and makes this comparison:

"In the following statement the three world estimates are compared with the corresponding estimates for 1899-1900:

	THOUSANDS OF BUSHELS		
	1899	1900	1901
Hungarian est. c.....	2,435,666	2,461,479	2,671,360
Hungarian est. d.....	2,471,381	2,496,779	2,709,209
Beerbohm's estimate c.....	2,684,800	2,511,400	2,711,600
Estimate of Bulletin des Halles d.....	2,625,440	2,653,533	2,790,310

c Thousands of bushels of sixty pounds.

d Thousands of Winchester bushels.

"It will be seen that all the estimates agree in making the crop of 1901 larger than that of either of the two preceding years. According to the Hungarian estimate it exceeds last year's crop by 209,881,000 bushels of sixty pounds, or by 212,430,000 Winchester bushels. According to Beerbohm the excess over last year's crop is 200,200,000 bushels of sixty pounds, and according to the "Bulletin des Halles" it is 136,777,000 Winchester bushels. The principal increase is credited to the United

States, Canada and India, though various other countries are credited with larger crops than they had in 1900. The Hungarian estimate makes the Russian crop larger than that of 1900 by about 11,831,000 bushels of sixty pounds, and Beerbohm's estimate makes it larger by 8,000,000 bushels of the same kind, whereas the estimate of the "Bulletin des Halles" makes it smaller by 22,134,000 Winchester bushels. The latest information at hand indicates a reduced crop for that country. All the estimates agree as to the French, Hungarian and German crops being smaller than those of last year, the reduction in the German crop being especially large. The Hungarian estimate makes the Argentine crop of this year smaller than that of 1900 by 37,662,000 bushels of sixty pounds, whereas Beerbohm makes it larger by 16,000,000 such bushels, and the "Bulletin des Halles" makes it larger by 5,675,000 Winchester bushels. It is evident from the figures given that the Argentine crops compared in the Hungarian estimate are those of 1899-1900 and 1900-01, whereas in the other two estimates the crop of 1900-01 is compared with the expected crop of 1901-02. A similar difference between the Hungarian estimate and the other two estimates may be inferred to exist as regards the several crops of the southern hemisphere, though the Hungarian estimate for Australasia is so far in excess of the actual crop of 1900-01, as indicated by official returns for the more important colonies, that it is possible that the figures may be intended as a forecast for 1901-02. It is hardly likely, however, that the crop of that year would be estimated for one part of the southern hemisphere and the crop of 1900-01 for another."

"KEEP your eye on the market prices for live stock," says the "Breeder's Gazette." "The prophet on prices is already beginning to foretell, and he sees large visions. He has a very tangible basis for some large prognostications. The prices of cattle and hogs are bounding upward in a fashion that will encourage feeders to take hold even at the high price of corn. As a matter of fact, without the least beating about the bush, we must have high prices or certain disaster in the future. Feeders and farmers are at the end of their rope; the matter has been passed up to the big buyers. Conditions are not tempting men into stock-feeding ventures. Those who have grain and hay know where they can cash it at a very handsome profit and without the slightest risk. It is all right enough to cry 'soil robbery,' but in such times the farmer will lend a dull ear.

"If the farmer lets go his live stock now, what of the future? The men who must have the finished market stock are abundantly able to answer this question. They know it foretells disaster to them. There is just one way to keep the stock on the farm, and thus insure a future supply, and that is to make it plainly profitable for the farmer to hold it. There is just one way to insure a supply of finished market animals next year and that is to make prices that will mean profit on feeding. In the language of the day 'it is up against' the buyers. The feeder's margin of profit has been small enough the past few years. Will the buyer and the stock-farmer hang together now or hang separately in the future? It looks like the former."

## THE ON-LOOKER

A STATE fair was being held near a trans-Mississippi city, and the grounds were filled with people, when a frame building for exhibits was found to be on fire. An alarm brought help from the city fire department. Like thousands of others who had naught to do under the circumstances, I was standing in a thoroughfare at a distance when a hose-cart came dashing up. The on-lookers divided hurriedly at the urgent summons of bell and men in charge, and we rushed aside for safety, while the cart, horses and drivers

continued their headlong speed. Looking back we saw that the reel had distributed all of its hose long before the cart had reached our throng, and the end lay on the ground far in the rear, while the firemen, unconscious of their impotence, continued to race for the fire. Their return looking for their hose was less impressive than the mad dash through our midst.

There is frequent demand throughout life that we get out of the way for a man, or band of men, who is about to avert a calamity, cure a public ill or render other distinguished service to the human race. The clamor comes from the one offering his services and from his adherents. In my youth I never failed to heed the outcry and to esteem it a favor to be permitted to assist in clearing away obstacles to the alleged progress. I inclined to take each shouting rescuer at his own valuation, and to expect large results. But latterly it seems wiser to watch for the hose that should be unreeling. Very often indeed is it found that the hose has been exhausted far from the fire and that the outcry is for naught. When such is the case I wonder that the shouting outfit does not realize its lack of ability to do good, and that the people do not refuse to be charged upon and sent flying by incapables.

There are exceptions, as in case of fire or war, but the rule is that the best service is quietly done. The primary object of service is the betterment of another, but the one serving may profit most of all. Duty done for love of duty affords the safest, surest service to those concerned, and the sincere, sure servitor would not have horns blown ahead of him. The spirit of it all would make a discord with the thought prompting the service. When we see a man taking credit unto himself for a public act, and seeking the approbation of the crowd, his measure is known to us. He would repeat the service for a stipulated amount of praise, being a hireling in spirit, but he knows nothing of the finer and truer inspiration to duty or sacrifice, and could be trusted only so far as shouts of applause could reach. The ability to get the best reward—the reward gotten by silent repression of self—the tempering that makes metals worthy, he lacks as do the beasts of the field.

Benevolence—well-wishing expressed in dollars and cents—is fruitful of good to its possessor only when the giving is rightly done. The dollar to the unfortunate will buy a dollar's worth of food no matter how the money is given, but the gift has no blessing for the giver if the prompting is love of applause. The commendation of the public is difficult to bear, and the wise man understanding that benefactions to others can be made benefactions to himself by a refining process does not throw the priceless advantage away for the paltry reward of cheap applause that tends to harm. The truest philosophy is in the command that we give because in giving is the highest culture; but the blessing becomes a curse when we forget the injunction that the service be done without parade.

The most and the best work is done by those who have the least self-assertion. The curse of politics is that the politician must go around the country parading his service in this and that public matter in order that he may be returned to office. The best fruits of service are lost—exchanged for the chance of another term of office. But even in this department of public life the rule holds that the noisiest are the least effective, quiet ones doing the actual work, and the man who boasts the most is like our hose-cart at the fair—guiltless of ability to do more than impress the crowd for a moment.

I incline to get out of the noisy fellow's way—it is easier to evade than to combat—but my confidence is placed in the quiet workers. They can be depended upon when the shouting is over.  
O—L.



## RURAL AFFAIRS

**Producing and Selling** One of our leading horticulturists at the meeting of the American Pomological Society at Buffalo in September put his advice in the following humorous poem (as near as I could catch the words):

"He who whispers down the well  
About the goods he has to sell  
Will not reap the golden dollars  
Like one who climbs a tree and hollers."

In many lines at the present time it is often easier to produce than to sell at prices that will leave a fair profit to the producer. This has been the case especially in fruit-growing. The present season seems to be one of the exceptions. The crops were small, and consequently demand and prices good. But even then a good salesman can do much better than one who has but little knack in advertising his goods. Unfortunately Mr. Hale, the famous peach-grower and a man who has made a study of advertising his goods, was absent from this meeting. Fortunately for him he had to look after an enormous peach crop in Connecticut. We missed the good points which he usually makes about selling fruit. With all the quantities of fruit which the American people produce in an average season it is yet true that not enough of it gets into the homes of the man with a moderate income. If such things as grapes, plums, peaches, etc., were offered to people at their homes the consumption would at once materially increase.

An instance of a similar nature was told me a few weeks ago by a brother. An acquaintance claims that he makes a clear profit of five dollars a day by selling extracted honey from house to house in a small inland city. He buys the honey from one of our largest beekeepers in large quantities; goes around from house to house dishing out some honey for people to taste, tells of all the good qualities of the product, especially its medicinal virtues, and then takes orders for just such quantity as may be wanted, to be delivered at the house a day or two later and at a price which leaves him a fair profit. Some days he says his profits run up to ten dollars. Most people like honey as they like fruits. He reports that often, after having sold a hundred pounds of honey in a street, the next time he comes he finds ready sale for two hundred pounds on that same street. That is a good way to work up a trade in such products. We had a lot of Satsuma plums, one of the most delicious of all fruits for canning. The tree does not bear as heavily as some other sorts, however. Brother proposed not to sell any of them, but to give them away in small baskets to people to try them. After once trying them he thinks they will surely want them again, and possibly other Japan plums. This means making a market for his future crops.

**Orchard Treatment** A novel method of providing a cover crop for apple orchards is that mentioned at the meeting of the American Pomological Society as in use at the government farm at Ottawa, Canada. The crop is common red clover, the climate being too severe for some other crops used further south for covering orchards. When the clover has made some growth, but before coming out in full bloom, it is cut and the crop left on the ground. This cutting is repeated two or three times during the season. In spring the orchard is plowed, the clover, of course, being turned under. Then the orchard is reseeded with clover, and the whole performance gone through again, and so forth ad infinitum. I do not know how clover treated in this way would work in western New York orchards. In some localities it may do first-rate. For warm, naturally drained soils crimson clover sowed the last of July or during August may well be recommended as one of the most promising cover crops. Hairy vetch may be sowed as late as September, and in many cases has given excellent satisfaction. The high price of the seed has thus far pre-

vented its more general use for such purpose. The plant seeds freely, and I can see no reason why it should not be supplied at low prices as soon as the demand becomes more general.

**Oyster-shell Bark-louse** A simple remedy for this orchard pest was suggested at the meeting already mentioned. It consists of simple lime-water, at the rate of from one to two pounds of fresh lime to one gallon of water. Two applications are to be made in the fall, at an interval of a few days. The caustic lime loosens the scale from the bark, and consequently the insect perishes, the scale being washed off.

**European Linden as Honey Plant** My notes on the European linden in an earlier issue have set Mr. A. I. Root, of "Gleanings" fame, astir. Years ago, when planting a basswood orchard, he also planted a dozen or more European lindens, they being reported, as he remembers, to be later bloomers. Unfortunately he forgot about it and neglected to make observations. Somebody, he thinks, should go to work immediately to grow European lindens for beekeepers to plant, and he wants to know where such trees may be found by the thousand.

**Ginseng-growing** It looks now that I was not far out of the way when I stated in earlier issues that to grow ginseng successfully requires skill, attention and patience. Mr. Root gives his report as follows:

"While it is true our own plants did start bright and brisk in the spring, they have so far made only a very small growth. Some of them grew perhaps a few small berries; but with the richest soil we could give the plants, with proper attention, shading, etc., it is certainly the slowest thing I have ever grown in the whole vegetable kingdom. Are any of our experiment stations growing ginseng? We very much need reports from somebody in regard to the business who does not have plants and seeds for sale. No doubt the business will pay at the present prices of roots and seeds."

My own trials with ginseng this season have not been satisfactory. Yet it will not do to give up. There is no reason why we should not succeed in finding the exact conditions most favorable for the growth of ginseng; and even while the plant may grow so slow as to try our patience severely, the present prices of the dried root are such as to make it worth our while to continue our trials and the exercise of patience.

**About Bone-meal** My impression is that bone-meal is gradually going out of use as a fertilizer. I have always liked it in mixture with tobacco dust in about equal parts to put on cucumber, melon and squash vines, for the special purpose of repelling beetles and perhaps other insect foes, and incidentally as a fertilizer. In this mixture it is pretty nearly a complete fertilizer. Whether it is as effective for feeding plants as other forms of plant-food is doubtful. Professor Massey in his book "Crop Growing and Crop Feeding" refers to the investigations of the Massachusetts Experiment Station, showing that "(1) the superior value which has hitherto been accorded to undissolved bone-meal as a fertilizer is due solely to the nitrogen it contains; (2) undissolved bone-meal as a phosphate is no more valuable than the raw mineral phosphates (floats); (3) hereafter it must be classed with the latter rather than with the high-grade phosphates containing available phosphoric acid. So long as we do not use floats, being cheap, why should we use raw bone-meal, which is comparatively expensive? German experimenters have shown that even in three years the results from bone-meal were only seven-per cent of those from acid phosphate. Professor Massey also states that "it is hard to get a perfectly pure bone-meal except in states where the inspection is very rigid." He claims to have been warned from the door of a "pure bone-meal" factory in an eastern sea-board city by an Irishman who tended a machine grinding oyster-shells. No wonder, then, that the use of bone-meal as a fertilizer is fast decreasing.

T. GREINER.

## SALIENT FARM NOTES

**Hessian Fly** In walking over stubble-fields this fall I notice there are no Hessian flies where last year there were thousands. In examining stools of volunteer wheat I find very few fly in what is termed the "flaxseed" stage. Last year at this time there were dozens in every stool. Is it possible that the tropical weather we had in July and August cooked the fly? It cooked about all vegetation, and if the Hessian fly was included farmers can find lots of consolation in it now that it is all over. In some sections of the "corn belt" farmers are sowing more wheat and rye this fall than they have done in years. In many places the timothy meadows were destroyed by the heat and drought, and as such land makes ideal winter-wheat land about all of it has been turned over and seeded to that crop. If the winter proves to be an ordinary one we shall have wheat to feed next year, for the Kansas and Missouri farmers are, as a grain dealer puts it, "all gone to wheat this year!" In many localities the droughty conditions were continued into October, and all wheat that was sown did not come up until all danger from Hessian fly was well past.

**Chinch-bugs** But if the Hessian fly is scarce this fall the voracious chinch-bug is numerous enough to dispel the hope that we shall not be entirely let alone next year. When the days were warm and hazy the air was literally full of mature chinch-bugs drifting this way and that with the breezes. It is safe to say that millions of these pests will find secure roosting-places for the winter, and when the balmy days of spring come they will appear, sound, hearty and hungry, and will multiply like gnats if the conditions are favorable. If the spring be about perfect for farm-work—early, warm and just damp enough to make vegetation jump—then the chinch-bug will be in his glory and he will take the land. If, however, it should be rather cold and wet he will receive a check that will prevent him from doing much injury to the leading crops.

**"Prospectuses"** About once a week I receive a "prospectus" from some oil or silver "investment company" in which shares are offered as low as ten cents each for the purpose of raising funds with which to develop the "claim." These "prospectuses" inform me that as soon as a gusher is "brought in" these shares will increase in value at a rate that will astonish the whole speculative world. I am assured that the possession of fifty to one hundred shares will enable me to wallow in wealth the rest of my days. I am informed that if I wish to ride in palatial parlor-cars along with other plutocrats I must have wealth, and the surest and easiest way to get it is to invest my hard earnings in a few shares of oil-well or silver-mine stock. I am informed in colored capitals that getting silver out of "pay-dirt" beats raising wheat on any surface dirt under the sun. That the labor is done by common menials, but the wealth belongs to the stock-holders, and if I am not wise enough to secure a block of stock and become one of them I must expect to remain a menial all my days. I am also assured that if I embrace that particular golden opportunity "immediately" I will get in on "the ground floor" and have a commanding voice in the distribution of the enormous fund that will flow into the coffers of the "preferred" stock-holders. The reason I mention this matter is because I have learned that an acquaintance dropped a hundred of his hard-earned dollars into one of these pits, and soon afterward the "company" dissolved, and he is wondering what he will do with his "non-assessable" stock. I suggested that he frame it and hang it in the barn to remind him of his gullibility when he attempted to step out of the ranks of the "menials" into those of the "plutocrats." Without a doubt thousands of farmers have received copies of these "prospectuses," and some of them may be led to invest in stock. Every one who does so can rest assured that he will lose every penny he puts into them, as they are frauds. FRED GRUNDY.

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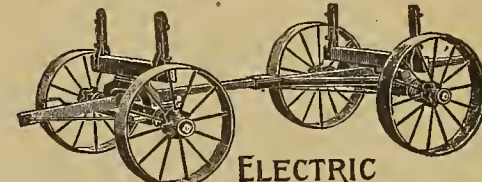
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## OUR FARM

### FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE

**CAUSES OF FAILURE.**—If we understood fully the causes of clover failure we could ward it off in some degree, and this is being done by some whose land has no special adaptation to clover. Formerly it was taken for granted that soil poverty caused it; but we know that this is not the sole, or principal, cause, land old to clover often failing when thinner land that is new to this crop will make and keep a good catch. But it is my observation that fields which are kept well manured usually grow clover successfully; and as new ground, even when not naturally strong enough to produce a single heavy crop of corn, will usually make one or two crops of clover I am inclined to think that poor physical condition of the surface soil has much to do with failures. If there is not enough organic matter near the surface to keep the soil loose and moist the young plants are killed by drought and freezes. A very light application of stable manure kept on the surface of the ground does wonders for clover. Old clayey land tends to become compact and unable to withstand drought, and while there may be enough fertility in it to make a big yield of corn its texture is such that a young clover-plant in it cannot stand much unfavorable weather.

**Drainage helps clover.** As land grows older its need of underdrainage increases, and clover will not thrive in a sodden soil nearly so well as some of the grasses that root near the surface. But the area that can be drained or manured is comparatively small, as a matter of fact, and if clover can be secured only in such ways it ceases to be a dependence for four acres out of every five.

**HELP FROM LIME.**—Much old land has some free acid in it—a fact easily determined by a simple test. A few cents will buy a supply of blue litmus-paper at a drug-store, and this paper has such properties that it turns red when brought into contact with an acid. By placing a slip of this paper in moistened soil the presence of acid is easily detected. Some plants, like cow-peas, thrive in an acid soil, but clover does best in a neutral, or alkaline, soil. Lime takes up this acid, and partly for this reason an application of lime to land is a tolerably sure way of securing clover. I have said that clover seemed to need organic material in the surface soil, and yet it is true that many an old and thin field badly deficient in humus has been made to produce clover by the use of lime. The explanation may be in part that the lime improves the physical condition of the old soil, making it more friable, and the clover-plant has the vigor to withstand drought because the lime has made the soil "friendly" to it—sweetening it and making plant-food available for it.

**HARD-WOOD ASHES.**—An application of ashes to an old soil is usually a short road to clover. The ashes contain potash, which the plant may need, and then the lime in ashes is peculiarly effective. Where ashes can be gotten at a moderate price they should be tried if clover is not thriving.

**THE SEEDING.**—Clover does not have a fair chance when sown in the spring on wheatland that was seeded to timothy with the wheat. The timothy has too great a start of the clover, and if both the wheat and the grass have done well the tiny clover-plants cannot get either the fertility or the air and sunshine that they need. If there is a fair assurance that the clover will do well it is better to sow no timothy until spring, making the chances more equal. Seeding without any grain crop is practised by some, but this plan will not become popular. I believe, however, that it is surest of getting the clover. We are learning to seed more heavily. There is enough seed in a bushel of clover to provide plants for twenty acres of land if every seed was rightly placed and made a plant that

lived. But only the most favorably situated plants live in a poor season, and it is safest to use seed so freely that there will be a plant in every good location, expecting the plants between the drill-marks to die later in the season, as they are quite sure to do.

**CLOVER SUBSTITUTES.**—There are surer legumes than clover. The cow-pea is gaining in favor for warm latitudes. Its value for forage extends farther north than we formerly supposed. The soy-bean and the vetch are legumes, gathering nitrogen like the clovers. These are helpers in a small way, but Medium Red and Mammoth clovers remain our most valuable plants, and they cannot be given up by any farmer, especially of the North, until every reasonable effort has been put forth to supply their needs and restore the conditions favorable to their growth.

DAVID.

### BACK TO THE FARM

New England's abandoned farms are disappearing, as are also the farm mortgages of the West. A great prosperity is moving south and it promises to be permanent. There is a tendency among country-bred people of robust and healthy minds who have made some money in the city to return to country life, and among New-Englanders who went to the city from an old farm to repurchase that farm and to return not only to country life, but to the ancestral wells, orchards, fields and woods again.

For the city man who was bred in the country comes to see what he was taught in some rugged old church on the coast or among the hills, that character is everything, and that next to character is health with contentment. He gradually forms the Horatian opinion of Pope:

How blest is he whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres found.  
Content to breathe his native air  
On his own ground.

This is especially so among thoroughly literary people; their instincts seek the Sabine farm; they pass through the "reception" stage of city literary life, save a few thousand dollars in Vanity Fair, and begin to long for the open country, the fields, flowers and birds again, for an open carriage on the free country road. In New England and New York many of the most instructive writers whose silent and unsigned work tells on American life and character live on garden farms near enough to the city to reach the public libraries easily in literary needs. These, like Tolstoi, live on what they earn by brain and hand, and what they earn by hand in the home garden, with horse, cow and poultry, helps the brain to clearer views of life for work with a healthy pen. This was the Roman way, and it has always been the English way.

The literary class—except the "show" class among pen-workers—come to see not only the duty, but the beauty and worth of simple living and of reliance upon one's self rather than upon bonded wealth and institutions. There is a wide difference in the influence on personal worth between the rented tenement-house and the country cottage, and the independent country influence is more needed by the child than the adult. The child of the tenement-house family which fosters cheap social ambitions and futile struggles for unearned wealth in speculation is likely to become a clerk with a small salary and like feverish aims and hopes, ending as a rule like the lottery of old, in disappointment. The child of the independent country atmosphere has the gravitation of the employer, the mayor, the judge, the congressman in him. Nearly all of the Presidents of the United States and a great majority of our public men of right influence have been country-bred boys.

In the depressed times that followed the war young people flocked to the city. Horace Greely, with real wisdom, said, "Go West, young man; go West!" like editors now say, "Go South, young man," or "Go farther West," or "Go to the Pacific states, where is the ultimate empire." But there comes another voice—it rises out of the heart through experience. It is this: "Go home, O

ye toilers for others who live in imprisonments; go home! Dig out the old wells; ring out the old bells on the hillsides where you were taught honesty and soul value. You will own yourself there, you may have health there, and growth of influence in increasing years! The bells of the hills and valleys ring for you as for the sons of the glorious past that made men. Come home!"

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;  
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,  
A breath can make them what a breath has made,

But a bold peasantry, a country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

The electric car is the new friend of the small farmer and of simple country life. The new lord of a garden home of independence may now secure most of the substantial advantages of the city and yet cultivate his ten or more acres outside of the city. He may attend lectures in the city, have the use of choice public libraries, clear views of the markets and yet live five, fifteen or even twenty-five miles from the city hall.

The future will see, as in the long past, the best social life in country places. The old farms in New England, on the Western Reserve, in the pioneer West, as well as the decayed Southern plantations, are coming again to the front of life. It is not only moral gravitation that is bringing about this new era of rural life; science and its wonderful discoveries all tend to repeat the truism that country living is the soul's true air. "Cities are the crowns of earth," but the suburbs are their jewels, and he who esteems soul values more than luxury or the vanishing wealth of the struggles of mere selfish ambitions will more and more come to value as life's choicest gift a simple country home,

"Where trees in summer yield him shade,  
In winter, fire."

H. BUTTERWORTH.

### THAT HORSE

He stands before the mind's eye now, glossy-coated, clean-limbed, graceful and sinewy in every movement. I called him Beauty because it was a common thing to hear people say when I drove along, "Oh, what a beauty that horse is!" With his mild eye and gentle way he was perfectly safe, except—And this is what I wish to speak of. But another word about his tractability, that my position may be understood.

When I was ready for a drive the harness was put on a very willing animal. He held his head down for the bit and then waited to be told what to do. I stepped away, opened the barn door, adjusted the carriage, and said, "Come on, Beauty." He at once backed out, turned around and walked to the shafts, turned again and backed in. The harness hooked, I started for the house with a careless "Come on," and he was at my elbow when I stopped. On returning it was about the same. The occupants out of the carriage, I went to the barn, with him following, unhooked, and he stepped to his place for the removal of the harness. Docile and safe? Absolutely so, except—

When theory and practice have a conflict and theory is worsted it hurts. It is a good theory to hold that a horse carefully trained and kindly treated will always do as well as he knows and never needs to be struck with a whip. I am convinced that Beauty knew all that any earthly horse could be expected to, was carefully trained and kindly treated, yet there were two conditions under which he took a mean advantage of the consideration shown him and forced the use of the whip.

During the summer he was turned into a grass-plot of about an acre. He had an easy time of it, being driven three to four days in a week, and from two to ten miles at a drive, seldom more, so that he had no reason to dread his work. He was never approached in the field without a dainty bite of something, and nine times out of ten was ready to hold out his head for the halter and his mouth for the food; but that tenth time he was the kind of horse you hear people tell about. When I was half way to him, I knew what

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was coming. With a snort and sending his heels high in the air he began a race, and perhaps an hour would go by in a fruitless endeavor to catch him. There is no occasion for describing the chase. He was a running, kicking, biting, striking, vicious horse until he was through with it, and then he would come and put his nose in the halter as quiet as ever.

Just playing? Of course. I never thought otherwise; but it always occurred when I had to go somewhere in a hurry and couldn't afford the time. For about three months I tried every ingenious device in the line of kindness of which I was capable—oats, corn, wheat, apples, sugar, fifteen or twenty tones of voice in coaxing, etc.—but it amounted to nothing.

One day it was a matter of grave importance that he be caught and harnessed speedily; yet I had scarcely entered the lot when he started for his hour's fun. What should I do? Time was precious. I recalled the story of the man who tamed his horse by throwing stones at him in a corner, and at once took the long buggy-whip to see what I could do along a somewhat similar line. How I hated to strike the beautiful fellow prancing round and round the lot with arching neck, shining eyes and dilated nostrils! It took about a minute to get him into a corner. His habit was to dash out of that corner and over me if I did not get out of the way. When he attempted it now the whip was brought down as hard as possible across his nostrils, and it turned him. Then he began kicking, and it took four or five cuts, each one raising a welt, to stop that. Then I said, "Beauty, come here!" Not minding, I reached in at the side and gave him two severe strokes on the fore legs. This ended it. He turned and came to me, putting out his head as usual.

Did he know better than to act that way? Certainly he did; and as he was long on kindness nothing but the whip would have any effect. He was cured, for although he would sometimes begin his antics, it was only necessary to raise the halter-strap and snap it and he would step up at once to be led away.

The time came when I sold him to a relative. In a few months a letter came, asking me to come and show them what to do with the horse, for they were afraid of him. On arrival I found that the family had fallen in love with him, and that he was treated accordingly, but that he was ungrateful. Beauty made up his mind not to hurry beyond a comfortable little trot which had more motion than speed in it. When urged he gently kicked. He was very considerate about it, not kicking high and careful not to touch anything, but it was trying to the nerves of those in the carriage. The last time he was urged his heels rose clear of everything and came back over the dash-board and within a few inches of their faces. Fortunately his feet returned without catching in the cross-bar, and he continued his easy jog. He did not appear to know that he had done anything beyond giving them fair warning that he would not be pushed.

I heard the story, and requested the lady who usually drove him to go out with me. I was under the impression that the intelligent rascal had learned that they were afraid of him, and he took advantage of it to keep from sweating and musing his sleek coat. The lady and I got into the carriage without his knowledge of our presence, and his driver started him off. Reaching a clear street she urged him and he at once raised his heels a foot or so. I was ready for it, and his feet scarcely touched the ground before I had the reins in hand and he was receiving a shower of severe blows. A more surprised horse never awakened to a sense of his perfidy. My voice was evidently recognized, so when I was through with the business and he was brought to a halt I had a talk with him.

He was cured. His mistress urged him thereafter whenever she wished, and he responded quickly and humbly, for how did he know who might take the lines if he refused to go?

In theory never strike a horse. In practice strike him when you have to, but do it up brown, and be very kind to him afterward.

MILFORD W. FOSHAY.

## AGRICULTURE IN ALASKA

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3]

necessary to use plenty of brush and to pack it as closely as possible, otherwise the dirt will settle to the bottom of the ditch when the brush begins to decay, and the drain will lose its usefulness.

The new land cannot be called a peaty soil, although it is made up largely of decayed moss, and contains a large percentage of rotten and disintegrated wood. Owing to the presence of this imperfectly decayed vegetable matter it is somewhat spongy and porous. It does not pack closely, and holds water so tenaciously that it cannot be worked for several days after a rain. It would at first sight appear to be very rich soil, and so it eventually becomes when it has been cultivated for some years and frequently turned up and exposed to the action of the elements. But in its virgin state it is almost entirely sterile, owing probably to the presence of free acids in large quantity, or to the lack of soluble plant-food; consequently the use of fertilizer in large quantities has to be resorted to in order to obtain results. The fertilizers used are lime, fish-guano, manure and seaweed, with varying combinations of the same.

Seaweed seems to be a most valuable fertilizer for this land. It is a material which can be gathered in almost unlimited quantities anywhere along the shores of the entire coast region. It can either be scattered and plowed under at once or else thrown into piles and hauled onto the land and plowed under in the spring.

The farmer must make special provision for winter feed for his stock by erecting silos. The Alaskan silo is built entirely of logs except the roof, which is of boards. The inside dimensions are usually fifteen by fifteen feet and thirteen feet high. The logs are fitted with much exactness, each log being hollowed on one side to fit the rounding part of the one underneath it. The cracks between the logs are filled with moss. There is a small door in the gable on the end, through which the grass is put in. The floor is simply the gravelly clay encountered in laying the foundation. This is tramped and packed as closely as possible. The silo is filled during the latter part of September or the beginning of October. In filling, the grass is simply thrown in and trampled well. In taking out the silage a small block at a time is cut down with a hay-knife; in this way it is not at all difficult to handle. The silo is filled entirely with the grass which grows in patches along the beach. It appears to be valuable for cattle feed.

Flowers grow luxuriantly, and most all kinds of vegetables are raised very successfully. Truck-farmers do a thriving business. Nearly all table truck is home-grown.

It has been claimed that the cereals—wheat, oats, barley, etc.—could not be successfully cultivated on account of the rigors of the climate; but inasmuch as the government authorities claim that this is not true, and are spending large sums of money to demonstrate that the small grains can be successfully raised, it is only fair to suspend judgment and give them an opportunity to prove their case.

Probably the principal obstacle in the way of the settlement of Alaska at the present time is the fact that not enough land can be entered upon by a homesteader. Until some legislation is effected along this line there cannot be a future for the country in an agricultural sense. At the present time there are five hundred names of Alaska men on the mailing list who receive the literature sent out by the experiment station, but not a single one of these is altogether dependent upon the soil for his subsistence. It is a pretty expensive thing in every way to undertake, for the reason that it is over a thousand miles from the nearest base of supplies. Freight rates are so high as to be almost prohibitive, the rate on hay, for instance, from Seattle to Sitka being one hundred dollars a ton. From present indications the man who would wrest his living from the soil of Alaska must undergo privation and encounter hardships equally as great as he who grasps the gold from the reluctant clutch of her rugged mountains.

## THE BUILDING UP AND MANAGEMENT OF A FLOCK OF ANGORA GOATS

It is assumed that whoever goes into the business of raising Angora goats does so for the production of mohair rather than meat or skins, and so it is to his interest to have a flock that will yield a profit from the beginning. The best flock for this purpose is one composed of thoroughbreds. Such a flock will yield good mohair from the first. Those who enter upon the business of goat-raising, however, must make their operations conform to their capital, the same as in any other business. They will find that desirable does will cost from five dollars to twelve dollars each, and bucks all the way from fifty dollars to one hundred dollars each; so that a large herd of this kind, although preferable, will cost a small fortune, and is beyond consideration by most people who will engage in the industry.

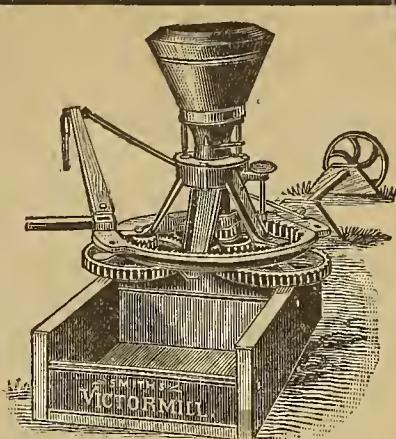
Another plan that may be pursued by one who has limited capital, but time and the patience to wait, is to begin with a few first-class animals and build up a flock from these. The result will be satisfactory, and the only drawback is the length of time required. After all, this may be the wisest plan for most beginners to pursue, as experience, so necessary always to success, will be gained as the flock increases.

It is noted in the historical part of this paper [Farmers' Bulletin No. 137] that the Turks many years ago began the practice of crossing Angora bucks upon Kurd does. They probably had in mind the twofold purpose of producing thereby a hardier goat than the pure Angoras and of increasing the number of goats in order to supply the increased demand of Europe for mohair. Crossing the Angora bucks upon the common goats of the United States has been practised since their introduction, and the results have been very satisfactory in many respects. Many of the large flocks of Texas and New Mexico have had Mexican does for their foundation. Building up a good mohair-producing flock upon this plan requires five or six years. The advantages are that the does with which the beginning is made are cheap, costing from one dollar and a half to two dollars and a half a head. During the first and second crosses there are many twin kids, thus increasing the herd in that proportion—a condition not existing, except to a small extent, among either the pure-bred or thoroughbred Angoras; the size and hardiness of the progeny are increased and the liability to disease decreased.

Care should be exercised in starting a flock by this method to select only such common does as are entirely white; any other color, however slight, is objectionable. If otherwise, the results might be satisfactory, but the probabilities would be the contrary. In handling the crosses the breeder often finds that avatism becomes apparent when it is most objectionable.

It is always quite necessary that the common does should be of the short-haired variety. Long-haired ones will give trouble in persisting to throw out long hairs among the mohair, as this is undesirable.

The buck used upon these does should be the best one can afford. The better the buck, the better the result. There will be many twins among the kids from this first cross, and if proper care is exercised at kidding-time it will not be difficult to increase the flock as much as one hundred per cent. The higher the cross the fewer twins will be dropped. As the fleece upon the first cross is not worth more than the effort to clip it, the males among them should be castrated when about two weeks old and disposed of for meat as soon as old enough. The females among them, being half-blood Angoras, are kept for service with another thoroughbred buck. The result of this second cross is three-quarter blood Angoras. The mohair from them has a marketable value, but is very limited in quantity and usually mostly kemp. It is best to deal with this cross in the same manner as with the first cross. If this method of procedure is followed up to the fifth or sixth cross a flock will result that will produce most excellent mohair.—From Farmers' Bulletin No. 137, United States Department of Agriculture.



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## Notes From Garden and Field

**B**ABY MILK-SEPARATORS.—H. G. T., of Suffolk County, New York, writes me that he keeps three cows, and separates the milk with a small separator. If he had but one cow, he says, he would not do without the separator, and cannot see the reason why I should ever regret getting such a machine for two cows. I believe he is nearly right. The modern separator makes things even in the smallest home dairy exceedingly simple and comfortable. With one cow, however, we must consider that a large share of the milk during the greater part of the year is used in the family as milk, and it is simply a question which each individual must decide for himself whether it is necessary or will pay to buy a separator for the surplus milk in a one-cow dairy.

**PIE-PUMPKINS, MELONS, ETC.**—Pumpkin pie will not be so abundant on my table this year as it has been in other years. This is for the very reason that I do not have the pumpkins and cannot get them. But what is the real reason why none of these vine crops amounted to much in 1901? I have seen only very few Hubbard squashes, either in our fields or in our markets, this fall. In other years I had great quantities of them in my sweet-corn patches, and sent them to market by wagon-loads. Pickles have been selling at from twenty-five cents to forty cents a hundred, against ten cents to fifteen cents in other years. My Emerald Gem melons also have done very poorly. Usually I had plenty of these small melons of exquisite quality. What made the plants remain stunted and only give few fruits of smallest size? The trouble did not seem to be in any form of leaf-blight. In fact, I had less of this during this year than in almost any season for a number of years. Must we lay all the blame on the yellow-striped cucumber-beetle? This enemy was most abundant, and almost all plants suffered severely. In my opinion here is the very root of the trouble. Bug-bites had lowered the vitality of the plants to such a degree that they only just managed to live through the dry spells of this summer and could not make much headway. In some spots where the beetles seemed to be less numerous I have had vines as thrifty and prolific, apparently, as I ever had them, and a dozen hills of the new "Strawberry" melon has done remarkably well. The spot where they grew is about as fertile a piece of ground as plenty of good stable manure can make it, and the vines readily outgrew the bug-bites and bore a remarkable crop of fine melons. I believe that this "Strawberry" is one of our best (if not the very best) of all the musk varieties we have at the present day, especially for home use. The flesh is salmon-colored, thick, rich and sweet. I see no reason why this melon should not become popular in our markets, as it adds good size and great yielding qualities to its other good points. And, too, it is a really handsome melon. Watermelon-vines are hardly ever bothered much by beetles when plenty of other vines are in the vicinity. My plants were hardly touched by the striped fellows, and the yield of first-class melons was really great. I enjoyed them greatly during the latter part of summer and early fall. Of course, I have to plant the earlier sorts. I find Harris Early about as good as any, and I had plenty of them. My success with watermelons this year strengthens my opinion that bug-bites were mostly responsible for the failure of squashes, pumpkins, cucumbers, etc.

I had a few vines of pumpkins that happened to spring up as chance seedlings right in my richest spot in the garden. These vines did well enough, and gave me a few good specimens for pies. But they are not of the old-fashioned, common cow-pumpkin variety, which, although coarser and more watery, seems to have the flavor that suits most lovers of "good old pumpkin pie." Sweet-potato pumpkin, pie-pumpkin, etc., are sweet, dry, and may be

as easily grown as common pumpkins, but their flavor resemble squash more than pumpkin. The lesson of this past season to those who strive for success in growing cucumbers, melons, squashes, pumpkins, etc., seems to be that we must take more pains in protecting the plants from beetle visits, and by most liberal applications of good manure put the plants in position to outgrow less serious injury. Most running vines (cucumbers, perhaps, excepted) are more indifferent to moderate drought than many other farm and garden crops; but when beetle-bites, scarcity of plant-food in the soil and scarcity of water all combine against them we cannot expect them to do even reasonably well. If my theory is right, then those people who had succeeded in keeping the beetles away this year by plant-protectors, screen covers or other means should be able to give us a better account of their success in growing vine fruits the past season than the rest of us who let the beetles bite their plants more or less. Let us hear from you. I will add that tobacco-dust this season has not proved a sure protection, although surely lessening beetle attacks and injury. Who has used the mixture of tobacco-dust and bone-meal?

**ASPARAGUS LETTUCE.**—Years ago I tried this variety, claimed to be a good substitute for asparagus. The heavy leaf-stalks stripped of the leaf are cooked in the same way as asparagus stalks are cooked and served. If I had no asparagus, and could not buy it, I might be induced to use a substitute of this kind, or the young shoots of hops or whitelof, etc.; but when I can get the real article I don't want the counterfeit. The Michigan Experiment Station, in Bulletin No. 190, says the following about the asparagus lettuce: "Asparagus is a tall, narrow-leaved sort of no special value." Several seedsmen catalogue it. I have given it another trial this year, and fully indorse the Michigan station's estimate of it."

**AGE OF CHICKENS.**—A reader asks me to describe a good way of telling the age of chickens. In a case of emergency I judge by general appearance without being quite able to give all the particulars. My plan, however, is to let none of my hens get old. In most cases I keep a hen for laying but little over a year, and then replace her with young stock. I like to manage so that I have a new lot of pullets get in laying condition early in October; but often I also retain a number of hens that are one year old. The new pullets sometimes lay well during the fall months, and perhaps during January or even February, and then get broody. The older hens begin to lay anew at this time, keeping up the egg yield right along. Then when it comes to be fall again I have a lot of hens that are over two years old among my hens that were hatched during the spring of last year, and a lot of new pullets. The latter are easily told from the older fowls by the clean appearance of their feet, but it is not so easy to tell the two-year-old hens from the one-year-old, unless you adopt the plan of marking each particular lot or season's crop. My favorite way of marking such lots is to clip the end of one or the other of the toes when the chicks are only a few weeks old. This makes a permanent mark, and you can always find out the age of any particular hen, provided you keep a proper record of the manner in which each lot was marked. My capons are all marked by clipping off the end of one of the inside toes.

T. GREINER.

### EFFECT OF LIME ON DIFFERENT CROPS ON ACID SOILS

In a previous bulletin of this series attention was called to some of the results obtained by H. J. Wheeler, at the Rhode Island station, in experiments with lime on upland well-drained soils which were more or less acid, a soil condition found to be much more prevalent than is generally supposed. In the article referred to the general principles of liming as explained by recent investigations were briefly discussed and the behavior of a number of crops toward lime as determined in the

experiments which had been made up to that time was noted. The experiments have since been continued and extended, and have given further information of practical value regarding the behavior of farm crops under liming on soils of the character described. Nearly two hundred different kinds of plants have now been tested in these experiments. The principal results of the experiments may be briefly summarized as follows:

Plants benefited by liming—Orange quince, Black Tartarian cherry, Early Richmond cherry, Burbank Japan plum, American linden, American elm, rhubarb, Australian salt-bush, hemp, asparagus, red raspberry (Cuthbert), red and white currants, barley, oats, spring wheat, mangel-wurzels, chicory, onions, English turnips, sweet-peas, balsams and poppy.

Plants not benefited by liming—Norway spruce, cranberry, cow-pea and flax.

Plants giving inconclusive results with liming—Concord grapes, blackberry, raspberry (Ohio Blackcap), spring rye, serradilla and carrots.

While the soil conditions under which the above experiments were made are believed to be quite wide-spread, they are probably not universal, and therefore the results reported must not be accepted as applying to all conditions, but merely as indicating the crops most likely to be benefited to a profitable extent by liming. The action of the lime will depend very largely upon whether the soil is deficient in lime or is acid, and this can be determined only by chemical tests or by field experiments. The first can best be made by a chemist; the latter can be made very easily by the farmer himself.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 133, United States Department of Agriculture.

## Orchard and Small Fruits

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN

**Seedling Grape-vines.**—C. G. K., Dorrel, Ky. Seedling grape-vines will generally bear when three or four years old. You can take up your seedlings in safety early in the spring and transplant, and if the work is carefully done they should make a good strong growth that season and not be especially hindered as to the time when they will bear fruit.

**Tardy-bearing Apple-trees.**—A. P. H., Edwall, Wash., writes: "I have two healthy-looking apple-trees in my garden about twelve years old that have never borne fruit and have not even blossomed. Can you tell me why? They have the same care as the surrounding trees, some of which are in bearing the second and one the third year, and this in spite of having been eaten down by stock. The trees in question are the largest in the lot and have never been injured. Interested neighbors have advised me to drive a rusty spike into the trunk of the trees, avoiding the heart if possible. The reasons given for this are various, but all agree that the trees need iron. Some say that they may be hide or bark bound, etc. Being somewhat of a 'doubting Thomas' I write asking you if this is so, and if so, what are your scientific reasons for driving the spike in the trees?"

**REPLY:**—It is quite impossible to tell why it is that some trees come into bearing earlier than others. We know this, however, that certain varieties of pears and apples come into bearing early, as Wealthy apple and Clapp pear, and others are very tardy about coming into bearing, as Northern Spy apple and Tyson pear. We know, too, that anything that checks the growth of a tree tends to bring it into bearing. Thus, if a wire label is left tied about the branch of a tree it will fruit much younger than the rest of the tree. We also know that a saw-cut made around a tree will bring into bearing many varieties that would not otherwise fruit for a long time, and that by this means one branch may be made to bear before the rest of the tree. In your case I think I would try the latter method. This should be done early in June, and the saw-cut should go completely around the tree spirally, but not so that the ends should come together and make a girdle. It should just scratch the wood, cutting clear through the bark. The recommendation in your question, to drive a spike in the tree, might possibly produce the same results as would be produced by girdling with a saw, but the chances are that it would not produce nearly as good results. I do not think that the trees need iron, for if they did the foliage would be of a light-green color and they would not be healthy, which I take it is not the case with your trees, as they are prob-

ably growing fast. If anything had injured them the chances are they would have fruited some time ago. The probabilities are that if this tree had been eaten down by stock, the same as your other trees were that are in bearing, that it, too, would be in bearing.

**Pear Culture—Pecans—Walnuts—Apple Stock.**—R. W. H., Robious, Va., writes: "What do you think of the article, 'Commercial Pear Culture,' by M. B. Waite, in the Year-Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1900? Is it good to follow? What do you think of the vase form of training pears? Would you advise its use? What variety of pear stock would you advise to grow—standard, Oriental or dwarf? What is the best method of saving pear-seed, and when should they be planted?—What kind of soil is best for pecans? Will wet, sticky soil do? How many years does it take pecans to bear from the time they are set out? What is the best variety to plant?—What is the best time of the year to plant black walnut and pecan nuts for seedlings? How should the nuts be kept for planting, and how should they be planted?—What variety of apple-seed should I plant for stocks? Would Wine Saps do? How should the seed be kept, and when and how should it be planted?"

**REPLY:**—The article on commercial pear culture in the Year-Book of the Department of Agriculture for 1900 is most excellent, and every pear-grower should look it over carefully. It can be obtained through the Department of Agriculture, but probably you had best write to your representative in Congress for it. It is published separate from the book by the Department of Agriculture, and I think can be obtained by all who apply. I think the vase form of training pears is all right, but think it will have to be modified very much according to the peculiarities of the different trees and to the climatic conditions. I do not think it well adapted for use in the hot climate of California and the Western states. In the Eastern states I think it will give excellent results. I do not feel, however, the enthusiasm for this form of training that the author of the article referred to does. I think for the Eastern states that the standard pears will be the most profitable except possibly in the case of Duchess and a few other varieties which seem to do best when grown as dwarfs. A few years ago there was a tendency on the part of nurserymen to use the Oriental in place of the French pear stocks, but I think at present the tendency is the other way, and the feeling is that better results will follow the use of the French stocks. Most of the pear seedlings that are planted in this country are grown in France, where the conditions seem to be better adapted for growing them than here. They have never been very successfully grown in this country. The best method of saving pear-seed is the same as that generally adopted for apple-seed—that is, to gather the pears when ripe, grind them and make the juice into pear cider; take the cheese, and by washing it in water separate the seeds from it. This can be done quite easily if the cheese is broken up in a vessel having a small stream of water running into it. The pulp, which is considerably lighter than the seed, will be carried over in the water and the clear seed left in the bottom of the vessel.—The best soil for pecans is that which is rich, deep, porous and well drained. Wet, sticky soil will not produce good pecans. The pecan generally bears in about ten years from seed, but this varies in different sections. The best variety of pecans to plant is, in my opinion, the seedlings grown from thin-shelled nuts. There are, however, a number of varieties offered by nurserymen, but as yet there have been but very few of them planted. By writing to Prof. T. V. Munson, of Denison, Texas, I think you will get good information as to the best varieties which have been propagated in Texas.—The best time to plant black walnut and pecans is probably in the spring; they may, however, be planted out in the autumn, but under ordinary conditions there is so much danger from mice and squirrels that it is better to have them where they can be protected. I think the best way of wintering them is to mix them with coarse sand and cover them with perhaps six inches of earth and leave them outdoors in a convenient place over winter. Where you have only a few nuts a good plan is to mix them with sand in a box and bury in soil outdoors. In planting they should be set about eight inches apart in rows four feet apart, planting the nuts an inch below the surface of the ground.—The apple-seed generally planted in this country is what is known as French crab seed, and is imported in large quantities for this purpose. I am inclined to think, however, that seed from our apples would be much better. The seed from Wine Sap I should regard as being very desirable for this purpose. The seed is separated the same as pear-seed, and when planted sown in rows two feet apart, covering the seed about half an inch deep. The seed should preferably be wintered over, mixed with sand and buried outdoors. In the spring of the year bring the seed in the soil into the house about three weeks before you are ready to plant it. Allow the seed to remain in the house until it germinates slightly and then sow at once, covering about half an inch deep. Treated in this way it comes up very quickly.







## VETERINARY

CONDUCTED BY DR. H. J. DETMERS

To regular subscribers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Veterinary queries should be sent directly to DR. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered.

## THE TREATMENT OF SPAVIN, RING-BONE AND NAVICULAR DISEASE

In the FARM AND FIRESIDE of December 1, 1900 (Vol. XXIV, No. 5), I published an article on spavin, ring-bone and navicular disease, and, having delineated the most reliable and easiest-applied methods of treatment a year before, dwelt principally on the nature, the seat, the causes, the diagnosis or most characteristic symptoms of diagnostic value, and the prognosis of these diseases. As it is only eleven months since said article was published, and as it must be supposed that most of the subscribers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE interested in the diseases and ailments of live stock will have preserved that number, I will in the present article restrict myself to a description of the simplest and most successful methods of treatment, and will not describe any of the more or less difficult surgical operations, which not only require a veterinarian to perform them, but also are of questionable value, and have failed, most of them at least, to be followed by the desired results because evidently based upon erroneous theories.

The exostosis, elevations or hard swellings in spavin and ring-bone—in navicular disease the same may likewise be present, but cannot be seen because being smaller and covered by other tissues besides the skin—cannot be removed without great damage to the animal, and therefore must be considered as permanent. All that can reasonably be expected of any treatment is to remove the lameness. But even this is not always possible in cases of spavin and ring-bone, and only very seldom in cases of navicular disease. Possibly with the exception of very rare cases—most likely only such in which the diagnosis of spavin, ring-bone or navicular disease was an erroneous one—the lameness can, and will, be removed only if the diseased articular facets, or surfaces, of the affected bones are kept at perfect rest, so that all motion and friction between them ceases. As this can be done only by an immovable, or stiff, union, ankylosis, between the opposing diseased articular facets, or surfaces, of the affected bones the lameness cannot be removed in all such cases in which an ankylosis for one cause or another cannot be effected or cannot grow firm enough to withstand weight and concussion. Consequently, the lameness cannot be removed: (1) If the morbid process extends to the articular facets of a joint that cannot be spared, he made stiff or he ankylosed without crippling the horse, or in which the motion is too extensive or too frequent to permit any ankylosis. Therefore, the lameness of spavin cannot be removed if the morbid process, so far as the cartilage-coated articular facets are concerned, is not limited to the two lower, or semi-movable, joints of the hock, but extends also to one or both of the upper ones, in which nearly all the flexion and extension of the hock is taking place, and which for that reason cannot be spared. For the same reason the lameness of ring-bone can be removed only if the morbid process is limited to the so-called coronet-joint, or joint between the lower end of the first phalanx, or pastern-bone, and the upper end of the second phalanx, or coronet-bone, because neither the upper, or pastern-joint, nor the lower, or hoof-joint, can be spared or be ankylosed without making the horse a worthless cripple. Concerning navicular disease any attempt to produce ankylosis in the navicular joint is out of the question, and even if it should be done nothing would be gained because it would cripple the horse and make the same worthless. (2) The lameness cannot, at least not permanently, be removed if the affected joints are naturally too weak or too defective in their formation to be able to sustain the weight and concussion thrown upon them by the work or exercise the animal is required to perform, for in such a case, even if an ankylosis should be effected, which will hardly ever be the case, the union between the diseased bones will seldom be firm and strong enough to be lasting. This also explains why it is so very difficult, and often impossible, to remove the lameness of spavin or ring-bone of a horse that contracted the disease and became lame while yet very young or before having done any work to amount to anything, because on examination it will be found that the diseased joints are either very weak or very defective, and in consequence very much predisposed. (See the FARM AND FIRESIDE of December 1, 1900.) (3) The lameness cannot be removed and any treatment will be in vain unless the lame horse can have perfect rest in a stall with a level floor for at least eight weeks, because without perfect rest

to the diseased joint ankylosis cannot be effected. This is the reason why it is as a rule useless to attempt a treatment of spavin or ring-bone during the fly season, and also why it is so difficult if the lame horse is naturally very nervous, irritable, restless, wild or vicious. (4) A treatment of spavin or ring-bone is seldom successful if already one or more futile attempts to produce ankylosis have been made before. (5) If it is indicated by the position of the lame leg that weight and concussion are not uniformly distributed over the whole of the diseased joint; for instance, if a spavined horse is bowlegged in the lame leg, whereby too much weight and concussion will be thrown upon the median part of the diseased joint or upon just that part of the joint in which spavin has its principal seat, it is advisable to correct such a defective position as much as possible by a judicious shoeing or paring of the hoof before the treatment is begun.

From the above will be seen that a treatment of spavin and ring-bone can be expected to produce the desired effect of permanently removing the lameness only if the prognosis (see the FARM AND FIRESIDE of December 1, 1900) is sufficiently favorable. As the sole object of the treatment is, and must be, to immovably unite, or ankylose, the diseased bones, means must be employed by which a limited degree of inflammation sufficient to throw out exudates will be produced in the ligaments and the periosteum of the diseased bones; and as the exudates do not at once become solid, and the desired union between the diseased bones is only gradually formed and requires even under favorable conditions at least eight weeks to become firm and solid, strict rest for that length of time must be given to the patient by keeping the same tied in a single stall with a level floor. A so-called loose box or a double stall permits too much exercise and will not answer. Food and water must be carried to the animal into the stall. Whether the necessary degree of inflammation is produced by applications of sharp ointments or by firing with a red-hot iron is immaterial; but it is very important that the inflammation is severe enough to cause sufficient exudation, but not so severe as to cause any destruction. Both methods—repeated applications of sharp ointments, and the older one, firing—have their peculiar advantages and disadvantages. If the first-named method is employed, and an ointment composed of biniodide-of-mercury and hogs' lard in a proportion of one part of the former to ten or twelve parts of the latter is chosen, and any ointment containing any ingredients destructive to skin-tissue is avoided, there will be no danger of producing ugly scars and the degree of inflammation can be nicely controlled, but perhaps a dozen applications may be necessary and the time required to produce a firm union may be somewhat lengthened. If, on the other hand, firing is chosen, one application will suffice; but unless good judgment is used in doing it, and the person who does it has a steady hand, there will be danger of producing permanent and more or less ugly scars. Besides this, if the firing is overdone, is performed in a bungling manner or made too severe, there is no remedy to undo the damage. Still if it is done judiciously, with a steady hand and in a proper manner, it will not produce or leave behind any ugly or conspicuous scars; and, according to my experience, it has not only proved to be more effective than sharp ointments, but has also produced the desired ankylosis in a shorter time. The efficiency, however, depends to a considerable extent upon the manner in which it is done and the judgment exercised in doing it. There are several methods, some of them antiquated and others modern, but to describe them all would lead too far and is not necessary. I will, therefore, only describe my own, which I prefer because it is very simple, requires no expensive apparatus and but very little time, is easily applied and has given, at least in my hands, the very best results, but demands a steady hand.

I use and prefer for firing a heavy pear-shaped iron, heavy enough to retain the required degree of heat until the whole operation is finished. This pear-shaped iron should have a tapering point presenting an angle of about thirty to thirty-five degrees, have attached (welded) to its thick end an iron rod about twenty-eight or thirty inches long, one half to three fourths of an inch wide and one fourth of an inch thick to serve as a handle, long enough to enable me to keep at a safe distance and thin enough to permit me to bend it in such a way as to put the pear-shaped and heated part into any suitable and convenient angle to the handle I may desire. At the free end of the iron rod I have a wooden handle. I prefer to have the firing-iron heavy for two reasons: First, if it is heavy it can be kept more steady than if light; and second, a heavy iron will retain sufficient heat until the whole operation is finished, while a light one may require two, three, four or even five heatings. Consequently, with a heavy iron the operation can be finished in less than one tenth of the time needed with a light iron; and, indeed, with a heavy iron the whole operation may be finished before the horse finds out what is going on, which, as will be easily seen, is of a great advantage. With my heavy iron heated at red heat I burn, according to the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 22]

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## THE GRANGE

Conducted by Mrs. Mary E. Lee, New  
Plymouth, Ohio

*Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged.*—Dr. Manasseh Cutler.

### CURRENT COMMENT

**On to Maine** The next National Grange promises to be the largest in point of numbers and enthusiasm that has been held for many years. During the long, hot summer months the state grange has been active, going from county to county wherever a sufficient number of sixth-degree candidates could be found upon which to confer the degree. Mrs. Olivia J. C. Woodman, of Michigan, has crossed and recrossed the state, aiding in every way possible the splendid work of the state grange. Thousands of new members have been added to the order. There is not a township in the state of Maine, it is reported, but has a grange. With all this energy rightly placed and harnessed for work, is it any wonder Maine farmers have exerted so great an influence upon legislation in that state?

**Do and Be Something** There is no neighborhood, however remote from social or trade centers, but has a work for each to do. It needs only the inquiring mind and determined will to find the labor and perform it. Trumpets will not blare it to the world to-day. But do the work that comes to hand nobly, bravely, conscientiously, and to-morrow the world will ring with plaudits. The story is repeated day after day and century after century. Some man or woman sees the needs of his own immediate community, and goes bravely to work to supply them. The work is slow at first, perhaps years of self-sacrifice, with no tangible results that will satisfy the laborer. But as the years roll on, each bringing its opportunities, they are used, and the worker realizes at last the fruition of his fondest hopes and dreams. History resounds with the praise of these heroes. They are the ones who have made the world a nobler, sweeter place in which to live. They have yielded the inspiration that finds utterance in colleges and churches, in art halls, in free instruction, in richly endowed and equipped institutions, in hospitals and homes for the world's unfortunates, and in that helpful, noble spirit that animates "God's cheerful, fallible men and women."

I visited my alma mater a few days ago, the first time in seven years. And as I noted the splendid opportunities the students of to-day have over those of earlier days, and saw the fine buildings with their rich equipments for thorough work, my mind reverted to that time, fifteen years ago, when all was dark and gloomy. Then there was but sixty-four students. Library and laboratories were meagerly furnished. The college, a state institution and the first founded west of the Alleghany Mountains, was engaged in costly litigation over the disposal of university lands. Much of the state appropriations was consumed in court and lawyers' fees. It was even unsafe for the president to go into some of the outlying communities. At this critical period Dr. Charles W. Super, one of the faculty of the university, was called to the president's chair. No outlook could have been darker. To a scholarly mind that delighted in research and meditation the field could offer no inducement. But Doctor Super knew the value of the college to the state, and had faith in its ultimate success. He brought to his new duties those qualities that had made him conspicuous as a scholar, diligence, steadfastness of purpose and a determined will that thrived on opposition. Out of chaos he wrought order. The attendance gradually increased until to-day over four hundred students are enrolled. The faculty is augmented; the library has grown marvelously; the laboratories are richly equipped. He went before the legislative committee having appropriations in charge and gained their consideration. Not only

this, but he gave time and money to the institution he loved so well. Needy but meritorious students he assisted, many times loaning money without interest, while he himself paid interest. He and his noble wife made sacrifices that few can realize. His children were educated, and to-day are honorable and honored useful citizens—one a rising electrician, the other, after spending five years in the best universities of France and Germany and receiving a degree from Grenoble, returned to his native land to engage in teaching. Many students who are winning victories in the world's battles count it a privilege to come back to the college halls and grasp the hand of their benefactor, and with choking voice tell him as well as words can their gratitude and their affection. "It was an education to come under his influence," say they. And now that the beloved institution is commanding success he resigns the cares of administration to younger shoulders and pursues the studies which he so dearly loves.

One incident illustrative of his attention to details is apposite. He was leaving his office one night in company with the president of a college. As was his custom, he went to each building to see that the furnaces were properly cared for for the night. The guest remonstrated. "I never bother about such things," he said. "You will get used to it after awhile. Why, I have lost four buildings, and lost no sleep over them, either."

"I am afraid of fire," replied Doctor Super, quietly. "I never leave the grounds till I assure myself by personal inspection that everything is safe. I never lost a building."

Comment is unnecessary.

Is there not a lesson in this life for each of us? Can we not find in our own community work that will yield a rich recompense in satisfaction of duty done? Is the outlook gloomy? Brighten it with personal sacrifice. You will reap no reward? Lose that selfishness that must needs feed on the plaudits of the world. Do the little things that come to hand as if they were big things. To you will then come what else never would or could—the ability and opportunity to do great deeds, together with the comforting assurance, "Well done, good and faithful servant." He who slights the drudgery and petty details of every-day life will never quaff the rich wine of success. He who cannot find burdens to lighten and dark places to brighten in his own community will be equally blind in other localities; while he who knows the joy and beauty of personal sacrifice and endeavor in his own locality will find other communities reaching out to him for courage and inspiration.

I think I hear some one exclaim, "I believe this, but what can I do in my community?" Are your schools sending out capable men and women with strong moral convictions? Is your school-board composed of men and women zealous of the best interests of your community, or of ignorant or unscrupulous persons who would convert the prestige gained to their own uses? Are your teachers such as will have a healthy, moral influence on the children? If not, then you have a rich field in which to labor. Do ambitious youths without means forego the advantages of high-school training? If so, do you not know that every state in the union offers facilities of self-help to these struggling ones? Have you not a work to do in making these openings available? Is there a library in your town? Have you a traveling library? Have you not heard some one express a desire for good reading matter and a wish that a library was established? Why have you not made an effort to secure one? Few communities are there but what the majority are anxious for the refining influences of modern civilization. Many deny themselves the advantages because they know not how to attain them.

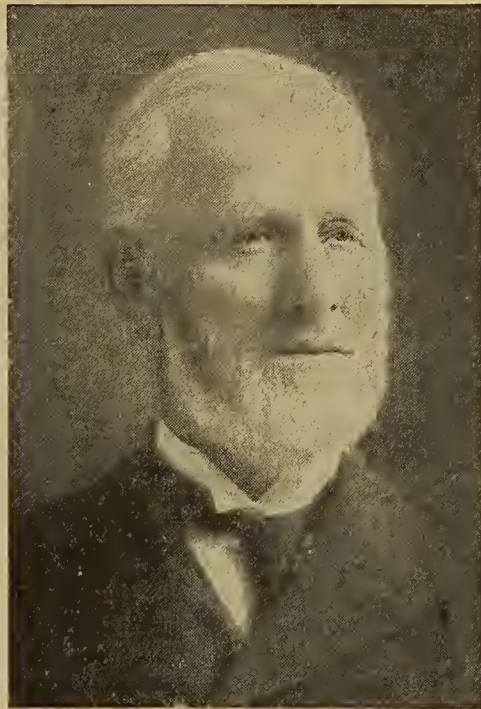
It does not pay to condemn your place and say no work can be done there. It needs only the perceptive eye and willing mind to find as great an opportunity as the world offers. Do not dream of purifying Chicago's Nineteenth Ward, or the slums of New York, or the dark places of Paterson, N. J., until every family in your neighborhood

has the opportunity of coming in contact with cultured teachers and books that have helped the world.

### DR. J. W. DEARBORN

"I dreamed and thought that life was beauty. I woke and found that life was duty. Was that dream a shadowy lie?"

Doctor Dearborn would answer that question with an emphatic negative. Naturally of a kind, benevolent and affable disposition, his contact with the world has accentuated these qual-



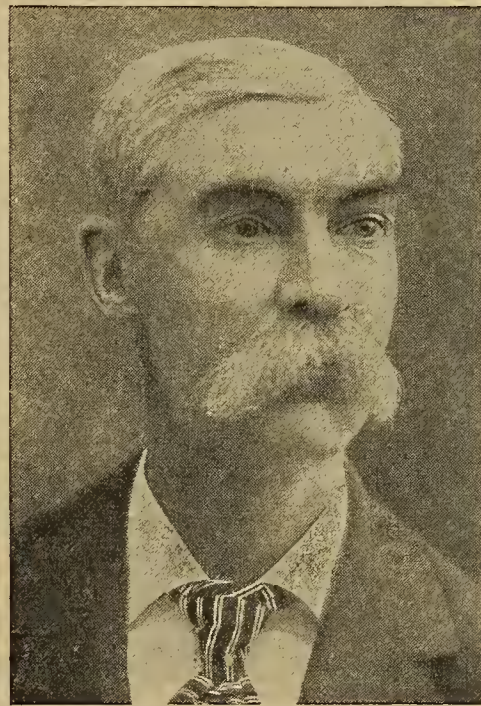
DR. J. W. DEARBORN

ities. He looks beyond the deeds and words of men and sees the struggle each makes, sees and sympathizes and helps.

Doctor Dearborn is a prominent Patron, always helpful and resourceful. His untiring energy, his enthusiasm, his hope for what is best in humanity, coupled with good judgment and a clear insight into the well-springs of human action, make him a valued member of the order. Doctor Dearborn and his estimable wife will contribute largely to the enjoyment and success of the National Grange. Doctor Dearborn ably represented his district in the Maine legislature last year.

### E. H. LIBBY

We are glad to be able to present our readers with the portraits of several prominent Patrons of Maine who will help to make the National Grange ses-



E. H. LIBBY

sions held in that state not only the largest and most enthusiastic, but productive of the most lasting good of any session ever held.

E. H. Libby has been secretary of the state grange for several years. In a state where there are so many cultured and able members of the order this is of itself a tribute to his untiring industry, his business ability and his unswerving devotion to the cause. Patrons who personally know Secretary Libby speak in the highest terms of his services to the grange and to the state. Mr. Libby emphasizes the need of personal endeavor in grange work. His success and the success of his co-workers are testimonials of their labors.

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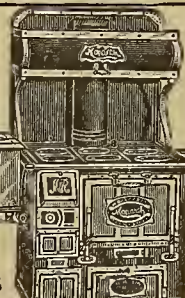
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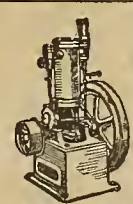


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O. E. Thompson & Sons, Ypsilanti, Mich.



## Our Girls and Domestic Science

BY ELLA HOUGHTON

**N**OW THAT it has become so magnificently popular to be a well-versed woman in domestic science, in all that it implies, I am daily wondering if it may not in time become fully as popular to be a bread-winner in the household as behind some counter or counting-desk, where wages are proverbially small, work exacting and expenses so heavy that when a girl has paid her weekly bills she has little left.

Whatever is termed "popular" is so sure to find hosts of followers that I have hoped it might become popular to be known as an independent domestic bread-winner. Time will tell, to be sure, but I feel that I already see at least a slight tendency to draw the line less rigidly between the shop-girl and the kitchen-girl, both of whom are honorable in the sight of God and man in that they are doing (if they are) with all their might what their hands find to do that will return them a living and something to spare.

I believe there is also a less tendency on the part of mistresses of homes to look upon their domestic service with a sort of scorn and air of so great a superiority. With the breaking down of this one great barrier between mistress and maid a long step will have been taken toward general betterment in many ways. When the girls who are intending to go out to service shall have come to understand the necessity of fitting themselves to do their work acceptably and beautifully, and never in that spirit or mood that indicates an inclination to simply "kill time," we shall know the pleasure of well-ordered homes to a greater extent than has been the usual case where help is constantly kept. I believe that with few exceptions such girls will meet kind consideration at the hands of those who employ them.

The brightest and best among the girls who "work out" are studying carefully and conscientiously such things as hygiene and health, household economics and the sciences of housekeeping. Moreover, they are making an applied science of their knowledge. Every day they go forward in such work they gain the daily appreciation of a gracious mistress. When a mistress proves to be ungracious or unappreciative it is known to all that the world is wide and that skilled labor is always in demand. There is no need for a day of idleness if the inclination is to be busy and make an income.

I asked the proprietor of a very large department store in a Western city what he paid his lady clerks.

He replied, "It depends upon the skill, experience and appearance somewhat of the employed."

"But all must have opportunity to gain experience," I said, "before they can have it to offer when applying for position. What about a girl that is fine-appearing, wholesomely good and reliable, above reproach morally, without experience behind the counter, and yet in need of work? If you have room for her, what wages might she expect?"

He answered, "From six to eight dollars a week is the best I could offer under such circumstances."

I at once fell to figuring out the possibilities and the probabilities of the work and career of the girl who, fitted to be a good housekeeper, should choose to clerk rather than enter some one's home, where she might become the housekeeper herself, and in a small family. If she were willing and able to take up the work for a large family in the city she might command four dollars a week. If able to do only the work of a small family she would command from two to three dollars a week, many privileges, and become very much as one of the family, living well, being well and considerately treated, and her comforts looked to.

Pitting the two dollars a week against six dollars a week in the store it is

easy to see wherein the girl in the kitchen would be the better provided for in every instance. For some time it has been possible to secure meals for fifteen cents in dozens and hundreds of places in the cities. This means three dollars a week for board. Food-stuffs have gone forward in price, and it is doubtful that fifteen-cent meals can much longer be had. A girl whose home is not in the city, and who must pay her board, cannot work for six dollars a week. Her room, and a very small one at that, will cost her from one dollar and a half to two dollars a week. Shoe-leather will wear out, and it wears fast on city pavements and store floors. The girl behind the counter must dress well, and her laundry-bills are an item. When Saturday night has come her money is gone, she is tired and worn and blue and discouraged, and the pity and dreadfulness of it all is that unless home influences of the very best are about her she becomes so discouraged in time that she either forgets to be honest and pure or she drifts into a despond that ends fatally.

Our healthy, happy girl of the kitchen has all this time fared well in foods and without the thought or care of the expense of it. Her room and bed have cost her not one penny, and when Saturday night comes she has the two or three dollars to her credit, and soon in her purse. With many more of them safely put away she is independently gaining her way and never wondering where-with she shall be clothed. Her garments wear her just twice as long at housework as they would behind the counter, for she can, and does, wear them at her work, even when they have grown somewhat shabby. She washes and irons them at her mistress' expense. She does not have a laundry-bill to pay.

Thus it can be figured out entirely to the end. Educated, skilled and faithfully performed labor brings a corresponding finance return. But many a girl who must become a bread-winner has not had the advantages of education and training. There is seemingly open to her but the one avenue. How really seldom does a girl so situated make up her mind to be a first-class housekeeper and a first-class cook, and thus be able to command the good wages that the first-class is able to command? Many farmwives are looking for just such girls. Many families of rural people are wealthy and finely situated, and the

well as themselves, and that they are as apt to have ambitions in life as other people. They give them opportunities for self-betterment through the medium of good literature and time to make use of it, and they not infrequently are found talking with, directing and assisting their hired helpers in ways more numerous than it would be possible to mention just now.

Yet the cry goes out and out for more girls, girls that are efficient housekeepers and good cooks. Mothers who are farmwives themselves, and who have girls that must be wage-earners, are doing those girls a wrong when they let them go into the cities to either clerk or "work out." Were they taught at home or sent to schools of domestic science, where in a term or two they could be taught valuable

things, and then sent out to earn their livings in quiet and safe homes, we should hear less of the great complaint that continually goes up over girls being lost and ruined in the cities. If, when a girl has attained to years of ripe judgment and understanding, she then wishes to try her wings mid city sights and sounds it is very well for her to have a trial. But such girls will drift back to the farm, either to work for others or to take charge of a home of their own, for desirable girls are sure

to be known and to be sought. As said, it is now the popular thing to be well versed in household economics. Housewives throughout the land are taking an interest in these things as never before. Good housekeeping institutes are annually in session these days, and teachers are engaged who devote their entire time to the work and to imparting the knowledge of such work to large classes of girls who are going to be housekeepers, and women who are already housekeepers, but who are eager for that knowledge of chemistry and of physics that will make them better housekeepers, providers of more palatable and healthful foods and the supporters thereby of a wiser and better physically constituted class of men and women and of boys and girls. Let us encourage this ambition.

In the future days we are going to have less of sickness, aches and pains, for we are going to first know how to live so wisely and well that we shall support Nature in her efforts to keep us well, and then we are going to put into practical use such knowledge as we have gained at our schools.

These are coming to us in many forms. Practically, if we will, we may sit at home and study the problems of proper foods and right preparation, sanitation and hygiene. And veritable schools and institutes are going to become so common a thing for such learning that nearly all will find it possible to take lessons by actual demonstration and word-teaching.

We are waking up! And great has been the need of the awakening. There is a great future before us wives and housewives and as mothers and mistresses and maids.

### A WHEEL SHAWL

This is made of Shetland floss in any desired color, and is so complete in design as to make directions unnecessary. B. K.

### A DISH-DRAINER

The end boards of this dish-drainer are twenty-four by twelve inches and one and one fourth inches thick. The tops are rounded, and a slit is cut in each near the top by which to lift the drainer. The bottom is of one-and-one-half-inch board, twenty-four by twelve inches, with grooves across it, which open into a larger groove along one side. This larger groove is open at one end, so that the water from the dishes will run out easily. The front and

back of the drainer are of three-fourths-inch rods fastened securely to the end pieces, and another row of rods is in the middle, but extends only half way to the top.

If this drainer is set on a shelf at the end of the sink, so that the open groove extends a little over it, the water will drain into it; then the dishes may be left in it to dry without wiping, and nearly half the work of washing them will be saved. The dishes may be rinsed by setting the drainer in the sink after they are all in, and pouring water over them; but I like better to have a panful of hot water, dip each dish into it as soon as washed and then stand on edge in the drainer. When all are in the drainer set it away in the pantry and leave the dishes in it until time for the next meal.

There are many little contrivances of this kind which may be made at home and be great savers of time and labor. If any one needs labor-saving implements it is the housekeeper who has a thousand and one things to do and only one pair of hands with which to do them. MAIDA McL.

### HANDY BOXES

A rack of boxes for hats and shirt-waists is found to be very convenient in one's bedroom. First procure three boxes of equal size, cover them with cretonne, and then have the rack made to fit them. This can be of plain material, then painted black and varnished. It occupies a small space, and can be very useful. B. K.

### BABY-CAGES

The subject of "caging" the baby seems to have become a perfect fad with mothers who must assume sole charge of their little ones while attending to the greater part of their household duties. Not that the babies are allowed to rebel at the caging process, for these little pens may be made attractive little play-rooms when planned by a thoughtful mother.

Large boxes well padded, and roomy wicker baskets that will accommodate a number of toys and give baby room to move around, have been recommended, but they have their disadvantages. The slatted pens that can be folded up and set out of the way when not in use are perhaps the most convenient in every way, and one of the most accommodating "make-shifts" is a couch fitted with boards nearly to the floor at the back, so that baby cannot creep under.

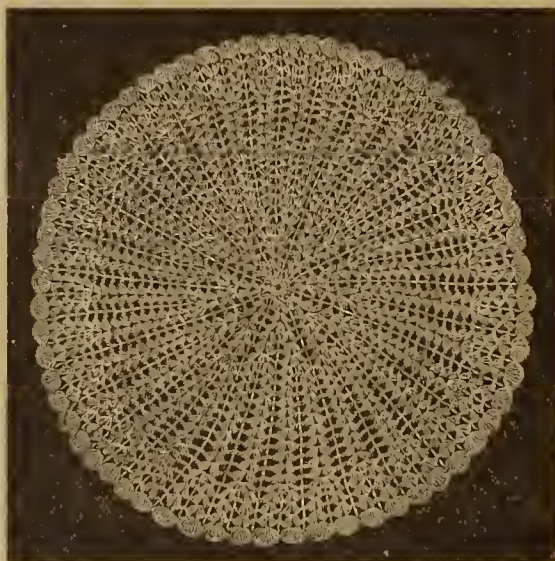
A mother who has tried both of these recently told of their use in keeping her little one contented and happy while allowing her time for other duties.

"I had a little folding, slatted pen made," she says, "that was five feet long, three feet wide and not quite as high as baby's head. On the bottom of this I put a folded comfortable and some small pillows, then put in baby and her playthings. The pen was carried into whatever room in which I was working, and as baby could see mama all the time she was contented, and was safe if I was obliged to leave the room a moment.

"For a change (for baby likes variety as well as 'grown-ups') I made a little house by putting the couch across a corner of the sitting-room and putting some heavy rugs on the floor. I then tacked some bright pictures of animals, baby-faces, etc., on the back of the couch, and when baby had had a nap and been fed I would put her over there with some playthings, while I would sit on the couch and sew. In this way I could do considerable work without baby fretting, and wanting to be taken care of all the time."

This slatted pen or couch arrangement is much more satisfactory than the old plan of padding and carpeting a roomy chest or box for babies, as it is easy to look through the slats and over the couch and does not give an appearance of confinement to the attractive little play-room.

P. W. HUMPHREYS.



wife and housewife has found it possible in her later years to keep help and to take life easier herself than she has been doing in younger and less prosperous days. Many of them would pay good wages to competent housekeepers. Such girls would find excellent homes and such advantages as the city will never afford them. Women who co-operatively (with their husbands) own these rural homes are in the main broad-minded, true-hearted women. They have found a something more noble in life and more worthy their aspirations than to simply "keep up" and "outshine." They recognize the truth that a servant-girl is human as



## THE PHILOSOPHIC MIND

The more we know the more we serious grow;  
All levity is mark of childish minds,  
Or else of frivolous souls whom no truth  
blinds,  
Who drift with changing tides that come and  
go.

Deep, earnest hearts belong to those who  
know;  
And he who thinks, no cause for laughter  
finds,  
But sees the world with eyes which weep-  
ing blinds  
And in all mirth discovers seeds of woe.

Sweet wisdom never speaks in jesting tone,  
And they who into life's dark mystery  
Have looked the deepest are the first to own  
How close it touches on infinity.  
The soul stands face to face with God alone,  
Where stretches forth twofold eternity.

## WITH THE ILLUSTRATORS

COMMERCIAL illustrating is not considered a high form of art, but one who has been behind the scenes, who has watched the artist at his work and has gained some slight conception of the labor involved will ever after turn through the advertising pages of a periodical with a feeling akin to reverence.

That a vast amount of mechanical and inartistic work is daily thrust upon the public in the form of advertising none can deny. That conscience and artistic feeling are sometimes put into even this humble branch of illustrating a careful study of any of our better publications will prove.

Said a leading illustrator of our day when I visited his studio, "The public taste has improved greatly during the past ten years, and advertising involves a much higher form of art than it once did." The truth of which statement can be verified by observations. I expressed admiration for a dainty bit of work, and the artist laughed. "I wish," said he, "that business firms were as warm in their praises. It is the bane of our lives that they do not in many instances understand nor care for artistic composition, whereas our consciences—to say nothing of our reputations—do not permit us to send out work that is merely mechanical. Sometimes a house will refuse something good and accept something mediocre or worse."

Turning through a book of reproductions of his own drawings the artist continued, "This advertisement of musical instruments cost me careful study and the services of one of the finest models the city affords, yet only the few see the vast difference between such work as this and careless, badly drawn pictures."

"Do you use models for most of your drawings?" I asked.

"Some do, but for myself I prefer to think out my own composition and draw it without models. However, there are first-class illustrators who depend almost entirely upon actual objects to draw from. In either case it is the idea that counts, and when that is clearly defined the particular manner in which it is evolved counts for comparatively little. This is so true that there are men and women to-day who do not possess the least skill as draughtsmen who are paid salaries for their ideas to be expressed by other artists."

"Then I should think that two people might work together to advantage."

"The experiment has been tried, but has not been usually successful, for it is exceedingly difficult for one person to reproduce the exact idea of another. To work out the general idea submitted by a firm is one thing, to work out the minutest detail in the mind of your artist friend is quite another."

"Then do you frequently have suggestions from the advertiser as to what he wants?"

"Yes; but more frequently we must plunge boldly in, make a rough sketch of our own idea and submit it to the advertiser for his approval or disapproval. The first sketch is the size it will appear in print. If it suits we make a drawing on a much larger scale to send in for printing. If colors are used we receive in separate proof for each color and must correct any errors. We must

know what colors and how many to use, what will reproduce well, what sort of drawing is most effective, and many details that do not enter into the making of a picture that is not to be printed."

"I can plainly see that yours is not a case of 'all play and no work.'"

"No, indeed; and perhaps nothing is harder than to follow this particular line of illustrating and keep our artistic consciences clear. It is our business to educate the public taste and prove that a picture may be artistic and at the same time perform a very humble function. I confess that much of our effort along this line falls far short of our ideals, but the field is broad and there is room for conscientious productions."

In my interest the time slipped by, and it was with regret that I turned from the portfolio of commercial drawings and entered into conversation with another artist, an illustrator of stories and designer of magazine covers. Of my instructive hour with him more will be said in a later issue.

BERTHA KNOWLTON.

## PINEAPPLE LACE FOR SKIRT

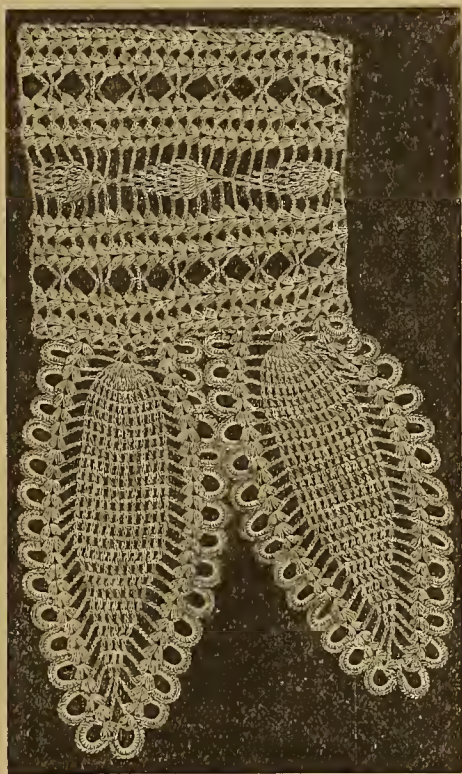
ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch, chain; d, double; st, stitch; s c, single crochet.

Use No. 40 or 50 thread. The heading is made first. Chain 65.

First row—Put a shell of (2 d, ch 3, 2 d) into fourth st, ch 1, shell in fourth st, ch 1, shell in fourth st, ch 6, shell in eighth st, ch 6, shell in eighth st, ch 1, shell in fourth st, ch 7, shell in eighth st, ch 1, shell in fourth st, 1 d into next st of chain, ch 3, turn.

Second row—Shell in shell, ch 1, shell, ch 3, catch the loose ch together by a single over both, ch 3, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 5, put 8 d into next shell (this begins a small pineapple), ch 5, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 3, catch ch together, ch 3, shell, ch 1, shell, 1 d in 3 ch at end, ch 3.

Third row—Shell, ch 1, shell, ch 7, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 4, put 1 d between the doubles of pineapple with 1 ch between each. There will be seven doubles. This will be referred to as "pineapple" after this. There is 1 d



less every time. Ch 4, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 7, shell, ch 1, shell, 1 d into 3 ch, ch 3.

Fourth row—Shell, ch 1, shell, ch 7, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 4, pineapple, ch 4, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 7, shell, ch 1, shell, 1 d at end, ch 3.

Fifth row—Shell, ch 1, shell, ch 3, catch ch together, ch 3, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 5, pineapple, ch 5, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 3, catch ch, ch 3, shell, ch 1, shell, 1 d at end, ch 3.

Sixth row—Shell, ch 1, shell, ch 7, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 5, pineapple, ch 5, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 7, shell, ch 1, shell, 1 d at end, ch 3.

Seventh row—Shell, ch 1, shell, ch 7, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 6, pineapple, ch 6, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 7, shell, ch 1, shell, 1 d at end, ch 3.

Eighth row—Shell, ch 1, shell, ch 3, catch ch together, ch 3, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 6, pineapple, ch 6, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 3, catch ch, ch 3, shell, ch 1, shell, 1 d at end, ch 3.

Ninth row—Shell, ch 1, shell, ch 7, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 7, 1 d in pineapple, ch 7, shell, ch 1, shell, ch 7, shell, ch 1, shell, 1 d at end, ch 3.

Begin again at first row, putting the fifth shell on the last double of the pineapple. Make the heading as long as wished for, then working the pineapple border as follows:

First row—Fasten thread into third hole along edge and put a shell into it, ch 5, shell in third hole from last shell, ch 5, shell in third hole, ch 10, turn.

Second row—Shell, ch 5, put 12 d into hole in center shell, ch 5, shell, ch 10.

Third row—Shell, ch 5, 1 d into each double of center with 1 ch between, ch 5, shell, ch 10. This row is repeated thirteen times.

Seventeenth row—Shell, ch 5, put the doubles between the doubles with 1 ch between, ch 5, shell, ch 10. This row is repeated ten times. Each time the pineapple is decreased by 1 d.

Twenty-eighth row—Shell in first shell, shell in second without anything between. Ch 10, turn and fasten into top of the first of the two shells. Put 18 or 20 s c into every loop. Leave five holes between the pineapples. Join the first three scallops of each pineapple to the first three of its neighbor.

JOYCE CAVENDISH.

## WITH EACH MEAT WHICH VEGETABLE

Two vegetables are enough for a plain dinner, but if the weekly allowance for the table will allow three, or even four, then there is a greater variety, and from this every member of the family is sure to find what he cares for most and what his particular nature seems to demand.

Among the wholesome combinations that come under the "unwritten law" is mutton (boiled or roasted) with rice; chicken with croquettes of either rice or potato; duck with macaroni; baked or mashed potatoes with roast beef; mashed potatoes with fish.

With this vegetable, which, as you see, is of a starchy nature in almost every instance, combine one that is green, tart or succulent.

With roast beef make the second vegetable string-beans, browned parsnips, spinach, cauliflower or Brussels sprouts; when the beef is boiled add cold slaw, celery, sliced tomatoes or a green salad; asparagus-tips, peas and tomatoes are pleasing served with boiled onions, peas, tomatoes; with lamb, peas, mint sauce; roast turkey, peas, boiled onions, tomatoes or asparagus; serve string-beans with boiled ham.

If macaroni is served with roast duck add tomatoes, turnips browned or string-beans.

When only two vegetables are served a salad may be added and will be appreciated.

It is sometimes well to serve some one vegetable as a separate course—spaghetti, asparagus, artichokes, stuffed cabbage and cauliflower are all appetizing when served alone.

If a salad is served for dinner be sure that it is a "green" salad, like lettuce, celery, endive, tomato, chicory or watercress. These with a French dressing will be much more acceptable than any of the salads composed of meat mixtures. The latter are in place for supper or even a luncheon where no meat has been served, or perhaps only a cold meat.

Often fish replaces the regular meat dish at a home dinner. When boiled serve plain potato-balls with parsley sauce, and cucumbers with French dressing; when broiled, French fried potatoes and tomatoes either stuffed or fried; with baked fish, plain boiled potatoes and stewed cucumbers with drawn-butter sauce.

With fried oysters serve cold slaw and tomatoes either plain, boiled or as a salad. Fish croquettes, sauce Hollandaise and plain boiled potatoes either in balls or with the jackets on.

A jelly will often add much to a meat course, and may sometimes be used in place of a third vegetable. With mutton or venison use currant jelly; cranberry with turkey or chicken. Wild duck is improved by serving sour grape jelly with it. With pork and goose serve apple sauce, and with boiled chicken grape jelly.—Table Talk.



## THE MOTHERS' COLUMN

Short articles on child-training will appear in this column from time to time, and attention will be given only to articles containing the very best ideas.

THE EDITOR.

## DOMINANT CHILDREN

Whether children are different from the time when I was a child and was taught daily, that children were to "be seen, but not heard," or when I reared my own and taught them that when mama had company they must not disturb in any way or speak unless they were spoken to, I cannot say; but the fact remains that wherever I go where there are small children I am constantly surprised that they are allowed to be so prominent. Trying to keep up a continuous conversation of any kind with the hostess is an impossibility, as she neither hears what you say nor has time to reply for chiding the small people. Those who come with children to see me keep me in constant terror of accidents of all kinds, as they insist on handling everything within reach, jump up in my chairs and dance on the cane seat with their feet, to the imminent danger of going through, go up and down stairs and out into the dining-room, where, if they see fruit of any kind, must immediately have some, even if it stains the lovely white dress put on for calling purposes. It is evident on all sides that American children are terrors. It is no wonder that they grow up into such loud, thoughtless young people.

I am acquainted with a gentleman noted for his courtesy in small things. If you get on a car where he is he immediately says, "Allow me to put in your fare." He rings the bell for you at your getting-off place, raises your umbrella and assists you to alight. I happened to get on a car in which his young daughter and I were the only passengers. Now, I thought to myself, I will see if she is anything like her father. Before the thought scarcely arose she had come to me and said, "May I put your ticket in the box for you?" I thanked her, with tears in my eyes, for I was so glad she inherited her father's courtesy. I say inherited, for I believe those things are largely so.

Up to three years old a child needs such constant training. You are perfectly willing to give the time to training a dog or horse, and yet neglect your child. Child-training should be so much higher, as their training is for eternity. Let it begin soon, and be kept on until it is so thoroughly a part of the child's nature that it never forgets, even when absent from you, to remember your teachings.

CHRISTIE IRVING.

## FOUR YEARS OLD AND WILL NOT LEARN HER LETTERS

That mother wondered why her little four-year-old daughter would not learn her letters. It made me think of the "Slaughter of the Innocents." I well remember what a worry my brother was to us all. He was older than I, but did not know half his letters when I knew all of mine. We wondered if something was not the matter with his mind. Matter with his mind! The matter was with the teaching of that time. The idea of trying to teach the letters as letters! I was amazed that anybody thought of such a thing at the present time. When we began to read, my brother far outstripped me in a very short time. There was something tangible then. We expect too much of these little ones. They are not ready to deal in abstractions yet.

While I have the floor let me say notice your children as they read; see if they hold the book too close to the eyes or keep it too far away. They may need glasses; if they do, have their eyes examined by a good oculist and have them fitted with glasses by an optician. It is so easy to "put off" such things, but it does not pay. We owe it to our little ones to do all in our power for them. A little care now may save their eyesight for the future.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.



## A CHAPTER ON PUDDINGS



**CRACKER PUDDING.**—Take a pan holding one quart or three pints (any size you wish), and put into it a layer of crackers, on top of these a generous sprinkling of raisins, another layer of crackers, then more raisins, and continue until the pan is well filled, but not too full. When the milking is done in the evening strain enough new milk over the crackers to well cover them, and set the pan away in a cool place. In the morning pour off the milk that has not been taken up by the crackers, beat up two or three eggs, sweeten liberally, season with grated nutmeg, and pour over the crackers. Bake in a moderate oven until the custard is of a creamy consistency, but do not let it boil. Serve warm or cold.

**TAPIOCA PUDDING No. 1.**—Soak seven tablespoonfuls of tapioca in one quart of milk over night; in the morning add one half dozen eggs well beaten, two grated lemons, sugar to taste, and vanilla or other flavoring. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

**TAPIOCA PUDDING No. 2.**—The ingredients required are one quart of sweet milk, one cupful of tapioca, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, butter half the size of an egg, a little salt, and nutmeg to taste. Put a part of the milk on the tapioca and soak for one hour; beat the eggs and sugar together, mix all, and bake.

**TAPIOCA PUDDING WITH APPLES.**—This pudding requires one cupful of tapioca, one and one half pints of water, six good-sized tart apples, and sugar, lemon or nutmeg. Soak the tapioca over night in water. Pare the apples, and punch out the cores with a tin apple-corer, and place them in a pudding-dish; fill the holes with sugar. sprinkle some

mixture is boiling stir in one tablespoonful of tapioca dissolved in a little cold water. Take from the stove, and turn into a mold or glass dish. Serve cold with sugar and cream flavored with vanilla.

A. M. MARRIOTT.

## A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS

A comfortable dress for a three-year-old is here illustrated. The main dress can be of cashmere or silk, being finished at the neck with a band of the handsome Persian trimmings now on sale. The partly worn and nearly outgrown white summer dresses can be used as undergimpees, shortening the sleeves to the elbows. Into the guimpe arm-holes can be basted silk sleeves, either white or of the color of the outside dress for cooler days. They should be of the tight-sleeve style. Finish the hem of the skirt with brier-stitch in heavy silk or several rows of velvet baby ribbon.

## THE CREATURES THAT KNOW HOW TO SEW

No matter to what far-off country you go  
You never can find one where animals sew;  
But, though it's not printed right down on  
the map,  
There's really one place where the creatures  
don't nap.

They work all day long at the High Sewing  
School,  
And never a carpenter skilful with tool  
More expert became than with needle and  
thread

These queer creatures are, for, you see,  
they've been bred  
To rightly employ all their long, idle hours  
Instead of just sporting about among flowers.

The silk-worm supplies all the bright, silken  
strands

That equal—yes, far excel—all foreign brands,  
The spiders, too, furnish material fine,  
Their gossamer threads one may see on each  
vine;

All laid out with care for the creatures to use  
In working out what fancy patterns they  
choose.

Now pussies, of course, always learn how to  
cat-stitch

(What a pity no one e'er invented a rat-  
stitch);

The bees have the honeycomb-stitch to per-  
fection,

And never get mixed in a double cross section;  
The birds prefer feather-stitch, and, so we  
hear,

They make up down blankets for little birds  
dear,

Embroidered with feather-stitch all the way  
round,

To give pleasant dreams and make them sleep  
sound.

The fishes know best the hard herring-bone  
stitch,

And some sew so fast that they often get rich;  
The moles and the bats, 'though 'tis said they  
can't see,

Can blind-stitch most quickly and exquisitely;  
The crow can crochet, and he does without  
caws,

And he does other things, for he hems and  
he haws;

A sprightly young lizard with heart full of  
glee

Can run up a seam as he'd run up a tree;  
A weevil and weaver-bird weave pretty pat-  
terns,

To judge from their industry they are no  
slatterns.

A spider spins up all the stray bits of floss,  
And makes lovely lace which he spreads on  
the moss

For the fairies to take for their tiny lace  
gowns,

That they wear set with dewdrops, to dance  
o'er the downs;

The flowers and the leaves can do stem-stitch  
most fine,

They never have trouble in curving a line;  
A buttonwood-tree can make good buttonholes,  
They're found in his bark from his head to  
his soles.

A dragon-fly is but a great darning-needle,  
To mend all the stockings he will if you'll  
wheedle;

The daisies a daisy-chain stitch can do well,  
But how they have learned it I never can tell;  
The crabs, large and small, do the back-stitch  
because

They cannot work fast with their great  
clumsy claws;

The bold butcher-birds do the rough crewel-  
work,

They make also cross-stitch and sew with a  
jerk.

These creatures take care of their precious  
eyesight,

And never embroider by dim firefly light;  
And there's one thing in which they all show  
good sense,

They start at their tasks when it's time to  
commence.

—Blanche Elizabeth Wade, In New York Sun.

## A LOVE STORY

WHICH DID NOT END WITH WEDDING  
CHIMES

This is a modern love story, only possible in these times of broad education and high ideals. A young woman was left alone in the world by the death of her parents, both of whom were victims of consumption. She was amiable, beautiful and had many suitors, one of whom was the man she would have chosen above all others as her husband. But she brooded over the thought that she probably inherited from her parents the fatal disease—consumption. If she married she would, she reasoned, be perpetuating this disease in the children who might be given her, and so she resolved never to marry, turned away from the man she loved and disappeared from society to give herself up to nurs-



ing among the poor until such time as the dread disease should claim her.

## SPLENDID BUT NOT SCIENTIFIC

The sacrifice was splendid, but the theory which prompted it was unscientific. Never in the history of the disease has consumption been so carefully studied as to-day. Scientists in every country are directing their efforts to the eradication of the disease. In many minor things these scientists disagree, but they are unanimous on the one point—*consumption is never inherited*. That one ghost which has frightened so many people is laid forever. Before the disease consumption can grow in the body the germ-seed must be planted there. These consumption germs are everywhere. It is doubtful if every one does not receive them at some time or another. But in the great number of cases they are thrown off. Where they lodge and develop disease it is because they find tissues prepared for them by weakness. There is the danger to the children of consumptive parents; they have a tendency to weakness of the lungs and other organs of respiration, and need to be doubly careful to avoid colds and coughs or any other cause of irritation of the tissues of the throat or lungs. More than this it should be the constant effort of every person predisposed to lung trouble to bring the lungs up to the highest standard of health.

## IT CAN BE DONE

Weak lungs can be made strong. Obstinate, deep-seated coughs can be cured, and the clouds of consumption which darken many a life can be scattered.

"I feel it my duty to give my testimony in behalf of your great medicine," writes Mr. John T. Reed, of Jefferson, Jefferson Co., Ark. "When I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I was very low with a cough, and would at times spit up blood. I was not able to do any work at all, and my head was dizzy. The first bottle I took did me so much good that I had faith in it and continued until I had taken twelve bottles. Now I do not look like nor feel like the same man as I was a year ago. People were astonished and said they did not think that I could live. I can thankfully say that I am entirely cured of a disease from which, had it not been for your wonderful 'Discovery,' I would have died."

What Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery did for Mr. Reed it has done for thousands of men and women who

suffered as he did. There are strong men to-day who were once weak, emaciated, with scarce any hold on life. They were made strong by "Golden Medical Discovery." There are glad wives and happy mothers to-day, radiant with health, who were once coughing their lives away and were incapable of any enjoyment in life. They were cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"I want to say a word in favor of your grand medicine," writes Mrs. Priscilla Smail, of Leechburg, Armstrong Co., Pa. "About three years ago I was taken with a bad cough; had night-sweats; would take coughing spells and have to sit up in bed at night for an hour at a time. When I would walk up hill I could hardly breathe; would get all stopped up in my throat. I saw the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and decided to try it. I took three bottles, which cured me. Whenever people tell me they are sick I say to them, 'Why don't you get Dr. Pierce's medicine? It cured me and will cure others.'"

## MAKE A TRIAL

If your lungs are weak, if you are suffering from bronchitis, obstinate cough, bleeding lungs, night-sweats or emaciation, give Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery a fair trial. It always helps. It almost always cures. It took twelve bottles to cure Mr. Reed, but note how he got faith in the possibility of a cure by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

"The first bottle I took did me so much good that I had faith in it, and continued until I had taken twelve bottles." That's generally the way. One or two bottles of "Golden Medical Discovery" give an appreciable gain in health so that the sick person is encouraged to persevere until a perfect and permanent cure is established. Of course, some are slower than others in responding to the remedy. It must be expected that the smaller spark of vitality the longer it will take to fan it into a flame. But for the comfort of every one suffering from weak lungs or other diseases of the organs of respiration it may be stated that no matter how bad the disease the record shows that in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a perfect and permanent cure. Give it a fair and faithful trial and it will cure you, too, unless you are one of those two in every hundred who can only be helped and not completely cured.

Keep the bowels healthy by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

Don't be fooled in trading a substance for a shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are cures behind every claim made for the "Discovery" which no "just as good" medicines can show.

## FREE DIAMONDS

might have a more attractive sound, but they would not have a greater value than Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work, containing more than a thousand large pages and over seven hundred illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Entirely New

We have just issued the **Twentieth Century Peerless Atlas and Pictorial Gazetteer of All Lands**. Two invaluable reference works in one, and sold at one fourth customary Atlas prices. Gives Official Census and Crop Statistics of 1900. New copyrighted Maps. New and brilliantly illustrated Gazetteer. Thoroughly up to date.

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over them, flavor with nutmeg, cinnamon or other flavor as preferred. Pour over one cupful of water, and bake until soft; then pour over the tapioca and bake for from one half hour to one hour. Any sauce preferred may be served—either cream and sugar or hard sauce.

**TAPIOCA PUDDING No. 3.**—Cover three tablespoonfuls of tapioca with cold water; let soak two hours, drain off the water, add one quart of milk, and set the dish on one side of the stove to heat gradually. When hot mix three eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, add a little lemon extract, pour the egg mixture into the milk and tapioca, mix, lay one half tablespoonful of butter in small pieces over the pudding, and bake till firm. When done remove at once, and serve either hot or cold, without sauce or with preserved fruit.

**TAPIOCA PUDDING No. 4.**—For this use two cupfuls of coffee drained through a cloth, one half cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of tapioca, which has been soaked over night; when the





**RAIN**

The patient rain at early summer dawn;  
The long, lone autumn drip; the damp,  
sweet hush  
Of springtime when the glinting drops seem  
gone  
Into the first notes of the hidden thrush,  
The solemn dreary beat  
Of winter rain and sleet;  
The mad, sweet, passionate calling of the  
showers  
To the unblossomed hours;  
The driving, restless, midnight sweep of rain.  
The fitful sobbing and the smile again  
Of spring's childhood; the fierce, un pitying  
pour  
Of low-hung, leaden clouds; the evermore  
Prophetic beauty of the sunset storm,  
Transfigured into color and to form  
Across the sky; O wondrous changing rain!  
Changeful and full of temper as man's life;  
Impetuous, fierce, un pitying, kind again,  
Prophetic, beautiful, soothing, full of strife;  
Through all thy changing passions hear not we  
The eternal note of the unchanging sea.  
—Laura Spencer Porter, in the Atlantic.

**RELIGION AND EMOTION**

THE naturalists tell us that religion is only or chiefly a matter of emotion; that women are more emotional than men, and therefore more women than men are usually to be found in the churches. Just so. But the "emotion" that prompts women to worship seems to be a very good kind, for it serves to keep them out of lots of mischief in which their less emotional brothers engage. A striking illustration of these emotional promptings was once given by ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas. He says:

"I made a speech not long ago to an audience of one thousand people composed of nine hundred and ninety-one men and nine women. It was inside a penitentiary. The next week I attended a prayer-meeting where there were fifty-one women and five men. I could not help thinking if we should put the two meetings together and compare them what the lesson would be."

Now, if emotion is all there is of religion, and if women are more emotional than men, it seems strange that women are not given to other manifestations of emotion in larger measure than men. Crime itself is in some degree a matter of emotion, such feelings as revenge, passion, agitation and the like entering into it. Why don't women give vent to criminal emotions more than men do? And why do those men who profess to be moved by religious emotion ever give way to criminal emotion, much to their own hurt and the disgrace of the church? The fact is that true religion is vastly more than emotion; it is principle, experience, faith, hope and good works. In crime there is no principle. The man who finds in religion no more than an emotion will have no anchor to hold his perturbed spirit when passion stirs his soul. Women as a rule go deeper than men do into the experiences and principles of the Christian life. They become absorbed by what enters through faith and trust into their consciousness, and they are benefited by it. Women have been among the most intrepid martyrs as well as foremost in worship and labor for Christ. As Luther said, "When women receive the doctrine of the gospel they are far more fervent in faith, they hold it more stiff and fast than men do; as we see in the loving Magdalen, who was more hearty and bold than Peter."—Michigan Christian Advocate.

**COURTESY TO THE AGED**

"Oh, father, don't! I have seen that all are properly helped." The old man, thus reproved, replaced the butter-dish upon the tea-table, while a pained look settled about his silent lips. But he so wanted to be helpful that presently he laid hold of the cake-plate and would have set it in circulation.

"Oh, father, don't! No one is ready for that yet; do leave me to attend to things."

Reluctantly the trembling hand released its hold. It was very hard to find himself of no use anywhere.

"I thought they might be ready," he murmured with a deprecatory glance toward the daughter who sat straight and solemn with a frown of displeasure wrinkling her brow. It annoyed her to have her father show himself so far behind the times in methods of table-service; to have him, despite her oft-repeated instructions and admonitions, relapse into the simple, unconventional ways of a long outgrown age. It fretted her to have him vary in the slightest degree from the latest established modes of etiquette. She failed to realize that he was her most deserving, heaven-sent guest; that his harmless deviations should be endured and condoned rather than sharply rebuked.

An aged tree cannot be bent like a tender sapling. Its eccentricities of growth must now be tolerated. To age with its infirmities, its loneliness, its many deprivations, should be allowed all the privileges and exemptions we would accord a most revered guest. The most comfortable seat in the coziest corner belongs to it; the softest bed in the most desirable sleeping-room should persuade slumber to its eyelids. The food the aged one most craves should oftenest coax his declining appetite. So many tempests of sorrow have racked him, so many life-battles have scarred him, that he has earned repose. Turn to the aged only the sunny side of your nature. The country is yet uncivilized that does not try to pluck every possible thorn from the pathway of age; the heart is yet unregenerate that does not strive to make its rough places smooth with the courtesies that cost so little.—Congregationalist.

**KEEP THE BOYS INTERESTED**

Fathers and mothers ask me this question every day, "What shall I do with my boys? My girls are all right." This is a simple problem and easy to answer. Girls are naturally timid and dependent; they grow up by their mother's side, imitate the mother, and receive the greatest share of her attention. Boys are more restless and independent, and need the most careful guidance. They must be kept busy and interested. Don't expect them to sit for any length of time; keep them busy; help them go over their school-work; tell them how you remember the hard work you had to do when you were at school, and how probably your teacher was not half as nice and good as theirs. Read the newspapers to them; discuss any interesting happening of the day, and note discussion, especially the news of the world's doings, in the daily papers. Send them to bed with the feeling that their father amounts to something in their young lives and is a true friend and companion.—Mrs. M. E. R. Alger, Truant Officer, in Good Housekeeping.

**THE BURDEN OF WEALTH**

A statement of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt is attracting notice. He says that the fact that he was born rich has been a bar to his happiness in life. The riches of his childhood left him "nothing to strive for, and no ambition to gain." The millionaire is right. Many others have realized the same thing, though not many have been candid enough to say so. The achievement of large success as the result of personal effort intensifies the pleasures of the achievement a thousandfold. The act of climbing gives more happiness to the average person than the view from the heights after he has reached the summit. Poor boys and girls are not to be pitied. They often get out of life more than the sons and daughters of the rich. They make our best people, and are the bone and sinew of the nation.—Epworth Herald.

# WOMEN CURED BY SWAMP-ROOT

## Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

To Prove What the Great Kidney Remedy, SWAMP-ROOT, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of the Farm and Fireside May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free By Mail

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root investigated, none seem to speak higher of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy than the one published in the FARM AND FIRESIDE this month for the benefit of its readers:

"You have no idea how well I feel. I am satisfied that I do not need any more medicine, as I am in as good health as I ever was in my life." So says Mrs. Mary Engelhard, of 2835 Madison Street, St. Louis, Mo., to a reporter of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"For more than ten years I had suffered with what the doctors termed female trouble; also heart trouble, with swelling of the feet and limbs. Last summer I felt so badly that I thought I had not long to live. I consulted doctor after doctor and took their medicines, but felt no better. The physicians told me my kidneys were not affected, and while I

Did Not Know I Had Kidney Trouble

I somehow felt certain my kidneys were the cause of my trouble. A friend recommended me to try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and I must say I derived immense benefit almost from the first week. I continued the medicine, taking it regularly, and I am now in splendid health. The pains and aches have all gone. I have recommended Swamp-Root to all my friends, and told them what it has done for me. I will gladly answer any one who desires to write me regarding my case. I most heartily indorse Swamp-Root from every standpoint. There is such a pleasant taste to Swamp-Root, and it goes right to the weak spots and drives them out of the system."

MRS. MARY ENGELHARD.

Swamp-Root will do just as much for any housewife whose back is too weak to perform her necessary work, who is always tired and overwrought, who feels that the cares of life are more than she can stand. It is a boon to the weak and ailing.



MRS. MARY ENGELHARD

## How to Find Out If You Need Swamp-Root

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work. So, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince any one.

Many women suffer untold misery because the nature of their disease is not correctly understood; in most cases they are led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for their many ills, when in fact disordered kidneys are the chief cause of their distressing troubles.

Neuralgia, nervousness, headache, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, rheumatism, a dragging pain or dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing-down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine, with strong odor, frequent desire to pass it night or day, with scalding or burning sensation—these are all unmistakable signs of kidney and bladder trouble.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are sleeplessness, dizziness, irregular heart, breathlessness, sallow, unhealthy complexion, plenty of ambition but no strength.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy that science has ever been able to compound.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug-stores everywhere. Remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y.

## Sample Bottle Sent Free By Mail

**SPECIAL NOTICE**—Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder remedy, is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all of the readers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE who have not already tried it may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling all about kidney and bladder troubles and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. Be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the FARM AND FIRESIDE when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

### FREE WATCH AND CHAIN

For One Day's Work

Fully Guaranteed.

We will send you a Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Charm and Chain, for selling 18 pkgs. of BLUINE at ten cents each. Bluine is the best laundry bluing in the world, and the fastest seller. Send your full name and address by return mail, and we will forward Bluine, postpaid, and our large Premium List. It Costs You Nothing. Simply send us the money you get for the Bluine, and we will send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, postpaid.

BLUINE MFG. CO., Box 560, Concord Junction, Mass.

The old reliable firm who sell honest goods, and give valuable premiums.

### FREE Musical Parlor Clock

Every person sending us name and address of 6 reliable men smokers, and 50 cents to pay for packing and shipping, will receive, prepaid, free of charge, a box of 50 clear Havana cigars with our handsome MUSICAL PARLOR CLOCK OFFER.

To introduce these clear Havana cigars in every city and county we are giving away as premiums these handsome musical parlor clocks, worth \$25.00 each.

The clocks have Winsted, onyx cases, 17 inches long, run 8 days, strike halves and hours; can play automatically every half hour sweet, popular songs or hymns.

EAGLE MFG. CO., 25 E. 14th St., N. Y.

### LIFE SIZE DOLL

FREE "Baby's clothes will now fit Dollie."

Girls can get this beautiful Life Size Doll absolutely free for selling only four boxes of our Great Cold & Headache Tablets at 25 cents a box. Write to-day and we will send you the tablets by mail postpaid; when sold send us the money (\$1.00) and we will send you this Life Size Doll which is 2 1/2 feet high and can wear baby's clothes. Dollie has an indestructible Head, Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes, Kid Colored Body, a Gold Plated Beauty Pin, Red Stockings, Black Shoes, and will stand alone. This doll is an exact reproduction of the finest hand painted French Doll, and will live in a child's memory long after childhood days have passed. Address, NATIONAL MEDICINE CO., Doll Dept. 16 L, New Haven, Conn.

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If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water



## THOLOMEW'S EXPERIENCE.



A Humorous Sketch

By Annie Hamilton Donnell



PHILANDER BERRY swung one legging over the other preparatory to sociability. It was a sure sign.

"Find it consid'able drifty?" "I should say so!" laughed the stranger, pleasantly. "The cross-roads are up to your eaves! But you're plucky, all right, round here. Everybody was out shoveling. If I saw one man I saw half a hundred."

Philander nodded gravely, as if in response to a toast. He did not need to be told that the Home Acres people were thrifty, but it was acceptable hearing. Suddenly a twinkle shone in his eyes.

"Did you come Four Corners way?" he asked, in an interested tone. He was conscious of hoping for an affirmative response—Philander was always primed for a story.

"Yes, I came by a place they said was Four Corners. Ought to be, anyway, as there were surely corners enough."

"Then you driv' past Tholomew's place—Tholomew Nye's. A smart-lookin' house set up slantin' wise o' the road—that was Plumy's doin's. She said she was goin' to have the sun rise an' set an' spend his noonin's in her house. Plumy's got ideas of her own—stacks of 'em. It was her doin's havin' the house so fur in from the road, too. I take it that you recollect the place—sets further in than any other place that is thereabouts?"

"Yes—yes, I think I know which one you mean."

"Warn't nobody there out hustlin', was there?"

"Why, no, and I thought it was strange. I guess that's why I remember the place. There appeared to be shoveling enough to do!"

Philander Berry unwound his legs and re-crossed them vice versa. In the process something like a chuckle was evolved. He settled back in his seat, the story lurking behind his bearded lips.

"I guess 'Tholomew won't be li'ble to shovel out ag'in this winter," he said by way of prelude. The other loungers woke out of their drowses expectantly.

"He says he's done it once too often as 'tis. Mebbe none o' ye ain't heard of his tryin' experience a little spell back, right on the heels of that blizzardy storm that we had?"

Nobody responded. A solemn headshake began at one end of the loungers' bench and flowed onward to the other.

"Well, 'twas kind o' rough on 'Tholomew. I don't know's I blame him any. You see, he's kind o' weakish in his shovelin' menseles, and it's a terrible ways from his doorstep down to the road. By good rights Plumy'd ought to tackle the job. Well, she did do her part—Plumy's a good woman. She tended out on 'Tholomew with hot coffee and nourishin' vittles. 'Cordin' to her tell, it took a sight of 'em. But 'long 'bout two o'clock or thereabouts the path was dug out and they was in communication with the world again. Then's when it commenced to 'experience,' and 'fore it got through there was quite a smart of a shower! 'Tholomew he hadn't no more'u hove out the last shovelful of snow than Mis' Homer Wing come sailin' along an' steered her bark into his tunnel. She had a document leakin' out of her muff, an' 'Tholomew 'lowed he'd ought to have smelt rats an' headed her off. But he give her

the right o' way. When she come out o' the house she had fifty cents o' Plumy's butter-'n-egg money concealed somewhere about her person. It was for a set o' commentaries for the minister. Mis' Wing said he needed 'em to get his sermons out of, an' she'd only be'n waitin' for 'Tholomew to get his road through to come up an' 'cavass' Plumy.

"A number o' other folks had be'n waitin', too, it appeared, for close on Mis' Wing's heels Pamela Philpot come along to get a subscription for repairs on the meetin'-house. The steeple was loppin' over, she said. If 'twarn't fixed pretty quick it was li'ble to come toppin' down through the roof onto the new bunnits of the singin'-seats some Sunday mornin'—Pamela's bunnit, for instance! Plumy's a woman, an' wears such things, too, so that was the end o' more of her savin's.



"Mis' Homer Wing come sailin' along an' steered her bark into his tunnel."

She up 'n' give Pamela Philpot her cheese-money to stiddy the meetin'-house steeple with.

"Then come Marellus Cousins—he's our first seleetman. He said 'twas a providence 'Tholomew got that there path through, for he was tired out a-waitin'. What he made off with was the last two dollars o' 'Tholomew's hay-money, for the benefit o' Luke Cilley's widder. (She's just b'en married ag'in—likely it was to pay for the weddin' fixin's!) Yes, sir, the tax-collector come along next. That's Amos Merrymeetin' from Over East. My, but he come smilin' up that ent, straightenin' out poor 'Tholomew's tax-bill on the way! An' little Mis' Flagg—she that was a Merrymeetin'—she come along with Amos. She was hankerin' for an order for soap, an' I'm blest if she didn't get it.

"Well, sir, if there warn't a stiddy stream o' them canvassers an' benefit-ers flowed up that straight an' narrer cut o' 'Tholomew's all the afternoon! Yes, sir, an' Plumy nor 'Tholomew didn't neither of them feel to refuse anybody—there ain't anything Nye about 'em but their name! So, long 'bout mi'kin'-time, they was consid'able squeezed out. I don't know's I blame 'Tholomew any for feelin' kind of down-hearted. But Plumy she was game. She got a nice hot meal o' vittles an' nourished him up, an' then they went to bed. Well, sir, I'm blest if the wind didn't rise in the night an' drift that there path in even full. It was open just long enough to let in them canvassers.

"'Tholomew looked at it in a dre'ful blue light, but Plumy struck onto something to be thankful for. It takes a woman to see light through a pin-hole. Plumy she looked up from her bakin'—she was cookin' up a lot of things to keep up 'Tholomew's strength—an' she says, says she, 'Tholomew, you don't realize your blessin's. You'd ought to be thankful that path stayed open long enough to let 'em out!'"

those of any other class. No one, for example, can sojourn long in the Southern states in the spring without noticing to how great an extent planting and many of the details of farm management are governed by "signs," for the influence of which on mundane affairs no rational explanation can be given. The human mind is still bound by "the bands of Orion," still feels "the sweet influence of the Pleiades," is still subject to "the magic of the moon."

The common belief in the influence of the signs of the zodiac comes down to us from the oldest farmers in the world—those who tilled the irrigated fields along the Nile and the Euphrates in the very dawn of history. Here originated the doctrine that each zodiacal sign governs some part of the human body. This doctrine, foolish as it is, hoary with age and inexplicable to reason, controlled the planting of thousands of acres in this the first year of the twentieth century.

The average Southern farmer or gardener will invariably plant beans when the sign is in the Scales or in the Twins. Beans will sometimes bloom profusely and yet bear no fruit. This is said to occur when they are planted in the sign of the Virgin.

Planting, however, is not the only work which is performed with reference to supposed zodiacal influences. The best time for fishing is when the sign is in Pisces. This is also the proper time for weaning babies; they will cry themselves sick if weaned when the sign is in the Heart. Nothing of importance should be undertaken when the sign is in Scorpio. Weddings particularly should be avoided at this time lest the luck of the couple should go backward through life. The persistent sprouting of sweet-gum, locust and white poplar trees may be prevented, it is held, by cutting the sprouts when the sign is in the heart in May; or, as some say, at the time of the full moon in May.

The moon has even a more powerful influence over farm operations than the signs of the zodiac. Much cotton and corn is planted every year within three days of a full moon, under the supposition that this will make a short stalk full of fruit rather than a tall and barren stalk. It is curious to note that this idea is directly contrary to that of planters in the West Indies, who are careful to plant nothing within three days of a full moon, since corn and vegetables planted then run to stalks and leaves and produce no fruit whatever.

It is customary to plant potatoes, onions, beets and all other root crops "in the dark of the moon," and crops which are made above ground in the opposite season, or "in the light of the moon." But enumebers form an exception to the rule; they should be planted between sunset and dark when the moon is waning. Water-melons, on the other hand, should be planted just before sunrise in a growing moon. If peas or beans are planted "in the dark of the moon" the vines will run excessively; otherwise, they will be inclined to bunch. When the nights are dark and the sign is in Capricornus is the time to plant peannts, as the pods will then grow full and hard like the callosities on a goat's knees.

In attributing to the moon a paramount influence upon the weather the Southern farmer is not without company, for similar beliefs are held all over the world. Here, as elsewhere, meteorological predictions based on certain lunar signs find ready acceptance. The new moon is thought to indicate approaching rain or drought as the horns appear tilted or level. Changes in the weather are looked for at the time of the moon's changes. If the new moon is seen far to the north cold weather is expected; if toward the south it will be warm. Some prophets will be heard to predict wind when the moon looks red or when a star is seen apparently close to the moon. One who sees a lunar halo may confidently look for rain, the stars within the halo representing the number of days which are to elapse before it comes.

It is thought that bad luck is sure to attend one who changes his residence when the moon is waning. Of a very ignorant woman it is sometimes facetiously remarked, "She knows too much about astronomy to try to make soap in the dark of the moon." Here and there an old negro may be found who will salute the new moon with an old-fashioned "cuntsy" and a "Howdy, massa!" thrice repeated. The gender of the personification is of some interest, as it perhaps indicates the African origin of the practice.

Thus far the lunar superstitions cited are matters of serious belief. That good luck will attend one who first sees the new moon over the right shoulder, and the contrary, and that if one shakes his purse or a piece of money at the new moon when it is first seen he will not lack for money while that moon lasts, are beliefs which young people still playfully affect to hold, but their force is long since spent. The old German and Slavonic myth that the man in the moon was put there as a punishment for burning brush on the Sabbath day survives merely as a story to amuse young children.

Southern farmers have many other beliefs in signs and seasons which are unconnected with astrological notions. Hawks screaming in the air at noon; owls hooting; flies more than unusually persistent and annoying; tree-toads croaking; peacocks screaming; rain-crows crying; dead trees falling when there is no wind—these are some of the rain signs. In summer the volume of water in small streams is thought to shriek perceptibly just before rain. The course of the first thunder-shower in spring is supposed to indicate roughly that of the succeeding summer rains. Snow or rain will follow three clear, frosty mornings. The number of fogs in August indicates the number of frosts in October; and for every October fog there will be a snowfall during the following winter. Each of the Twelve Days is supposed to indicate the prevailing weather of a month of the following year.

In many parts of the South may be observed a curious use of natural signs and terms, which is doubtless a survival from ruder times, but which seems also in some cases an unconscious protest against such effeminate appendages of civilization as clocks and almanacs. Thus, instead of mentioning the hours some will always use such terms as "daybreak," "sun-up," "noon," "sundown," "an hour by sun," etc. Meetings and church services are announced for "early candle-light" even in districts where candles are as obsolete as the flint and steel. The picturesque, if rude, expression, "the shank of the evening," may also be heard.

In the same way the seasons are marked and the planting of many crops is governed by the recurrence of certain natural signs, some of which, perhaps, are legacies from the Indians. Thus, the proper time for planting cotton is when white-oak leaves have grown as large as a squirrel's foot; or, as others say, when the leaves of the tulip-tree are as large as a silver dollar. It is thought, too, that they always attain this size by Easter, whether that festival be early or late. When the willow is in bloom the small boy knows that the proper time has come for taking "horny-head" fish; and the ripening of the muscadine is the opening of the opossum season.



"Warn't nobody there out hustlin', was there?"

son. The blooming of dog-wood and other trees and the coming or going of certain birds and insects, are also, utilized in this way to mark the proper time for various farm duties and pleasures.

It would seem that superstitions like these, the virtue or truth of which might easily be subjected to the test of experience, would soon die out. But, as Bacon remarks, "Men count the hits, but not the misses." The fact that a sign is occasionally verified or a prediction fulfilled is enough to preserve faith in the entire body of folk-lore to which it belongs.

If thou hast yesterday thy duty done,  
And thereby cleared firm footing for to-day,  
Whatever clouds may mark to-morrow's sun,  
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way.

—Goethe.



## THE FOLK-LORE OF FARMERS

Superstitions of Southern Agriculturists About Planting—Signs and Seasons—  
Zodiacal and Lunar Influences

BY JOHN HAWKINS



THE tenacity with which men cling to ancient and foolish superstitions is astonishing. There seems to be in human nature some inherent conservatism which renders the rejection of old ideas a painful process and preserves along with the genuine knowledge of modern times the eum-

bersome husks from which that knowledge has emerged.

This is plainly made evident by a little investigation of the folk-lore of farmers. As a class agriculturists are perhaps no more superstitious than other men; but they are so numerous, and their life and thought are so familiar to us, that their queer beliefs are more likely to attract attention than





## HER OWN

BY HOPE DARING

## CHAPTER III.

PAUL

FRANK MARSHALL stared blankly at his sister. "You don't know what you are saying, Marian. I know there is another week of the college term, and—"

She stopped him. "I will attend to everything. Trust it in my hands, brother. Will you not let me help you make one more stand for manhood? I beg you to do this in the name of your children, the dead as well as the living!"

He had risen. The flush had faded from his face, and it showed livid in the fast-gathering twilight. Putting one hand on Marian's arm, he asked, "Do you know what you are offering me? It is your hopes, your aspirations, yourself. Why are you doing this?"

She came still closer to him. "Because you are my own—my brother. Because my sainted father and mother were yours, and from heaven they look to me to do this thing."

A moment he stood irresolute, then he held out his hand. "Help me, Marian! I will try!" he said.

Marian put him on the couch. "Lie there until I come back." She had her hand on the outer door when he said:

"I wish you would lock me in, Marian. It is a terrible thing to know that you are ruled by a power stronger than yourself."

She complied with his request. Then she went to the kitchen. Her orders were received by the cook with a somewhat puzzled face, but with cheerful acquiescence, for Marian was a prime favorite with the help. Next she went to the office of the president. One glance at her pallid countenance showed Doctor Cartwright that something was wrong. She stated her case briefly, not going into the details of the trouble that had come to her brother's home, but asking that she might have permission to leave Carter College that night.

She had her way. Doctor Cartwright hardly knew how he was brought to give his consent, but he did so, and listened to Marian's advice as to what should be done concerning her classes and examinations.

"You will come back in the autumn?" he asked, as he held her hand in parting.

Marian started. Surely the summer would end her self-imposed sacrifice. "I think so," she said. "Doctor Cartwright, I can never thank you for your kindness to me in this matter."

She returned to the kitchen and received from the cook a tray laden with hot coffee, soup and other articles of food. This she carried up to her room.

Frank was pacing restlessly to and fro. His sister poured him a cup of the strong coffee, arranged his supper on a little table, and left him eating while she packed a valise.

Marian's plans were well laid. Katy was to aid one of the teachers and Vera in packing her trunks, and they were to be forwarded to Chicago the next day. Two letters were written—one to Mrs. Van Ness and one to Lenore. The first was a request for her cousin to pack and ship to the farm the old Marshall furniture. Much of this had been retained by Marian, and all these years it had been stored at Mrs. Van Ness' cottage.

To Lenore she wrote briefly of her plan. Marian decided that it was not the time to appeal to the wife and mother concerning her family. Her adieux were brief. On a midnight train she left for the North, accompanied by her brother. She learned only when it was too late for her to change her plan that it would be impossible for her to take a sleeper on that train. Wearied by the stress of the last few days, Frank slept heavily. Marian sat opposite him, thinking. It was less than forty-eight hours since she had listened to the story of Professor Howard's love. All things had changed for her. What would he say—that refined, scholarly man—to this shabby, bloated wreck—her own brother? Marian was proud, and her cheeks grew crimson.

"I must trust his generosity," she said to herself. "He is noble and knightly. Now I must forget self and devote every energy to bringing my brother back to his rightful place in the world."

After reaching Chicago Marian never lost sight of her brother. She kept him busy, and he began to manifest a fitful interest in the purchases she was making for their proposed trip. Feeling that Paul would delay their progress, it was decided not to go for him until they were nearly ready to start. When this time came Marian accompanied Frank to the Deaconess' Home.

Frank was now well dressed. Already there was a slight change in him. He carried his head a trifle more erect, and his movements were less uncertain.

A little maid answered the bell and showed them to the parlor. To her Frank gave his name and stated his errand. A few minutes later a deaconess entered. She was a sweet-

faced woman, and her severely plain black dress was relieved by white collar and cuffs. She greeted the Marshalls warmly, showing pleasure at Frank's improved appearance.

Marian explained that Lenore had remained in the South with a relative, while she was about to spend the summer in the country with her brother and his son. The face of the good woman brightened as she listened.

"I am glad Mr. Marshall has found so true a friend. The country will be the best place for Paul. He is a strange child. I will go for him."

Marian waited anxiously for his coming. She knew little of children, and felt something like fear regarding this boy, whom father, mother and stranger described by the word strange.

He came into the room hesitatingly, evincing no pleasure at the sight of his father. Paul was small for his age, and his face had an old, uncanny look. His features were like those of the Marshalls, his large gray eyes being exact counterparts of Marian's.

"Come see papa, Paul," said Frank, holding out his hands, a look of eagerness on his face.

"I don't want to," was Paul's reply. He dropped his head and looked fixedly at the carpet.

"Go and see your papa and the lovely new auntie he has brought you," the deaconess said, coaxingly. "She is going to take you out in the country where the flowers grow."

"And there is a lake not far from the house, and a dear little boat on it," Marian said, going over and kneeling down by the child. "Some day you and I will go for a boat-ride. Perhaps we can catch a fish."

A gleam of interest came into Paul's eyes, but a moment later it died away, and he cried, passionately, "You're like mama. She always told lies to coax me to do what I didn't want to."

Marian drew back, while Frank flushed angrily. Before the deaconess could speak Marian had regained control of herself.

"I shall always tell you the truth, Paul. You watch me and see. I will show you the lake and the boat. If you are a good boy you shall go fishing with me. There are—oh, so many!—birds in the trees near the house. You ought to hear them sing! Now we will go and buy you some new clothes, so you will be ready to start for the country in the morning."

"Birds! Hain't that 'nother story? Say, can you sing?"

"Yes, Can you?"

"I don't believe it!" Paul said, craftily. "If you can sing, let's hear you!"

Marian had risen. She was hurt and alarmed. What could she do with this boy, whose childish nature seemed warped by suspicion and distrust?

"Humph! I knowed you couldn't sing! You lied, you did!"

Marian began to sing. It was a simple little melody, one she had learned in her own childhood.

"Have you heard the song of the daisy fair? Oh, the daisy fair, she has not a care; A sweet little face has daisy fair, She's smiling all the day."

At the first note of the sweet, well-trained voice a change came to Paul. He threw back his head his sullenness vanished and a smile of rare beauty curved his lips. At the close of the first stanza Marian paused to ask, "Do you know what a daisy is, Paul? It is a country flower. The center is as yellow as the sunlight, and it has a fringe of beautiful white petals round its edge. There are hundreds of them where we are going."

"Now her bright eyes open to the sun, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, what fun! Now daisy's play-time has begun, Gay little daisy fair."

She went on through the song. Before it was finished Paul was close at her side and had unconsciously slipped one hand in hers.

"Thank you. Paul will go with you."

"Very well. Tell the kind lady good-by and we will start," Marian said, not remarking on the change.

Paul scowled over the deaconess' good-by. His father attempted to take his hand, but the child drew back. "Let me alone; I can walk my ownself!" he said.

He manifested no delight over his outfit of new clothes. Marian selected plain gingham blouses and some denim overalls.

"We will let him live out of doors," she said in an aside to her brother. "If anything will bring a look of joy to that poor little face nature will."

Frank shook his head. "My excesses and Lenore's alternate fits of passion and sullenness before his birth blighted his life from the start. The little fellow has had a hard time of it. Essie escaped the worst, for she went to school. Paul was shut up in a dingy alley where he rarely had a glimpse of the blue sky. His only refuge from the street

was a home where there was always scolding, fault-finding and poverty. It was not much like our early life, Marian."

In the middle of the next afternoon they reached the farm. They left the train at Vassar, a little country town six miles south of Red Wing. There they hired a horse to carry them the two miles which lay between the town and the farm. The freight had arrived, and they made arrangements for it to be sent out.

A strange silence had fallen upon Paul. The earlier part of the day he had been irritable and peevish. As the train began to pass through green fields and cross gleaming streams of water a hush had seemed to fall upon the child's spirits. After leaving Vassar he sat still, speaking only when addressed.

The farm consisted of one hundred acres of fertile land. A lane lead down through the fields and a belt of woodland to where Lake Pepin, that wide expansion of the Mississippi, touched the farm's eastern limit.

The house was old, a dingy yellow in color, but substantial and rain-proof. The parlor and sitting-room both opened from a narrow porch. The sitting-room was warmed by a quaint old stone fireplace. Next came a spacious dining-room, from which two chambers opened, a kitchen, pantry and woodhouse. Above were three sleeping-rooms, low, but light and comfortable. Marian had had the rooms papered and painted for her late tenant, and they were clean.

The little party went through the house, commenting on its advantages and disadvantages. The goods arrived and were deposited in the dining-room.

One of the drivers who had brought the goods asked, "Are you folks going to stay here to-night?"

"No; we called at Mr. Marple's, the first house down the road, and Mrs. Marple promised to board and lodge us for a few days. I became acquainted with the family last summer, and they have been attending to the stock. I must have a woman to help me. Do you know where I can find one?"

"There's Fernie Jones, over across the fields. She might come, but she's pretty big-feeling."

The next morning the Marshalls set about the work of settling the house. Marian knew little of such tasks, but Frank's struggles with poverty had developed in him a certain deftness. He cleaned windows and put down carpets, aided by a young son of the Marples.

"I will come and go over to Jones' with you," Mrs. Marple said, as they were about to return to the scene of their labor after a midday dinner. "Fern is a good girl, only she is silly. She will be afraid you will feel above her."

Marian smiled. "I shall feel grateful to any one who will help me master some of the simple rudiments of housekeeping. I can put rooms in order, set a table properly and make excellent coffee. About caring for the milk and butter, bread-making and those things I am ignorant. But I can learn."

Paul had gone on with his father. Marian found him lying on the grass under a huge maple which stood a little distance from the house. Far up in the leafy depths over his head a robin was pouring out a flood of melody, and Paul was listening, a rapt look on his face. Marian stopped to watch him. He had been quiet since their arrival, only once going into a violent rage because his father had laughed at his efforts to catch a bird that was hopping along on the ground. His screams had alarmed Marian. Neither scolding nor coaxing had any effect upon him. After exhausting himself he fell asleep, and when he awoke the matter was not mentioned.

"Listen, Auntie," he said, sitting up slowly that the songster might not be frightened. "This is a lovely place. You said the truth."

"I shall always tell you the truth, Paul. You and I can be very happy here."

Mrs. Marple guided Marian across the fields to the home of the Jones family. It was a small house, a little untidy, but clean. Fern was a girl of nineteen, a round-faced blonde with staring blue eyes and elaborately frizzed yellow hair. Both the girl and her mother listened in apparent indecision to Mrs. Marple's and Marian's statement of the case.

"She works out sometimes, jest for 'commodation,'" Mrs. Jones said, loftily, "but I don't know. You see—" She stopped, nervously plaiting the hem of her blue calico apron in her fingers. Marian waited for her to go on. "You're from the city, Miss Marshall?"

"Yes; although my girlhood was spent in the country."

"Well, you see city folks has notions 'bout servants. My girl hain't that, and—"

"I guess not," Fern interrupted. "If I come I'll set at the table with you and be one of the family."

Before Marian could speak Mrs. Marple said, "That is the custom with girls here, Miss Marshall."

"Very well," Marian's voice was a little hard. "May I look for you over in the morning?"

"Well, I'll come over and try it. If I don't like it I needn't stay."

On their way back Marian stopped at the house while Mrs. Marple hurried on to prepare supper. Frank was nailing up a honeysuckle-vine that ran wild over the porch.

"I've been over the place with Marple,

Marfan," he said, dropping the hammer and coming to sit on the steps at her feet. He took a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his brow, then went on. "There are three good cows. Marple has been having the milk to pay for his work. He says there is a good cellar and a well-filled ice-house. When you get some one to teach you the art of butter-making there will be some profit from the cows."

"I've engaged my teacher, and I'm not sure but she deserves the title of professor," Marian said, with more gaiety than she had spoken since their arrival at the farm. "If you were only a story-writer instead of a journalist, Frank, Fernie would make your fortune. She is a new woman. She is coming to preside over our kitchen for an 'commodation' and two dollars a week. We are to give her the place of honor at the table and make her one of the family."

Frank laughed. "It's a little hard for you, my dear. You were served all your early days by black mamies, to whom 'the family' was something sacred. Never mind the girl, though. Let me go on about the farm. There are seven head of young cattle, hogs, chickens and a team of good work-horses."

"What about the crops?"

"That's a businesslike question. The hay is fine, wheat fairly good, and there are ten acres of excellent corn, but it needs work done in it at once."

"Perhaps Mr. Marple can help find a man."

"I have found one."

"Good. When can he commence?"

"To-night. He is going to practice the art of milking he learned so long ago. Marian, with your consent, I am going to do the farm-work. Are you willing?"

## CHAPTER IV.

## A NEW LIFE

MARIAN sat in silence for a few minutes. Her hands picked to pieces a cluster of wild violets she had gathered on her return through the fields. At last she said, "You are not strong enough for the work, Frank. I want you to rest."

"I will be better for work, and will be careful not to overtax my strength. Marian, I believe there is a spark of manhood left in me after all, and it humiliates me to think of living on your bounty."

"Never mind—" she began, but he stopped her.

"I do mind. I cannot explain it to you, but in the last few days some memory of my old life—the life of our childhood days—has awakened in my breast. This bracing outdoor air is different from the city miasma I have been breathing for years, just as the man I used to be is different from the wretch I now am. For your sake and for that of poor little Paul I am going to make one more stand, and I can make it better with heaven's free air in my face and honest work to engage my attention."

"I believe you are right, Frank," and one hand stole into his. "You have my consent, only you must not overwork."

"I will not. I have talked things over with Marple. He is a noble-hearted man, and I told him enough of my story so he knows there is much at stake."

There was a moment's silence, then Marian asked, "Frank, will you write to Lenore?"

"No!" He spoke in a defiant tone. "Not now! Never, unless I prove my strength. You do not understand how far apart we drifted, Marian."

"There is a bond uniting you that neither of you can sever."

"That is the thing that hurts me most—her refusal to have anything to do with Paul, I mean. She never said words too hard for me, for I was a brute. With all his faults Paul is her child. How can she bate him?"

"I do not think she hates him. Lenore is ill and half crazed with grief. When strength comes to her she will think differently. Come, let us call Paul and go to Mrs. Marple's for supper."

The old rooms were very pleasant when all was done. Parlor and sitting-room were fitted up with dark green carpets and lace curtains that had done duty in the Kentucky home. There were quaintly carved chairs, spindle-legged tables, a wide couch with many pretty cushions, a few good pictures, a case of books and Marian's mandolin.

On the dining-room floor there was a light matting, and fresh white sash-curtains were at the windows. A quaint corner cupboard with glass doors held many rare bits of family silver and china, while the table was daintily spread. One of the sleeping-rooms below was given to Fern; Marian occupied the other, and Frank slept in one of the chambers where a little bed had been placed for Paul. The rooms of the brother and sister contained many of the articles of furniture they had used when they were children.

Marian found Fern a trial. The girl was neat and understood plain cooking, butter-making, laundry-work and cleaning, but she was utterly lacking in order. Her work was done in a haphazard style that was especially trying to Marian, whose years of teaching had confirmed her naturally systematic habits.

Fern devoted much time to her toilet. Her hair was always elaborately dressed, even if breakfast was half an hour late, and she could see no use of having a regular time for sweeping and dusting certain rooms. "I see



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dirt before I sweep," she declared, going straightway to commence her cake-baking at four in the afternoon.

Marian lounged to reduce the work of the house to a system, but she was hampered by her lack of knowledge. Fern was willing to teach her, but she did it in a condescending manner.

"It does seem master strange that a woman should live to be twenty-six year old an' not know how to bake bread," Fern said one day, when Marian was kneading, under the girl's supervision, a great mass of white dough.

"Does it?" Marian asked, a little nettled. "My twenty-six years have been husy ones, and I have learned many a lesson that likewise seems strange to me should be omitted from any woman's life."

Fern's cheeks grew scarlet. She paused in her work of dish-washing to demand, "What do you mean? Speakin' proper an' all them there things?"

Marian waited a moment before she said, "One of the lessons I have not quite mastered is toleration. I do not like to practise it as well as I do the one in bread-making. Am I getting this right?"

Fern looked meditatively at the dough. "You're improvin', that's a fact, but that there bread ought to be kneaded 'bout fifteen minutes yet. There, them dishes air done, an' I'll make a pie for dinner."

"You need not do that. Frank brought up a basketful of fine wild strawberries, and we will serve them with cream for dinner."

"Hadn't I better make a shortcake of them berries? You ain't much used to house-keepin', Marian, an' maybe you don't know that folks that air folks always has pie or puddin' for dinner, and sometimes both."

Marian rested a hand on either side of the bread-pan and looked over at Fern, indignation and amusement struggling together for possession of her mind. "Perhaps, Fern, I am ignorant of what folks serve for dessert, but I know perfectly well what is to appear on my table to-day!"

Fern understood that she had gone too far, and she flounced out of the room, closing the door noisily behind her.

One of Marian's greatest annoyances was Fern's determination to address both herself and her brother by their Christian names, and when she ventured a mild remonstrance, the girl replied, with an ominous sparkle in her eyes, "Why, you hoth call me Fern!"

"That is different."

"I don't see it. I've knowed you jest 'bout as long as you've knowed me. I'm your hired girl, but I want it understood I'm jest as good as anybody, if I do work for my livin'."

"I should think you a very useless piece of humanity if you did not work," Marian said, trying hard to be patient. "I have worked ever since I finished school. About the nauncs, though; both Mr. Marshall and myself are older than you."

"All the more reason why you should set me a good example," the girl retorted, with a saucy smile, and Marian said no more.

On one point she was firm. The menu for each meal was planned by herself. She made the matter of food a special study. She knew that in the battle her brother was waging against the demands of a depraved appetite much depended on his being properly nourished.

Fern sneered as much as she dared over what she called "college dishes," but Marian continued to serve cereals, eggs, soups, fresh vegetables, fruit, milk and cream.

It was not only of Frank that she was thinking. She attributed much of Paul's peevishness and uchildlike despondency to the bad air he had breathed and the unwholesome food of which he had partaken. Paul was now well fed, suitably clothed, tenderly guarded from harm, and allowed to spend the greater part of his waking hours in the open air. These things wrought a change in him. His thin form took on flesh, and a faint pink stained his sallow cheek. He was still irritable, and his fits of uncontrollable anger were Marian's special dread, but they were rare. There were many days when Paul was a happy, natural child—days when his laugh and song made the old house melodious. He loved music. His voice, although weak, was of marvelous sweetness. Marian taught him to sing with her, and stories and songs were a never-failing source of delight to him.

Paul seldom mentioned his mother. Marian talked to him of her, striving to put from his mind the remembrance of her fretfulness.

Lenore had been ill for quite a time. She had never been in any danger, but was worn out and weary of life. Mrs. Van Ness wrote regularly. In return Marian sent long and minute descriptions of the farm-house and of their simple, natural life.

Mrs. Van Ness wrote that Lenore read these letters with much eagerness. The mother began to send messages to Paul. As strength came to her Lenore roused herself to an interest in the things about her.

"I don't wonder so much, Marian, at Frank's taking to drink and the family going to ruin," one of the widow's letters ran. "Lenore don't know how to make a cup of tea. She got breakfast one morning when I had the headache, and her toast was burned to a crisp and the eggs were as hard as hullets. I took my courage in my hands and proposed that I teach her how to cook. To my surprise she seemed delighted."

"Now, Marian, Lenore is a terrible trial to

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# What Shall We Eat

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my patience, but I've taken her for my cross. I don't know as she's so much to blame, for she was not brought up as a woman ought to be. She was never taught that to make her home a bit of heaven is a woman's highest privilege, and she never found it out for herself. I believe there's a heart under all her frivolity and selfishness.

"Of course, she has suffered and been wronged; but, Marian, one person's sin is never a justification for another's wrongdoing. I don't blame her so much for leaving Frank, but there is her child. Well, well, only God can straighten out the tangle!"

Marian looked very grave over this letter. She had so hoped that Lenore would come to them. The summer was passing, and it would soon be time for her to go South in order to be in her place at Carter at the beginning of the college year.

The necessity for making some definite plan for their future was abruptly forced upon her. One Saturday afternoon Frank drove to Vasser. When the dinner-work was done and the house was in order Marian gave Fern permission to go home and stay over Sunday.

Paul teased for stories, so Marian went out in the hammock with him and told tales of plant and animal life until the child's eyelids drooped, and he was soon fast asleep. Marian threw a light blanket over him and stole away to the porch, where her rocker, a piece of lace work and a volume of Browning were waiting for her. She opened the book, but the leaves turned slowly. Pausing to listen to the drowsy humming of a humbeebie taugled in the honeysuckle-vine over her head her mind drifted off to that far-away land where Professor Howard was carrying on his investigations.

He had not written to her. It was most generous in him to leave her untrammelled in all ways. He would soon return, and she was to meet him at Carter. The difficulty concerning her brother and Paul must be adjusted in such a way as to leave her free to keep the promise she had made the Professor. Her old home rose up before her mental vision. To go back there—not to the old life, but to a stronger and more perfect one, to be shared by a man whom she honored and trusted above all men—ah, life was very fair before her!

These happy musings were interrupted by an approaching footstep. She glanced up and saw Frank crossing the yard.

"You are back early—" she commenced; but the words died on her lips, and she rose to her feet, asking, in a trembling voice, "What is the matter, Frank?"

"Matter! Hell is let loose within me; that is all!"

At the first sound of that fierce, high-pitched voice Paul roused and sat up in the hammock. Notwithstanding her own fright, Marian noted the child's look. There was a moment's start, then there came to the little face an expression of fear and loathing. Baby as he was, Paul understood his father's look. He ran in the direction of the barn.

Marian drew a breath of relief. He was out of hearing for a time at least. Then summoning all her strength she faced her brother.

Frank's face was colorless. His lips were drawn back, disclosing his teeth, and the baleful glare in his eyes made the woman before him sick at heart.

"Here's a letter for you to read," he went on, in the same strident tone; "but first let me tell you what a fool I made of myself!"

"Sit down, Frank," and Marian pointed to a chair.

"No! I wrote to Lenore! It was a foolish thing to do, but I remembered that I had spoiled her life! It was a goody-goody letter! I even made myself believe the things were true that I said! I told her how sorry I was for the past, and that I was trying to lead a new life! Why, I even gushed a little over the outdoor air, the charm of the dewy fields and the sunlit water! Ah, she cares for nothing save gas-lighted rooms and new dresses! Curse her!" and he grated his teeth in rage.

"No use of making a long story of it," he resumed. "I wound up by asking her to come here. What a fool I was! I promised all sorts of things, and prated of our duty to Paul. Well, here's her reply."

He tossed her an envelope. Marian took from it a sheet of paper. The letter began abruptly, and ran:

"How dare you write to me! We are strangers. No, not that, for no stranger has the blood of my little daughter upon his hands. I shall never look upon your face. I hate you! I thought I hated Paul, too, but I find that I do not. Some day I shall be able to send for him. Never write to me again!"

LENORE."

"I was a fool!" Frank's breath came in short gasps. "It's all over now! I went into the saloon and took a good drink over the letter. Then I came to tell you I'd thrown up the game."

"Frank, what do you mean?"  
"That I'm going straight to the devil! I give you Paul. Never, never let that woman touch him! You have done your best for me, Marian, but it's no use! Take Paul and go back to Carter. I am going to the village, and drink, drink, drink, until I forget my shame and agony! Good-by!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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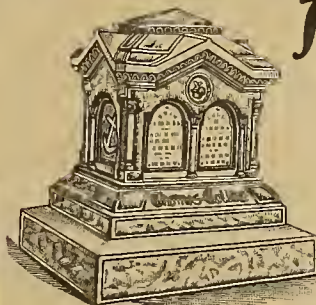
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His lungs are sponges dried;  
His blood is bouillon-concentrate  
In veins of leather hide.

His muscles creak like pulley-ropes  
When hurried into play;  
His hair is like piano-chords—  
Some chords are lost, they say.

His heart's a little globe of punk—  
A house of constant gloom,  
For love can never burn within,  
Because there isn't room.

His appetite has dwindled down  
To fit his little food,  
Till fruit is "water in a poke"  
And bread is "so much wood."

Hot apple tarts and pumpkin pies—  
He reads of them aghast;  
And waffles brown and chicken stew  
Are "terrors of the past."

And, smiling, from his vest he slips  
A tiny box of tin,  
With capsules brown and pellets pink  
All rattling within.

Then, with a gulp, he swallows down  
His dinner from the can—  
This product of the health-food school,  
The Concentrated Man!  
—Aloysius Coll, in What to Eat.

### CURIOSITY SATISFIED

THERE are bad bargains that we remember, sometimes with regret and often a little bitter amusement. Says Mrs. E. Gillespie in her "Book of Remembrance":

"My father had taken some land in Illinois for a bad debt, and this he had never visited. After he had paid taxes on it for several years he was asked to sell the tract. He agreed to do it, and named the price, which was the sum he paid for it, without the taxes.

"The deeds were scarcely signed when my father found that a city, Peoria, was growing up on the spot. He was naturally disappointed at what seemed the ill-luck of the occurrence, but several years after his annoyance was tinged with amusement. A man came into his office, and asked:

"Are you W. J. Duane?"

"Yes."

"Did you own the site of the city of Peoria?"

"Yes."

"Did you sell it for six hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"The man rose from his chair.

"Good-by," he said. 'I only thought I'd like to look at you.'"

### HIS HONEY

Frank Anderson was for years a well-known commercial traveler who made Galena. He was passionately fond of honey, and the proprietor of the Galena Hotel, at which he always stopped, always had some on hand for him. On one trip Anderson took his wife along, and as he approached Galena he mentioned to her that he was getting to a place where he could have honey. When the pair were sitting at the supper-table that night no honey appeared, and Anderson said, sharply, to the head waiter, "Where is my honey?"

The waiter smiled and said, "You mean the little black-haired one? Oh, she don't work here now."—Kansas City Journal.

### SCOTCH WIT

A drunken Irishman was once lodged in the cell of a Scotch-country police station, when he made a tremendous noise by kicking the cell door with his heavy hob-nailed boots.

The constable who had charge of the police station, going to the cell door, opened it a little, and said, "Man, ye might pit aff yer buits, an' I'll gie them a bit rub, so that ye'll be respectable-like when ye come up afore the bailie the morn."

The prisoner, flattered at the request, at once complied, and saw his mistake only when the constable shut the door upon him, saying, coolly, "Ye can kick awa' noo, my man, as laug as ye like."—Epworth Herald.

### INCREASE OF SPIRITUALITY

Old-fashioned pastor—"You observe no falling off in spirituality in your congregation. I hope?"

Popular young clergyman—"I think our congregation has never been as active in church-work as now. The ladies' ice-cream socials are excellently attended, and our last rummage sale realized nearly three hundred and seventy-five dollars for the organ fund."—Chicago Tribune.

### A THEOLOGICAL POSER

The Rev. John McNeill was recently holding a revival service at Cardiff, Wales, and announced that he would answer any questions about the Bible. At once a note was sent up to him, reading as follows:

Dear Mr. McNeill:—If you are seeking to help young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife.

That seemed a poser, and the audience waited with intense interest, tempered with amusement, to see how the good man would extricate himself. After a pause he said, "I love young men, especially young inquirers for light, and I would give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives!"—Epworth Herald.

### ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT

When Naples was ruled by King Bomba His Majesty paid a visit one day to the flag-ship of an English admiral in the harbor. Whilst the latter was receiving his royal guest on the quarter-deck a gorgeously attired member of the Neapolitan suite, who was strolling about the deck, mistook a wind-sail for a pillar, and, leaning against it, suddenly went below head foremost.

The only witness of the accident, an old tar, thereupon made for the quarter-deck, and having saluted, said, "I beg pardon, sir, but one o' them 'ere kings has fell down the hatchway!"—Answers.

### A TESTIMONIAL

SIRS:—We fed our baby on modified cow's milk the first six months, but the milkman did not understand how to modify his cows properly, and in consequence the child lost flesh till he weighed but one pound. I now procured some of your celebrated Infants' Food. This the baby managed to trade off to the dog for some dog-biscuit, which he ate, and is now well and hearty. The dog died, but dogs are cheap. We are grateful to you, indeed. You may use my name if you like. Yours truly, JOHN JONES.—Detroit Journal.

### USE OF SOUNDING-BOARD

Oftentimes young men mistake lung-power and glibness of speech for a call to the ministry. A mechanic was erecting a sounding-board over a pulpit in a certain church when a parishioner entered and asked the mechanic what it was he was erecting.

"A sounding-board," was the reply.

"A sounding-board? What is that?"

"Something to throw out the sound of the sermon."

"Ah, then," was the reply, "there will be nothing left."—Christian Conservator.

### SOLVED THE PROBLEM

"And if your party came suddenly to a stream," said the story-teller, "too deep for your horse to wade over, too wide for it to jump over, and too swift flowing for it to swim over, what would you do?"

"Why that's easy," said one of the party; "we'd sit down and think it over."—Yonkers Statesman.

### HIS STATUS

"Whoopler seems to have nearly finished fitting himself for active membership in a trained animal show."

"—? ? ?"

"Oh! He was an Elk, and then he became a White Rat, and last night he joined the Buffaloes and they made a monkey of him."—Puck.

### VOICE CULTURE

"And to think," said the teacher, as she sat in the Union Station and listened to the big voice of the train-caller ring in and out of the building, "that man used to go to school to me and couldn't be heard beyond the front row of seats. I feel I have not lived in vain."—Indianapolis News.

### CAUSE FOR LEAVING

"I'll have to leave your service, sir," said the coachman to the trust magnate.

"I'm sorry to hear that, John. Why?"

"Every time I drive you out, sir, I hear people say, 'There goes the scoundrel!' and I don't know which of us they mean."—Philadelphia Times.

### HARDLY

When a woman opens the front door, and says "Tum in, deary," to a little, wiggling pug-dog, you can bet on it that if there are any children in the house they don't stand half a show.—Indianapolis News.

Do you know what lamp chimneys are for?

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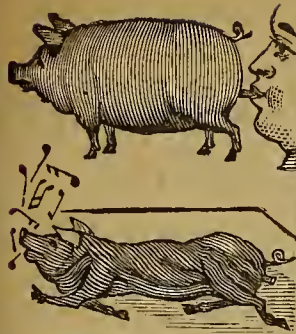
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in a poke, but did you ever hear a Pig Sing? Well, this Musical Pig right from the Paris Exposition, is the latest and greatest wonder out. More fun with this cute little porker than anything ever invented. You simply blow him up like the picture here then the Pig begins to Sing. After singing awhile he squeals, then collapses, then gives up the ghost with a faint grunt and finally dies. Everything about the tragic ending is so laughable, however, that you nearly burst with hilarity, so funny is the ending of poor Piggy. Thousands of these Musical Dying Pigs were sold in Paris at the Exposition this season and they are now all the rage in New York. Don't fail to get one if you want some fun. They are strongly made of a thin rubber substance so you can carry them in your vest pocket and suddenly blow him up and then there is more fun ahead than a box of monkeys. Just get one and try it. Agents can sell them like hot cakes.

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# SELECTIONS

## DON'T HUNT TROUBLE

Honey, ef yon looks fo' Trouble,  
You kin fin' him, sho'!  
Ef yon hunts, you'll fin' him doulbe  
Sneakin' 'roun yo' do'.  
  
He so glad tow hab you know him;  
Up he'll hang his hat—  
Stay, fo'ehch—less you show him  
You'll hab none o' dat!

Now I gwine tow tell yon—suttin—  
(Larnt it yea's ago)  
Ef you drap yore winnow-enttin,  
An' shet tight yore do',

He snne tire of payin' 'tention  
Whar he am despised;  
He's jest Trouhle—year me mention  
When he's recon'ized!

—Success.

## EASILY SUITED

His clothes were not of the latest cut, his hat had come from last year, and he wiped his broad wrinkled brow with a bright bandana handkerchief as he entered a restaurant of good pretensions. Inside the door he hesitated, and a watchful attendant with a dignified wave of his hand motioned him toward a vacant seat. With a slight bow he followed the indicated direction.

As the old man seated himself the stiff waiter faced the watchful attendant and a smile went from one to the other. The old man used the bandana handkerchief again, as his brass-bowed spectacled eyes wandered over the four pages of the menu, and returned again to the top of the first one.

The stiff waiter unbended a little and leaned with one hand on the table. As a few seconds passed he unbended still more and leaned with both hands on the table.

"We have fine corned beef and cabbage," he said, in a low voice, "and corned beef hash. The country sausages are very nice. We can give you ham and eggs in a couple of minutes."

The old man continued to examine the menu.

"Very fine roast beef, lamb and pork," continued the waiter. "Nice mutton-chops, too. You might start with vegetable soup."

The old man turned over the menu.

"All kinds of pies; fine pumpkin," said the waiter, as he bent lower. "Beer or ale, or light wines if you care for them."

The old gentleman laid down the menu, took off his glasses, straightened up and looked at the waiter. The waiter took his hands from the table.

"Does this menu give the things you have mentioned?" asked the patron.

"Certainly, sir," answered the waiter, as he assumed his original stiff position.

"Then why do you repeat them to me?"

"I thought—"

"Don't do it again. Thought isn't becoming to you. I will have consomme royale, broiled pompano, flueritta sauce; os du meunier grille, macaroni a la Nicienne, venison steak, vanilla soufflé fritters, Chateau Margaux, café noir."

As the stiff waiter turned and looked at the watchful attendant neither smiled.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## WHAT IS THE SHAMROCK?

During recent years literature has been abundant in the attempt to prove that the clover could not have been the ancient shamrock of the Irish, but that it must have been the Oxalis Acetosella. The main argument has been that the clover was an introduction from the continent of Europe, and could not have been in Ireland at that time. A correspondent of the London "Gardeners' Chronicle," W. G. S., goes over the whole literature of the subject. He shows that it was not until 1830 when J. E. Bichenor, a former secretary of the Linnaean Society, started a doubt on the subject in a paper read before that society. W. G. S. quotes from publications, with their dates, going back hundreds of years, showing clearly that the shamrock was clover, and nothing else but clover. Indeed, the correspondent shows that in very early Christian times, long before St. Patrick's birth, the clover-leaf was used as an emblem of the Trinity.—Meehan's Monthly.

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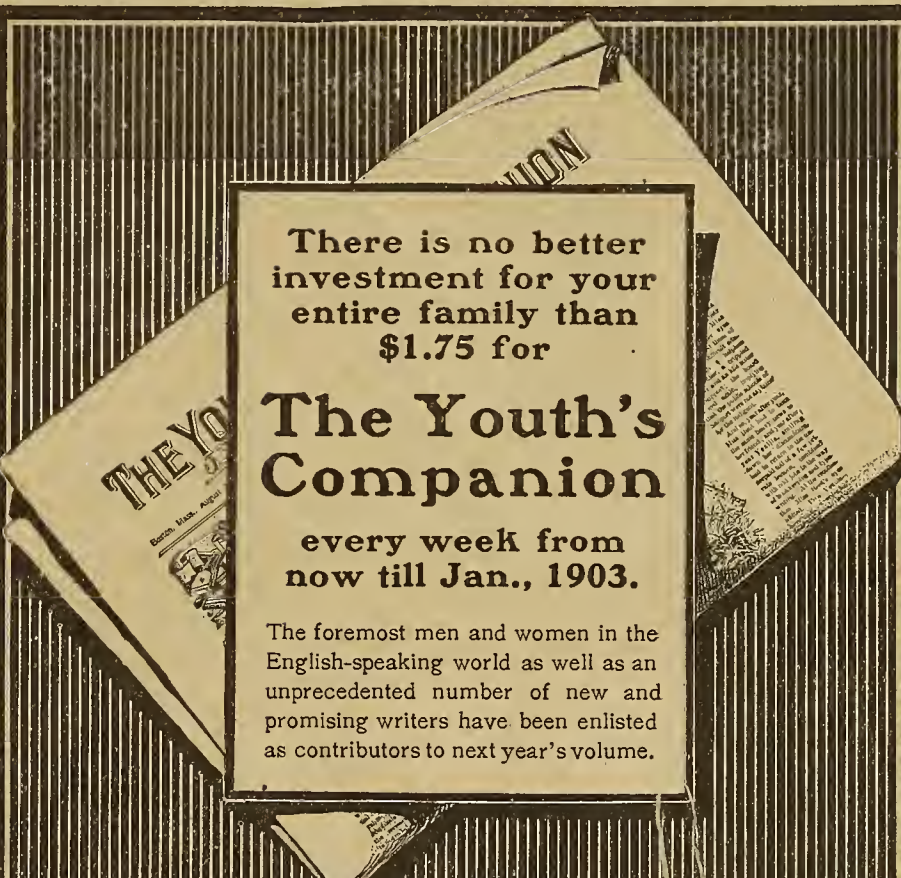
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Springfield, Ohio

### THE TREATMENT OF SPAVIN, RING-BONE AND NAVICULAR DISEASE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

requirements of the case, from four to five points about three fourths of an inch apart right where the spavin-elevation presents itself, each point sufficiently deep to penetrate the skin and to throw out some exudates. To be on the safe side and to guard against burning either too deep or too shallow I touch the skin on the first application but lightly, just enough to mark my points; touching the latter the second time, I keep the hot iron a little longer in contact with the skin, just about long enough to slightly perforate the same, and on the third application I burn as deep as I deem necessary. A fourth and fifth applications are not needed unless the iron has cooled off too soon. In performing the operation care must be taken not to fire and to open the large vein (the vena saphena) passing upward just beneath the skin on the median fore part of the hock. This vein, however, can be plainly seen, and is therefore easily avoided. For the operation I keep the horse standing, have put a good twist on his nose to quiet him and to avert his attention, and instruct the man who holds the bridle to raise the head of the horse and to cover with his hand the eye of the same on that side on which I do the firing. With these simple precautions no trouble need be anticipated, because the operation will be finished before the horse finds out what has been done. Of course, it will be entirely different if a light iron that requires several heatings is used or if the heavy iron is not hot enough. If, on the other hand, the operation is performed as just described with promptness and dispatch it can be finished in less than a minute and without any offensive movement of the horse. That the points must be made at the right place, covering the diseased part of the joint, that the same must neither be too deep nor too shallow, that the operator must have a steady hand and exercise good judgment will need no explanation.

If the other method, consisting in repeated applications of a sharp ointment, is chosen I would recommend the above-mentioned biniodide-of-mercury ointment as the most efficient of all those that will leave no permanent hemishes. Its application although very easy also requires good judgment. In the first place, it is essential that it is rubbed in in a thorough manner on that part of the skin which covers the diseased part of the joint and nowhere else, and that no more is applied at any one time than will stick to the place where it is rubbed in. I deem it advisable to make the first application a very thorough one, and then to make the second application on the fourth day after the first. On about the fourth day after the second application some heavy crusts will probably have been formed. If such is the case some clean lard should be gently rubbed in on the crusts, which the next day will be loose enough to remove them. This done, the third application should be made; or if the crusts should yet be too firm the third application will have to be made on the following day. After this the crusts will be found on the fourth day after every new application and must be treated and removed as has just been stated. Therefore, a new application of the biniodide-of-mercury ointment will as a rule have to be made on the fifth day after the preceding one. The thickness and firmness of the crusts or scabs on the fourth and fifth days after each application of the ointment will, to a certain extent, indicate whether the last application was too severe, not severe enough or just right, provided the natural thickness or fineness of the skin is taken into consideration. This treatment must be continued for about eight weeks. If the horse at the end of that time begins to stand square on his four feet and ceases to favor the lame leg it may be taken as an indication that the treatment has been successful, but it must not tempt the owner to put the horse prematurely to a test.

After the last application, but not until every trace of soreness has disappeared, and not before the horse has ceased to favor the lame leg for at least a couple of weeks, a test may be applied. On the first day the test must be limited to a gentle exercise in a walk over a short distance of about a hundred feet. On the second day the exercise may be a little extended, but only in a walk. On the third day a slow trot over a short distance will be admissible. On the fourth day the same, only a little further, and so on. If the horse does not show any lameness in these tests the same in about a week may be employed for light work, which may be gradually, but gradually only, increased in about a month to ordinary work. The same gradual test just described should also be applied if the horse has been fired, but never any sooner than eight weeks after the firing.

Concerning the treatment of navicular disease but very little can be said, because practically it is incurable. The most that can be done consists in somewhat lessening the pain of shoeing the horse in such a way—for instance, with shoes provided with heel-calks—as will throw more weight upon the perpendicular bones and the phalanges, and thereby relieve to an extent the flexor tendons, and, consequently, also the navicular bone.

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**DESCRIPTION** They are made of steel, handsomely turned handles and well silver-plated. They are packed six in a cloth-lined box. These picks are full size, neatly finished, and heavily silver-plated. We give you a set for securing two yearly subscriptions to the Farm and Fireside. Each set of these silver-plated nut-picks comes in a cloth-lined box 5 1-2 inches long, 3 inches wide and 5-8 inch thick. The picks are 5 1-4 inches long, being about twice the size illustrated. They make a handsome as well as a useful present.

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Or We Will Send the Farm and Fireside One Year and This Set of Silver-Plated Nut-Picks for 50 Cents

(When this offer is accepted the club-raiser may have the regular cash commission or the name may be counted in a club)

SENT BY MAIL, POST-PAID, AND GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION. ORDER BY PREMIUM NO. 125

Address **FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio**

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Write for new rates and special inducements provided by the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for the season now opening. They are unequalled. The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION does not favor contingent methods of compensation, as rebates and prizes, because nearly always causing disappointment. Instead, it pays agents

## The Greatest Cash Commission

that is paid by any magazine published. You know exactly what you make on every order at the time you take it. Pleasant and successful canvassing, whether city or country. To energetic men and women making this their business a steady income of \$20 to \$36 a week can be guaranteed. All canvassing material supplied FREE. The present month is a particularly good time for starting.

Address **WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, Department of Agents, Springfield, Ohio**



**200-Egg Incubator for \$12.80**

Perfect in construction and action. Hatches every fertile egg. Write for catalogue to-day. **GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.**

**Patent Secured** or **FEES returned.** FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for our Guide Book, and What to Invent. Finest publication ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. **SAMPLE COPY FREE.** **EVANS, WILKENS & CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.**  
MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS



# 40 Cent Patterns for 10 Cents

These patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores for twenty-five to forty cents each, but in order to increase the demand for our paper among strangers, and to make it more valuable than ever to our old friends, we offer them to the lady readers of our paper for the low price of only 10 Cents Each.

Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern

for every single piece of the dress. All orders filled promptly.

For ladies, give BUST measure in inches. For SKIRT pattern, give WAIST measure in inches. For misses, boys, girls or children, give both BREAST measure in inches and age in years. Order patterns by their numbers.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape-measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress, close under the arms.

Special price of each pattern 10 cents.

Postage one cent EXTRA on skirt, tea-gown and other heavy patterns.

**FREE** We will give any TWO of these patterns for sending ONE yearly **FREE** subscription to Farm and Fireside at the clubbing price of 35c.

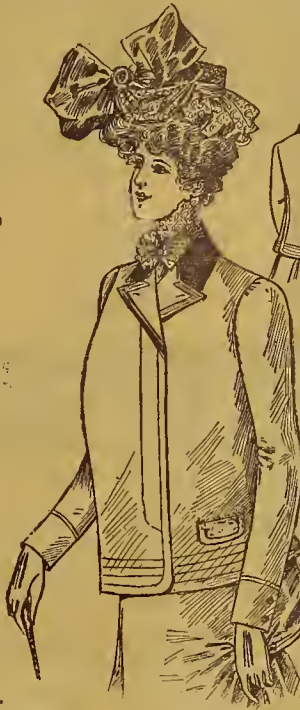
Address FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio



No. 3944.—TAILORED SHIRT-WAIST. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.



No. 3793.—PLAIN SHIRT-WAIST.  
10 cents.  
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.



No. 3857.—BOX-COAT. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



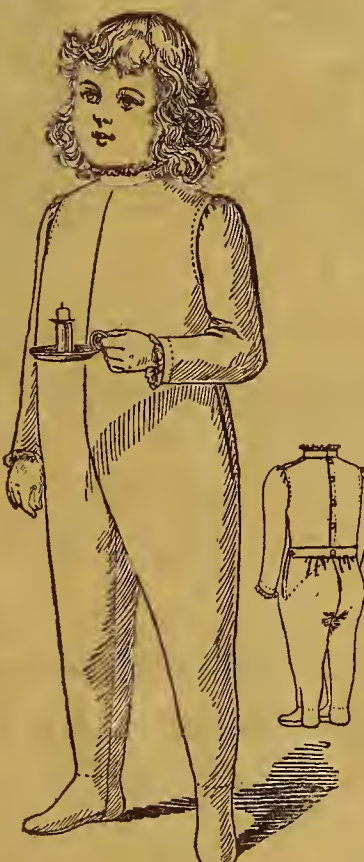
No. 3957.—NORFOLK SHIRT-WAIST. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 3940.—SHIRT-WAIST. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.  
No. 3916.—WALKING SKIRT. 11 cents.  
Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist.



No. 3898.—BOYS' NORFOLK SUIT.  
10 cents. Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.



No. 3679.—CHILD'S NIGHT-DRAWERS.  
10 cents. Sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.



No. 3646.—RUSSIAN BLOUSE. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years.



No. 3959.—LONG COAT. 11 cents.  
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 3960.—FANCY WAIST. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.



No. 3903.—ETON JACKET. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

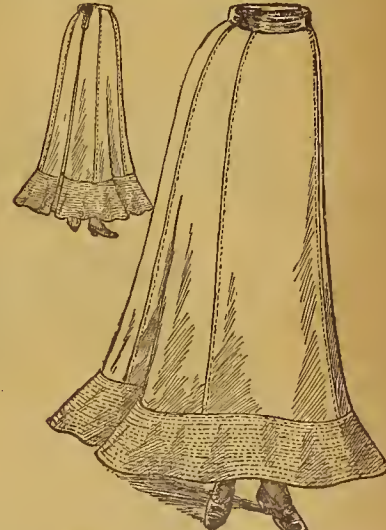
We will give any TWO of these patterns for sending ONE Yearly Subscription to the Farm and Fireside at the clubbing price of 35 cents.



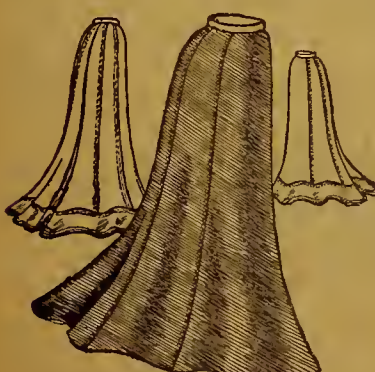
No. 3958.—CHILD'S COAT. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 6 months, 1, 2 and 4 years.



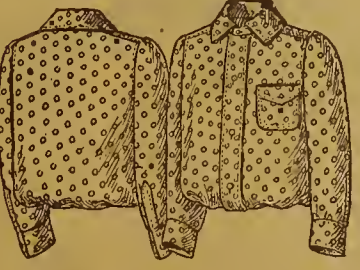
No. 3935.—MISSSES' SHIRT-WAIST.  
10 cents.  
Sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years.



No. 3852.—SEVEN-GORED WALKING-SKIRT. 11 cents.  
Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist.



No. 3860.—SEVEN-GORED SKIRT.  
11 cents.  
Sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist.



No. 3752.—BOYS' BLOUSE. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.



No. 3863.—SHIRT-WAIST. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 12, 14 and 16 years.



No. 3956.—MISSSES' PETTICOAT. 10 cents.  
Sizes, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.



FARM SELECTIONS

ALFALFA AS A FERTILIZER

THE great value of alfalfa as a feeding-stuff, especially in the Western and Southern states of this country, is well understood. This has been established by long practical experience and by the scientific investigations of a number of the experiment stations. These investigations have not only demonstrated its value as a feed for all kinds of stock, including pigs and poultry, but have shown the stage of growth at which the plant contains the greatest amount of nutritive material and the best ways of curing and ensiling the crop. The value of alfalfa as a fertilizer has perhaps not received so much attention, although a number of stations have investigated this phase of the subject. Professor Buffum, of the Wyoming Station, has shown that the crop is valuable for increasing the nitrogen of the soils of the arid or semi-arid region, for improving the tilth, and for destroying weeds by crowding them out. In experiments at this station it was found that land which had previously been in alfalfa produced eight dollars to twelve dollars more value in wheat, sixteen dollars' worth more of oats and sixteen dollars' worth more of potatoes an acre than land which had grown potatoes and grain before, and these "increases of yield and value were produced with absolutely no cost for fertilizing the land."

The results were obtained on land which had been in alfalfa five years, the crop being cut for hay each year, leaving nothing but the stubble and roots in the soil.

According to analyses reported by the Colorado station a ton of alfalfa hay contains 44 pounds of nitrogen, 8.27 pounds of phosphoric acid, 50.95 pounds of potash and 40 pounds of lime. Alfalfa is a leguminous plant, and is therefore able to draw the larger part of its nitrogen from the air, thus causing an actual increase of nitrogen in the soil. It can readily be seen from the above figures that if the alfalfa is turned under a considerable increase in the available fertility will result; but even if the crop is removed the soil is improved in tilth and fertility by the shading of the ground and the decay of the large, deep-growing roots of the plant, as was demonstrated in the experiments above referred to.—Farmers' Bulletin No. 133, United States Department of Agriculture.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED

Henry A. Dreer, Philadelphia, Pa. Illustrated catalogue of bulbs, seeds, plants, etc. T. S. Hubbard Co., Fredonia, N. Y. Wholesale price-list of grape-vines and small-fruit plants.

Revolving Spectacles Co., Rochester, N. Y. Illustrated catalogue of electric temple-clasp eye-glasses.

Electric Wheel Co., Quincy, Ill. Illustrated catalogue telling about good steel wheels and good wagons.

Fred'k W. Kelsey, 150 Broadway, N. Y. Illustrated catalogue of choice hardy trees, shrubs, herbaceous plants, bulbs, etc.

John Dorsch & Sons, Milwaukee, Wis. Illustrated catalogue describing ice-plows and other tools for harvesting the ice crop.

Peter Henderson & Co., New York City. Illustrated catalogue of high-grade bulbs for fall planting and early spring blooming.

New Holland Machine Works, New Holland, Pa. Handsome catalogue describing their corn-and-cob feed mill, offered on ten days' free trial.

The Storrs & Harrison Co., Painesville, Ohio. Catalogue of Holland bulbs, palms, roses, decorative plants and specialties for fall planting.

The Charter Gas Engine Co., Sterling, Ill. Illustrated catalogue of the "Charter" gas and gasoline engines used for pumping, sawing, threshing, grinding, boating, etc.

Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston, Mass. "An Illustrated Holiday Announcement of New Books." Also "Descriptive Catalogue of Books with Portraits of Popular Authors."

International Food Co., Minneapolis, Minn. International Stock Book. A handy reference-book containing 183 engravings of stock, and an illustrated veterinary department. Free.

Stratton Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa. "More Money From Hens" tells how to make poultry-raising more profitable by the use of fleshy cut green bone, and describes the "Dandy" bone-cutter. Free.



At the Sign of the Golden Girl

This is a picture of the celebrated statue of Progress, an original creation by the well-known sculptor, J. Massey Rhind. She is made of sheet copper, covered with more than one thousand dollars worth of pure leaf gold. Perched away up on the tower of our new building, 394 feet from the sidewalk, she looks only life size, but in reality she is 17 feet tall and weighs nearly two tons. She shows the direction of the wind to all Chicago and also marks

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We ask no money in advance. We send assortment of fine soaps, perfumery, flavoring extracts, toilet preparations, of our own manufacture, fully guaranteed. You sell them to your friends and neighbors and get your choice of hundreds of premiums free. Send for free catalogue showing premium furniture, silver ware, watches, musical instruments, dress skirts, furs, and hundreds of others. All goods guaranteed first-class and exactly as represented. Crofts & Reed, Dept. G 842-850 Austin Ave., Chicago.

Pianos and Organs Free for Christmas

We will send a piano or organ to any lover of music absolutely free for one year. To those who would like one for Christmas delivery, if the order is sent in at once, we will arrange to have an instrument delivered at that time. This remarkable offer covers all of the CORNISH instruments, from the inexpensive to the most costly kind. You can use the instrument freely for a year, and if it is not exactly as claimed you can send it back at our expense.

The Unique Cornish Plan

is revolutionizing the piano business. Over a quarter of a million satisfied customers attest the honesty of this modern method. Every instrument warranted 25 years. Back of this warranty is a business worth over a million dollars. FREE—A Set of Miniature Pianos and Organs Also our Souvenir Catalogue. These constitute the most costly form of advertising we have ever issued, but we give them free because they show the remarkable beauty of these instruments. Write at once.

CORNISH CO. Established 50 Years.  
Washington, N. J.



9 Cords in 10 Hours by One Man.



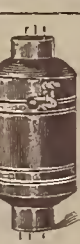
With our Folding Sawing Machine. Saws down trees. Folds like a pocket knife. Saws any kind of timber. Instantly adjusted to cut log square on rough or level ground. Operator always stands straight. Forced to Cut Fast by large coil springs, which can be fed to suit a boy 12 years old or the strongest man. It has the Most Leverage, the Least Friction, and the most practical motion that can be produced. One man can saw more with it than two men can in any other way, and do it easier. Saw Blades furnished 5 1/2, 6, 6 1/2, or 7 feet long. Champion, Diamond or Lance teeth to suit your timber. Highly Tempered, extra thin back. Guaranteed to be highest grade Spring Steel. Any that are defective can be returned within 30 days and we will send new ones without charge. Wood Work is all second growth A No. 1 pure White Ash. No knots, no brush pieces, all oiled and varnished. Springs all made of highest grade crucible Spring Steel. Cast-lugs are made of the best grade malleable iron, and all other parts the very best that money can buy. If any part breaks within three years, we will send a new part without charge, thus giving you a 3 year's guarantee. Send for Free Catalogue showing latest improvements, giving testimonials from thousands. First Order Success. Money in your pocket. Folding Sawing Machine Co., 55-57-59 N. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ills.



Absolutely Free!

Send name and full address for 18 colored stone, gold plated silver pins to send at 10c each. When you have so done, send us the money, and we will send you a Watch, Camera, Air Rifle, Printing Press, or any other article you may select from our large premium list sent with pins. We give the best premiums offered by any firm.

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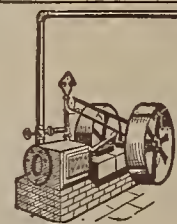
Save Fuel

and heat additional rooms by attaching BURTON'S FUEL ECONOMIZER

Saves 3/4 Fuel PRICE \$4.50 AT ALL STOVE DEALERS W. J. BURTON & CO., Mfrs., 211 Case St., Detroit, Mich. Catalogue and testimonials upon request.

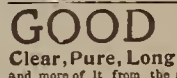


FREE To introduce our catalogue and novelties, we will give a Solid Silver Stick Pin or Solid Gold Filled Bangle Ring Free. Send 10 cents to pay advertising, etc. LINCOLN JEWELRY CO., Dept. 4, Lincoln Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



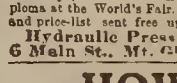
ENGINES, BOILERS AND MACHINERY.

When you want good rebuilt machinery at bargain prices, write for our Catalogue, No. 84. We carry all kinds of engine (gas, gasoline and steam power), boilers, pumps, and mill supplies in general. CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO. West 35th and Iron Sts., Chicago.



GOOD CIDER

Clear, Pure, Long Keeping Cider, and more of it from the small amount of apples can only be secured by using a



Hydraulic Cider Press Made in various sizes, hand and power. The only press awarded medal and diploma at the World's Fair. Catalogue and price-list sent free upon request. Hydraulic Press Mfg. Co., 6 Main St., Mt. Gilead, Ohio.



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In your neighborhood need wells for home supply or live stock purposes? Just take the time to count them, then figure up the money you could make in drilling those wells. Star Drilling Machines will do the work better, more of it and last longer than any other machines of the kind made. Send for our free illustrated catalogue, price list, etc. Here is a chance to get into business for yourself. STAR DRILLING MACHINE CO., Akron, O.

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Best Route to

California  
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Ear and Shelled Corn, Oats, Rye, Etc.

to a medium degree of fineness for feeding purposes. Crusher roll crushes the ears and at end of crusher we place either fine or coarse grinding plates. FINE PLATES are for ear corn, shelled corn, oats, rye and other small grain, where a good medium degree of feed is wanted. COARSE PLATES are for ear or shelled corn, where coarse chop feed is wanted and for Crushing Ear Corn to prepare it for a 1 ranch burr or any other mill not having cob crusher. Crushes 25 bu. an hour. Can be run with 1 to 15 h. p. or power wind mill. Is strong and durable, made of steel and iron. Hopper holds full sack of corn. Latest thing out, revolutionizes ear corn proposition. Send for free cat. log giving full description. MARVIN SMITH CO., 55-59 N. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.



Our premium watch has a SOLID GOLD laid case, hand-some dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, expansion balance, quick train, and is a highly finished and remarkable watch. We guarantee it, and with proper care it should wear and give satisfaction for 20 years. The movement is an AMERICAN make, and you can rely upon it that when you own one of these truly hand-some watches you will always have the correct time in your possession. DO YOU WANT A WATCH OF THIS CHARACTER? WE OWE IT FREE as a premium to anyone for selling 18 pieces of our hand-some jewelry, for 10c. each, (each set with an exquisite jewel). Regular price 25c. apiece. Simply send your name and address and we will send you the 18 pieces of jewelry postpaid. When sold send us the \$1.80, and we will send you the handsome watch. We trust you and will take back all you cannot sell. We propose to give away these watches simply to advertise our business. No catch-words in this advertisement. Address, SAFE DEPOSIT WATCH CO., New York.

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

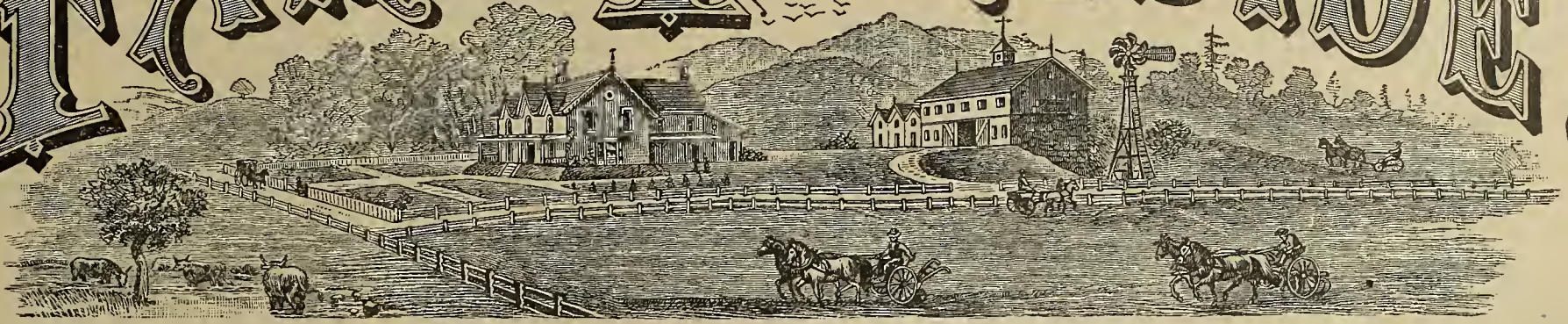


25 designs, all steel. Handsome, durable.—Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and cemeteries. Catalogue free. KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE CO., 427 North St., Kokomo, Indiana.

Gold Plate ring 1c.; ladies' \$2 shoes 89c.; hling 1c.; 100 pieces of silk 4c.; good calico 3c.; bar soap 1c.; stove-polish 2c.; jeans, yd., 9c.; seamless socks 3c.; shoe-blacking 1c.; box tacks 1c.; paper pins 1c.; boys' snits 89c.; men's \$3 snits \$3.88; pkg. smoking-tobacco 3c.; one-inch ribbon, yd., 11c.; men's suspenders 8c.; good thread 2c.; ladies' walking-hats 19c. Send for price lists. O. A. WILLARD CO., Chicago, Illinois



# FARM & FIRESIDE



Vol. XXV. No. 4

EASTERN  
EDITION

NOVEMBER 15, 1901

Entered at the Post-office at Springfield,  
Ohio, as second-class mail matter

TERMS 50 CENTS A YEAR  
24 NUMBERS

## New Stamping and Embroidery Outfit

GIVEN FOR SENDING FIVE YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FARM AND FIRESIDE

OR WE WILL SEND THE FARM AND FIRESIDE ONE YEAR AND THIS OUTFIT FOR ONE DOLLAR

**H**UNDREDS of embroidery outfits were sent out by us last year, and we are pleased to say that they were without exception satisfactory. Being determined to surpass past records we this year instructed the manufacturer to get up for our exclusive use an outfit which would far surpass anything of the kind ever offered. The outfit offered below is the result. Every pattern is of modern design and the whole covers a wide range of subjects sufficient to satisfy the most devoted worker in embroidery. The linen set, the Battenberg set and the perforated-pattern outfit make up a collection covering every phase of this attractive and artistic branch of personal and household adornment.

The greatly reduced cuts here used can give but a faint idea of the beauty and accuracy of these patterns. They are all full size, and in quality and style are second to none on the market.

Our Embroidery Outfit this year contains the newest and most popular designs and has even greater value than the one we offered last year. The set consists of the following: One large centerpiece and ten doilies, all stamped on

### FINE IRISH LINEN

The centerpiece is a design in violets. The doily designs are violet, apple-blossom, pansy, daisy, strawberry and maidenhair-fern, all in tumbler-doilies. Also four three-inch butter-doilies to match.

Further, there are the following designs stamped on cambric for

### BATTENBERG LACE

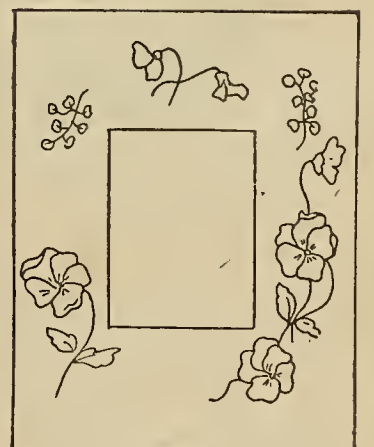
Eighteen-inch centerpiece, ten-inch doily, tie-end, bow-knot design, turn-over collar, stock collar, butterfly tie-end and a handkerchief design. With this combination we send also an elegant top for a

### SOFA-PILLOW

This is stamped on art canvas. Finally, there is a complete stamping outfit, including a box of modern stamping material and the following

### PERFORATED PATTERNS

Two complete alphabets, small and large letters; design of pansies for photo-frame; design of passion-flower for corner; basket of forget-me-nots; corner design for table-cloth, sprays of daisies, wild roses, violets, chrysanthemums, strawberries and sweet-peas, spray of violets tied with ribbon, butterfly pitcher and flowers, words of collars and cuffs, narrow borders and scallops for flannel, pansy words of collar and cuff buttons, round tumbler-doily, forget-me-not doily, butterfly doily, anchor, and primrose and wild roses. Sent by mail, postage paid by us. Order as No. 228.



**We Will Send the Farm and Fireside One Year and This Complete Outfit for \$1.00**

(To Club-Raisers:—When the subscriber pays you this special price you are entitled either to the regular cash commission or to count the name in a club)

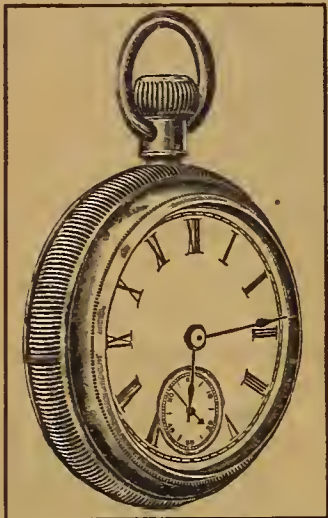
**ADDRESS FARM AND FIRESIDE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO**



## Our New Twentieth-Century Watch

GIVEN FOR SENDING SIX YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO FARM AND FIRESIDE  
Or for Four Yearly Subscriptions and 50 Cents Cash

Sterling quality at a popular price—that is our aim and our claim in this great watch offer. Ten years ago a reliable watch for any reasonable sum was impossible. To-day we have closed a contract with one of the most famous watch manufacturers in the world by which we obtain



### AN ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE WATCH

at a price that places it within the reach of all. Not only that, but this watch has a handsome appearance as well. It can be furnished with Roman or Arabic figures. The cut shows the Roman figures. Best of all, the watch is of

### MEDIUM SIZE

being of the dimensions that jewelers call the "Sixteen Size." It is in nickel finish, open-face, and has deep milled edge and hinged back. Finally, we are going to guarantee every one of these watches.

### OUR GUARANTY

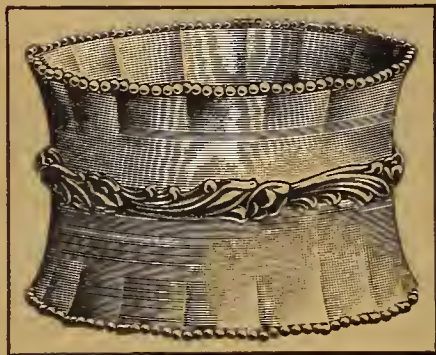
In the back of every watch will be found a printed guarantee by which the manufacturers agree that if without misuse this watch fails to keep good time for one year they will, upon its return, and five cents for postage, repair it free of charge. Sent by mail, post-paid. Order as No. 651.

**We Will Send the Farm and Fireside One Year and This Watch for \$1.25**

*(To Club-Raisers:—When the subscriber pays you this special price you are entitled either to the regular cash commission or to count the name in a club)*

## BEAUTIFUL NEW NAPKIN-RING

GIVEN FOR SENDING THREE YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO FARM AND FIRESIDE  
Or We Will Send Farm and Fireside One Year and This Ring for 75 Cents



The illustration shows the unusually attractive new design that we have selected this year for our napkin-ring. It is one of the daintiest and most artistic pieces of work that the silver manufacturers have yet produced. The base used in the manufacture of this ring is pure white metal. Over this is a quadruple plating of sterling silver heavy enough to insure its wearing qualities. Sent by mail, post-paid. Order as No. 537.

**We Will Send the Farm and Fireside One Year and This Beautiful Napkin-Ring for 75 Cents**

*(To Club-Raisers:—When the subscriber pays you this special price you are entitled either to the regular cash commission or to count the name in a club)*

## Nickel-Silver Baking-Dish

GIVEN FOR SENDING NINE YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO FARM AND FIRESIDE  
Or for Four Yearly Subscriptions and \$1.00 in Cash



Highly  
ornamental  
in finish,  
very useful  
and  
durable.  
The outside  
is heavily  
nickel-  
plated  
and  
polished.

Contains a separate porcelain inside-dish which holds four pints. One of the nicest ways of cooking and serving hot from the dish. Sent by express from Springfield, Ohio, charges paid by the receiver. Order as No. 257.

**We Will Send the Farm and Fireside One Year and This Baking-Dish Complete for \$1.50**

*(To Club-Raisers:—When the subscriber pays you this special price you are entitled either to the regular cash commission or to count the name in a club)*

## UNIQUE HARP-ZITHER

GIVEN FOR SENDING FOURTEEN YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS  
Or for Five Subscriptions and \$2.00 Cash

One of the most wonderful and most beautiful musical instruments of recent years. *Best of all, an instrument that any one can easily learn to play.*

### NUMBERED MUSIC

The harp is arranged in this way. Each string is numbered. With the harp we furnish music in which each note also is numbered. By this means any one even without a knowledge of music can render the music perfectly.

### SWEET TONE

In tone the harp has the sweetness of the famous German zither, but is capable of many times greater volume. A most important feature is the method of stringing, which is shown in the illustration. This gives the harp a tone and volume similar to that of a piano.

### COMPLETE EQUIPMENT

The harp-zither is made of piano-finished wood neatly decorated. We give with it two picks, a tuning-key, full instructions and a large quantity of music specially arranged for this instrument, all compact in a case. Each harp is sent by express, charges to be paid by the receiver. Order as No. 397.



**We Will Send the Farm and Fireside One Year and This Harp-Zither for \$3.00**

*(To Club-Raisers:—When the subscriber pays you this special price you are entitled either to the regular cash commission or to count the name in a club)*

## FAMILY DIAL SCALE

GIVEN FOR SENDING SIX YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO FARM AND FIRESIDE  
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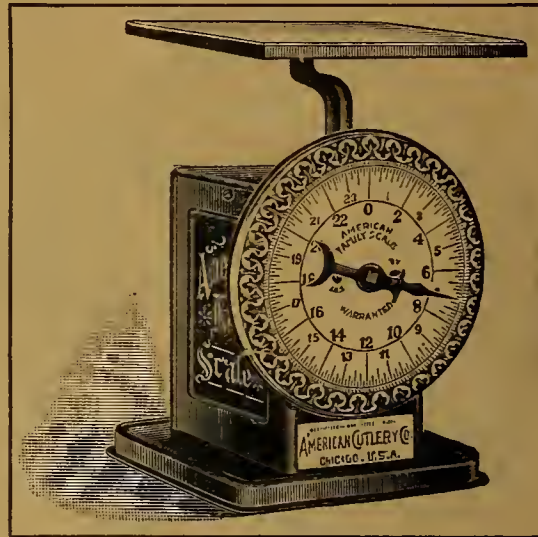
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ADDRESS FARM AND FIRESIDE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



## How the Farmer of Japan Lives 2 By Jessie Ackermann



WHILE there are many class distinctions in this country, Japan really consists of two divisions—the military and agricultural. Long ago it was decreed by the court that the well-to-do peasants

with proper capacity should join the military class, but “all the weak and feeble should continue to till the soil.” At the same time an edict was sent forth saying that merchants, farmers, women and artisans, by reason of their spheres, had no need for education.

Thus classified there was little inducement for any one to follow the occupation of farming if it were possible to enter the more favored class, especially as the tilling of the soil involved endless toil, because of the primitive methods of agriculture. When the ports of Japan were closed, and the country entered upon the two hundred and fifty years of the “reign of peace,” it became necessary to adopt some measure that would induce men to take up farming, otherwise it would be impossible to find food supply for the rapidly increasing population. The plan was settled upon to elevate the farmer by placing him next to the samurai (the gentry) where he would outrank those engaged in other occupations, and up to the present time the farmer has sustained that position.

Lofty mountains and very high hills cut the country into small valleys, where the farmer takes up his abode. As all the work is done by hand, or nearly so, it is impossible for one man to cultivate a large tract of land even if it were not for the lack of means to possess himself of more than two or three acres, or five at most. Instead of each one building his house in the midst of the field and alone all the settlers in a valley build their houses together, usually under the brow of the hills. Having little, if any, machinery to care for during the winter, and rarely a horse to stable—at most a bullock—little space is taken up by the dwellings.

The houses are very small and the style of architecture so picturesque that they form one of the striking features of the landscape. They are one-story, with low ceilings, built of bamboo network, and plastered inside and out with a mixture of straw and clay. The roof is made of thatching two and one half feet thick, and where

there are a number of rooms, which is not generally the case, they are partitioned off by sliding doors. These are made like window-frames intended for small panes of glass and are covered with rice-paper. Usually the front of the house is arranged in a similar fashion.

Stoves are quite unknown, hence there are no chimneys to the houses, a fireplace being a luxury of which they have never dreamed. Just beyond the

Housekeeping is very simple, for there is little, if any, furniture. Bedsteads have never entered into their ideas of comfort, but the soft matting, always spotlessly clean and never stepped upon by shoes, which, if worn, are always left at the door, forms a common resting-place for the entire family. Little bedding is required, sheets and pillow-cases being out of the question. A very thick, heavily padded comforter

are put away in the closet and the sleeping-place is used as a dining-room. In well-to-do families the food is served upon a low table a foot high, the family surrounding it seated upon the floor.

Their manner of sitting is peculiar to the people of Japan, and in no other part of the world is the posture known. It is said by those who have made a study of the reason for the small stature of the people that this mode of

sitting has prevented proper development of the limbs. Upon entering the house they drop upon their knees, turn the feet in until the great toes meet, and fall back, the entire weight of the upper part of the body resting upon their heels. In this position they take their food, either from the table or from the floor, sew, read, study, and in fact thus spend the time indoors when they are not sleeping.

Their food is very simple, consisting chiefly of rice, and in some sections of a sweetish, rather

watery potato, said to be very nourishing. Some forms of their religion forbid the taking of life, and although they consume quantities of fish they rarely taste the flesh of sheep, swine or cows; thus there is little heavy cooking, the entire process being free from bread-baking or any form of pastry.

The farmer is a man of toil in every possible sense, for he must perform the work of man and beast. In an inter-

view with a farmer recently, who belonged to that large class known as “not very prosperous,” there was a touching pathos in the hopelessness of some of his remarks. It was just after midday, and having had dinner he was about to indulge in the noon-hour rest. In this climate it is necessary to have an hour or two of repose at noon, as work begins at dawn and continues until the fading day folds the earth in darkness, which makes the working-hours about sixteen.

Stopping by the way to rest a little and gather some items concerning life on the farm, I encountered an in-

telligent-looking man about to take his noon nap. Upon inquiry concerning the higher thoughts of life, the reading of newspapers and those things that are apart from the steady grind the old farmer drew a long breath and said, “We get up before daybreak, work as hard as we can, pay much more than half we make to help support the soldiers so they will keep our country in peace, have what we need to eat when

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 7]



FARM-HOUSES AND RICE-FIELDS WITH THE GRAIN CUT

entrance is a small space level with the ground. From this in all directions the floor is raised about one and one half feet, and the space, even among the poorest class, is covered with clean matting. The matting is woven in sections six feet long and three feet wide and is padded with rice straw about three inches thick. These mats are all neatly bound with heavy material and fit tightly together, covering the entire

table, called faton, is spread upon the floor, and one of equal weight, heavy enough to forever drive sleep from a Westerner, is used as a cover in cold weather. Frequently a small block of wood, upon which the head rests, serves as a pillow. In any case the head-rest is always hard and would mean anything but sleep to a foreigner. They have a great many times expressed their disgust as I cast aside the block



FARMER AND FAMILY RETURNING FROM THE FIELD

floor. The house is built to fit the mats, which are woven the same size. A room may be a “six-mat room” or a “ten-mat room.” The poorer families usually have one room where all live in common, and such a thing as the smallest degree of privacy is unknown for either man, woman or child. In the sides of the house are built small closets that are shut off by screen-like, sliding doors, but aside from these there is frequently only the one room.

and rolled up my jacket, using it as a substitute for a pillow.

In this large room the family, in bunches of twos or threes, finds a general sleeping-apartment. In summer a great, square mosquito-net suspended by strings from the ceiling covers the entire space and protects the sleepers from that pest that does so much to make night lively for the wayfarer, one doing service for the whole family. During the day the fatons and net cur-



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IN HIS address at the Yale Bicentennial Justice Brewer said:

"Various causes are operating in our midst to produce wealth, consolidation, centralization. The rapidity and multitude of mercantile transactions is seen in colossal fortunes, in gigantic undertakings, in enormous financial consolidations and corresponding organizations of labor. Local self-control is giving way before the pressure of centralized power. The town meeting is supplanted by the state legislature, while the latter in its turn is yielding to the expanding power of Congress. Political parties are largely under the management of bosses, and the whole great forces of industry, business and politics seem passing under the dominance of single central control.

"We hear to-day many a financial and industrial leader asserting that there is no need of a college training except for the few who wish to follow a merely professional life; that the time occupied in such training is lost to him who seeks to take part in the great industries of the day; that more wisely would it be spent in learning all the machinery and mysteries of organization and business. These assertions have a deeper significance than is ordinarily credited to them. They are the outcry of power against equality, the challenge of the forces which seek to polish the material to those which aim at the elevation of the intellectual and spiritual.

"If the end of life be the mere perfection of the organization, the mere building up of colossal machines for doing work and making money, then it may be that the young man should commence as soon as possible to learn all the details of organization, all the workings of the machine. But surely the purpose of life is broader and includes the relations of the individual as well as of the organization and the machine to the larger public and to popular government.

"You cannot stay this movement toward consolidation and centralization. It is a natural evolution. The commercial spirit is taking advantage of the wonderful facilities given by steam and electricity. Injunction against strikers will not stop it; legislation against trusts will not. Attempting to stay the movements of its chariot-wheels by injunction or statute is lunacy, compared with which Dame Partington's effort to stop the Atlantic with a mop was supreme wisdom. Appeal must be taken to the great court of public opinion, whose decrees are irresistible. In that court every man is counsel and every man is judge. That court may not stay the movement, but will control it. It can make the movement with all the wonderful things attending it subserve the higher thought of ennobling the individual. Who shall lead and guide in that court? Not the demagogue, appealing for selfish purposes to ignorance and prejudice. In the opening hours of the French Revolution Mirabeau roused the rabble in Paris, and the roused rabble whirled social order into chaos, provoking Madame Roland's dying words, 'O liberty, what crimes are done in thy name!' We want no Mirabeau here. We turn to the educated lover of his country, the one who believes in her institutions; who would not destroy, but keep pure, and is filled evermore with the thought that true service of the public is the greatest glory of man. We look to him in that court for the preservation of the liberty of the individual against the threatened dominance of wealth and organization; to invigorate the so-called generalities of the Declaration of Independence, and to fill the land with such a spirit of independence and liberty as shall give new emphasis to the grand old song 'America, the Land of the Free.' We look to him in that court to exterminate the assassin and to put an end to anarchism, so that nevermore in the history of this republic shall the sad story be told that during forty years out of seven men elected to its highest office three have been assassinated.

"Here, then, is my answer to the leader of the organization. The organization may need only one trained in its workings—an always reliable cog in the machine—but the republic needs something larger, stronger, grander—something more than a cog. It needs the educated man, and that educated man to whom organizations and individuals are simply instruments to subserve the higher interests and glory of the republic. So it is that in these days of tremendous material activities there is as never before the need for educational institutions filled with the spirit of devotion to the public service. America needs Yale."

"THE State Arid Land Grant Commission, of Montana," says the "Price Current," "which was created by the legislature with power to reclaim lands donated to the state by the general government under the Carey Act, has celebrated the opening of the great canal system in district No. 4. The canal, intended to irrigate thirty-three thousand acres of the Carey land, was opened and water sent on its mission of making homes for the small farmers.

"The state promised to sell this land in tracts of one hundred and sixty acres to actual settlers at only the cost of placing water upon the land, giving ten years for payment, in ten equal payments at six per cent interest. Eleven thousand acres are now ready for settlement. The state is building the canal system, and will own and operate it in perpetuity for the sole benefit of the occupants of the land and without profit to any one, making the enterprise entirely co-operative in its nature. This is the first irrigating-canal on the American continent to be built and operated by a state government, and undoubtedly marks an epoch in irrigation progress."

It is to be hoped that this plan of bringing arid lands under irrigation and disposing of them to actual settlers will be so successful that there will be an end to efforts to get aid from the federal government.

## THE ON-LOOKER

IT HAS been my privilege to attend farmers' institutes, listening to a number of lecturers sent out by the state. Studying the effective ones, and possibly a small per cent of ineffective ones, I am led to make the following observations:

There is an enormous waste of time when an audience of hundreds of people is compelled to listen two hours or more a day to a speaker that does not present effectively some information. To secure effectiveness on the platform of a farmers' institute there should be some clear-cut facts, and they should be facts that have become in a way the lecturer's own. Their importance should appeal to him. This results from experience or careful thought.

Excepting our scientists of the classroom I affirm that experience should precede teaching, and the instruction should consist of the truths impressed most deeply upon one in his experience and attending study. Unless some facts have come up out of the mass of truths in this world, and have assumed for one extraordinary importance in his estimate, he has no special message for the public, and should keep off the platform. If he has such facts he can speak with a sincere conviction that will give weight to his utterances.

But such conviction on the part of the speaker is not sufficient. He must have the power of compelling his hearers to share it with him. They must be made to believe in him and in the value of his message. Here are the breakers for some workers. Knowing the power of enthusiasm they assume its outward form and the words ring hollow. Sincerity and absolute honesty must be back of one's words or it is only a matter of time until the most obtuse become conscious of the speaker's insincerity or apathy, and such a one cannot wear. There must be genuine enthusiasm.

The trite and commonplace nearly fill this world. Constant repetition dulls the ears. Even if a speaker has facts and believes in them enthusiastically he can hardly hope to impress his auditors unless he can present these facts in a dress that marks them with his own individuality. This should be easy for the studious man who speaks from experience. If he has made the facts his own, having in a measure dug them out of his own life-work, although found in a printed book a century old, the facts bear a relationship to each other in sequence and importance that is his individual property, and their recital is striking because the wording is of that individual. They have a dress and setting new to others, and thus they impress. There should be no straining after novelty—that is fatal to good results—but the lecturer's facts should be presented with the mark of his own thinking.

The average audience silently criticizes the use of manuscript by a speaker, and it is the audience that must be satisfied if institutes do the maximum good. Personally I like to have a speaker use manuscript, and incline to deny the right of most men to claim my time for their thoughts when those thoughts are not packed together neatly and concisely, as is impossible to a majority of speakers only in manuscript; but most audiences prefer no manuscript. Whenever there are enough effective lecturers to do the work without its use, papers may be forbidden; but until that time comes I should urge that reading be resorted to by those who cannot otherwise present their facts clearly and concisely. Lecturing without notes or manuscript tempts to apologies, irrelevant personal matter, undue use of time and other abominations. Its sins are as many and as great as those of the essay that is read.

In any event he should either use manuscript, reading all that he has written and adding nothing, or else depend entirely upon headings or memory. Do not read a page, then talk awhile, then read another page. This makes an audience righteously nervous. One may do well to make the paper

brief, having the points prominent, and as soon as these points present themselves easily to his mind he can lay aside the manuscript, continuing to be brief until his audiences cry out for more and compel him to use more time. If this does not occur he may feel satisfied that he is none too brief.

Few lecturers have ever injured their reputations or limited their usefulness by brevity. If there is naturally in a man a strong desire to be heard and seen of people, such a man can rarely succeed as an institute lecturer. There are temptations and opportunities in the work that will be his undoing. If a man is modest and unobtrusive by disposition he will find in the liberty the recognition and the excitement of institute-work a stimulus to the development of unpleasant characteristics natural to the conceited, and may need to be on the watch. The taking of unusual time in a meeting is an assumption that one is fitted to occupy the time more profitably than others upon the program, and this is offensive to cultured and uncultured alike. The ability to hold one's audience is no gage of proper limit. The people usually are too well bred to show the first weariness, and the speaker is stronger if they never become conscious of any weariness. Then, too, others on the program have a right to a hearing from a people that has not been maltreated.

In the presentation of facts at an institute the mental attitude of the lecturer toward his auditors is a matter for which there can be no fixed rule. Certainly it should not be apologetic. If one is absolutely sure that he has no business on the platform he should get off. In what degree he should speak authoritatively and dogmatically depends upon the man, the topic and the audience. It is only a very limited number of people in this world that know a great lot of things beyond reasonable doubt. The truth is that we are holding the most of our alleged facts tentatively, as students, and while for all practical purposes in our farming they must be treated as facts, and are worthy of acceptance because they are the nearest to the truth we have gotten, yet before a thoughtful audience one should be careful not to offend by much dogmatism. It is better as a rule, I believe, to state clearly and forcefully one's conclusions, being always ready to show by what reasoning one has arrived at them, than to assume and to stand upon such ground that no one dare question it. The certainties can be stated as a master would state them, but if any doubt exists it is better to discuss the matter as one student among students.

The false impression is easily gained that forceful statement is secured by exaggeration. The truth is that exaggeration weakens. Not only this. Unusual results, however carefully reported, may be essentially exaggeration. The sensational should not be a factor in the lecturer's work.

The nervousness and diffidence of a speaker upon the platform are not evils, but they should be concealed from the audience. When skilfully hidden they add to the value of the lecturer.

Our farmers' institutes in their very nature are not forums for the display of platform graces. The people want helpful teaching, and those capable of giving it as a rule have spent more time experimenting in the field or laboratory than they have practising the graces that adorn an entertainer of the public. The door to institute-work should remain wide open to the man who knows things he has learned in the field, orchard or stable, and who can tell these things in plain words, even if he wrecks the laws of language and fashion. He is too valuable, too desirable, too acceptable a man to be made nervous by any criticism. On the other hand, for the credit of agriculture and of the institutes, I would have every speaker seek to discard mannerisms that offend or distract and to use good language. It is due to the public, to agriculture, to the department he represents and to himself that he study to use the language and manner of cultivated students.

O—L.



## RURAL AFFAIRS

**Niagara Fruit Notes** No finer orchard section can be imagined than we find in the northern tier of towns of Niagara County, N. Y., along Niagara River and Lake Ontario. A complete failure of fruits is here almost unknown. Even this year, which is decidedly an "off year" for fruits, I found some apple-trees with a fair lot of fair apples, and peaches bringing a good lot of money to the growers. And besides bearing fruit these orchards also are quite productive of most impressive lessons. Even a superficial observer must here notice the advantages, if not absolute need, of thorough cultivation, especially if combined with thorough spraying. The foliage on peach, plum and apple trees in the cultivated and sprayed orchards even as late as October appears so healthy, so thrifty, so dark in color, that no chance visitor can fail to notice it or remark on it. In the town of Porter I passed a peach orchard, evidently about three or four years old, the very picture of health and thrift in highly cultivated soil, but with one row next to the road and parallel to it where the trees planted in a grassy margin appeared yellow, sickly and under-sized. In all this section, wherever you find an orchard in prime condition, it is where thorough cultivation has been given. Wherever you find trees dying, sickly-looking and yellow make up your mind that they have not had the proper attention. I stopped at a prominent fruit-grower's near Youngstown, who tells me that even in his dooryard, where he prefers to let the grass grow, trees of all sorts, including the hardy Bartlett and common apples, soon begin to decline, and eventually die unless they are at least well mulched with coal and other ashes, and this liberally enough to choke out the grass. Spraying here undoubtedly intensifies the darkness of the foliage. I noticed a plum orchard in the same vicinity, two rows of which had been sprayed a number of times quite thoroughly, so much so that traces of the Bordeaux mixture were yet to be seen on the leaves, while the remainder of the trees were indifferently sprayed once or twice. The leaves of the two sets of trees showed a vast difference in color and health. In short, if you don't believe in the efficacy of thorough cultivation and spraying, go into the orchards of northern Niagara County and be convinced.

**Soil for Peach-trees** The impression prevails that peach-trees need a warm, porous soil. Most orchards, I believe, are planted on gravelly or sandy loams which have a porous subsoil, and in a general way I am inclined to think that such selection of soil is wise and safe. The old rule is to plant peaches on good, well-drained corn-land. It admits of no doubt that drainage is absolutely necessary for the peach. The tree is unable to thrive unless its feet are kept dry. But on Mr. Lutts' grounds I found a peach orchard in greatest health and thrift, with foliage so dark, almost black, as to put a visitor who looks at the orchard from a little distance in doubt whether the trees are really peach-trees or plum-trees. Yet the soil is the heaviest kind of clay, really pipe-clay with clay subsoil, and the only drainage provided being that of the surface. The success of this orchard is assured by thorough surface tillage. It has been found that trees, especially peach-trees, will surely die in this soil if the surface is left to grow up in grass or weeds—in other words, without cultivation. But Mr. Lutts finds it a difficult task to keep this soil in just the condition he wants it. When rains come the soil runs together and bakes hard, and to keep the dust mulch on it is quite a problem. It is very difficult to get the big lumps broken up and thoroughly pulverized. It can be done only when the soil is just in the right condition, neither too wet nor too dry.

**Profitable and Unprofitable Pears** The Bartlett pear always has been profitable in my immediate vicinity. It is the leading pear still. Many young orchards are just coming

into bearing, but at the same time some of the older ones are beginning to give out. The leaves show spots, and often are attacked by the slug. The need of thorough cultivation and spraying becomes apparent more and more with every year. Some of the older orchards are neglected and becoming worthless. Most of the younger plantations are kept in a high state of culture and usefulness, and their owners are reaping a golden harvest right along. Canning-establishments have paid this year about one and one half cents a pound for firsts and seconds, and in some cases as high as one dollar a bushel. As enormous crops are grown here under good culture the profits are large. A less favorable report has to be given concerning the Angouleme. This pear is usually known among growers under the name "Duchesse." The fruit seems to get poorer from year to year, and the demand for it has almost ceased. I have repeatedly advised my friends to cut down the trees to get rid of them. Mr. Henry Lutts found a better use for them. He has grafted a large share of his orchard to Keiffer, and this seems to do very well. Years ago Mr. Willard, of Geneva, told me that he had lots of Kieffer on quince stocks double-worked. Lutts' crop of Keiffers, both on standard and grafted on Dwarf Dutchess, was most excellent, and at the time of my visit he refused an offer of two dollars a barrel for them. Whether the Keiffer will sell so well in a year when fruit is very plenty is another question. But it is a variety that will give a crop every year, and when the trees have a reasonable crop, or the fruit, if set too thickly, is properly thinned, the pears are large and handsome. When well ripened the fruit is juicy and quite passable in quality. Mr. Lutts had a lot of Keiffers that were blown off the trees when only about half grown. They had been picked up and stored in crates in the basement of the barn, and not only kept remarkably well, but were also of fair eating quality when of the proper stage of ripeness. In short, the whole Keiffer crop has proved remarkably profitable this year.

**Peach-yellows** The true inwardness of the disease known as peach-yellows has never yet been fully exposed. There is more of a mystery surrounding this disease than any other. Mr. Lutts has observed that the yellows usually follow in the wake of a low winter temperature, and he concludes that a temperature of ten or more degrees below zero is liable to lower the vitality of the trees and give the yellows a chance. In suitable soil well provided with plant-food, especially potash, peach-growing will continue to offer chances of profit notwithstanding the yellows. But we cannot expect to have old trees continue in health and to bear choice fruit forever. We must make new plantations every few years, take as many crops off the trees as they will give, and then be ready with a new orchard. It takes only a very few years of high culture on good soil to bring a peach-tree into bearing. In some cases it may be necessary to renew a tree or a whole orchard. I was shown some trees that had been weakened by the severe winter two or three years ago, and in spring were severely shortened in, nothing but stubs being left of the four or five branches above the main body. These trees have formed new, beautiful, symmetrical heads, and have borne good fruit since. Mr. Hale or some other famous peach-grower is reported to have cut back every other tree in a large orchard in one year, thus giving the trees retaining their full top more light and room and securing a better crop from them; this with the intention of cutting the other half of the trees back the next season and giving the renewed heads on the first half a good show to perfect their fruit. Then in two years all the trees in the orchard will have a new top of much better shape, and much nearer the ground than they were before. I believe we have allowed almost all our trees to spread outward too much. It is time for contraction, and as Mr. Lutts says, "I am getting too old to climb into the trees. I must pick my fruit while standing on the ground."

T. GREINER.

## SALIENT FARM NOTES

**Up-to-date Farming** The Agricultural College of Illinois has, during the past few years, made a practice of sending one or more members of its faculty to almost every farmers' institute in the state to tell what scientific agriculture is, and, incidentally, to advertise the college and its work. This brings the college to the people it was intended to educate and benefit. It interests the young men and opens the eyes of those who have grown gray tilling the soil. It has proved a great factor in overcoming the peculiar disfavor with which "book farmers" have been regarded by the old-style farmer. These old men are beginning to see that there is something more in farming than mere plowing, sowing and reaping. They are beginning to see that learning creates skill, and that skill is now a necessity on the farm. The day of the ten-inch iron plow and the hundred-pound six-foot harrow is past. The wearisome trudging after such implements that made the bright boy hate the farm is gone, never to return. We now have implements that require skill instead of mere muscle to operate them to the best advantage. The young farmer is now almost an engineer. Instead of merely steering a team of horses or yoke of oxen across a field, shuffling along after them in a weary, uninterested manner, he rides on the implement and manages it so that he accomplishes three to five times as much as he could with the old-style tools.

The managers and workers in the experiment station connected with the college have thoroughly tested most of the improved implements manufactured, and have learned which will do the best work and give the best satisfaction in the widely different soils in the state, and they tell this to the farmers at their institutes so that they may buy intelligently. This one feature makes it well worth any farmers' time to attend the institutes. Furthermore, they explain the results of their work in improving the cereals, especially corn; what the soils in the different parts of the state need to make them produce better crops; the results obtained in hundreds of experiments in the dairy and in feeding for milk, butter-fat, in the management of cream, butter and cheese. All these things are eye-openers to the old farmer who is still jolting along in the rut his father followed. They interest the young farmer and lead him to investigate these matters still farther to learn how he can improve on his own methods; how he may till his soil better and at the least expense; how he may increase the yield and value of his crops to himself.

Said a farmer—one of those up-to-date farmers who are sufficiently alive to their own interests to keep fully abreast of the advance in agriculture, "I have seventy acres of corn this year, and it is yielding about sixty bushels an acre. Last year it yielded one hundred and four bushels an acre, but that was an exceptional season. The corn is good, ears large and grain sound. But for a severe storm in July, that broke down a large number of stalks, the yield would have reached eighty bushels an acre." I asked how he managed to secure such a yield a season like the past. "I'll tell you," he replied, "just how I raise corn, then you can see for yourself how I obtained such a fair yield this season. I cut the stalks with a stalk-cutter, plowed the land six inches deep, leading behind me a horse dragging a section of harrow six feet wide. The horse walked in the furrow behind me, and the harrow broke up the soil turned over by the plow. Two days after the plowing I disked the land, setting the disks nearly straight; then it was planted, three and four grains to the hill three feet apart. After the planting the harrow with teeth slanted backward one notch was kept going on it until the plants appeared. When about four inches high we started the cultivators and kept them going, running two to three inches deep, until the plants were too high to pass under the bow. I disk after plowing to fine the soil and crush it down into the air-spaces formed underneath the surface when the soil is turned by the plow."

FRED GRUNDY.

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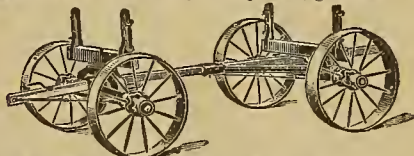
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## FARM THEORY AND PRACTICE

**PASTURING MEADOWS.**—The meadows have been getting hard treatment this fall. It is difficult for many to abandon the idea that a growth of grass is wasted when it is not eaten, and this year when feed is scarce and high the temptation to graze the last mouthful from the meadows is stronger than usual. Matters have been made worse by drought and early frosts, that have checked the regular pastures, and with the promise of a long feeding period on this account the grazing of everything in sight is hard and close. It is a big error to suppose that uneaten vegetation is wasted, and that ordinarily there is any profit from removing the aftermath of common meadow-land or all the growth of permanent pastures. The failure to recognize the needs of the soil is responsible for the deterioration so observable on many farms. The land produces plants because it feels the need of them for itself. We can remove a large percentage of this growth and yet keep the soil in good heart, but when all is taken a condition of lifelessness is finally approached.

Putting aside the matter of fertility, the aftermath of ordinary land is needed by the plants, that produce it for winter protection. In a state of nature the stalk of timothy falls over as a summer and winter protection, warding off the effects of heat and frost from the root. This growth we must remove for hay, and if much drought follows the root has a hard struggle to live, and often dies. But when the roots remain alive a new growth comes on that is needed for winter protection. Close grazing robs them of it, and the resulting injury usually reduces the yield of hay far more than the aftermath was worth for feed. The only exception is that of very fertile land or where field-mice and other vermin abound, but such meadows are not average ones.

**TIMOTHY HARD ON LAND.**—Producing hay for market is hard on land. I do not believe that this is necessarily true, but it is actually true as usually practiced. To some farmers it is not clear that timothy reduces the productive power of a soil, and they cite the fact that a field which has been cropped with corn may be seeded to grass and made to produce a crop of hay, and then a better crop of corn can be gotten from the inverted sod than could have been gotten if no hay crop had intervened. All of us have had that experience, but in it there is no proof that fertility can be maintained with timothy, or that it is easily maintained in hay-farming. What are the facts about the sod for corn? The old corn-stubble had little free plant-food in it and was in bad physical condition to retain moisture during the summer. The timothy-plants, foraging near the surface, accumulated a lot of organic material, and when this sod was broken and rotted there was a store of vegetable stuff at hand for the corn-plants that forced growth and aided the corn in reaching a point where it could help itself to tougher fertility in that soil, while the improved physical condition helped out the supply of moisture. But the productive power of the field is lower when the corn crop is harvested than it was a few years previous when the crop before the seeding to grass was harvested. There is plenty of experience to establish that fact.

It is easy to reply that in such an instance the corn did the robbing, and that if the timothy were let alone the soil would improve. I have seen farms run with this idea, and for a few years all went fairly well, the meadows being broken for reseeding only when they were run out, but time shows that such farms lose productive power. The trouble is that while some fertility is removed each year in the hay the soil has little chance to help itself. The air is excluded because tillage cannot be given, and the surface-feeding plants soon have a hard, lifeless soil beneath them, and the sod, left until run out before breaking, adds a very inadequate supply of organic matter to the ground

when broken. This grass is hardest on land when left several years for mowing.

**HAY FOR MARKET.**—Does it follow that land cannot be made to produce hay for market without loss in the long run? I do not think so, but the treatment of the land must be rational. We should first fix the fact in mind that the airing of the soil is an absolute necessity. That means a reasonably short rotation and a chance for tillage. We should bear in mind the need of humus in the soil, and that means the plowing down of a sod while yet heavy. We should regard the hay crop as one making a pretty hard draft on land, and that means no pasturing of the aftermath. Let it have all it can produce except the hay. We should make clover help it much of the time, and that requires reseeding after two mowings, because the clover will not do much after the first year. One crop of mixed hay and one of straight timothy are enough between periods of good tillage. Rot a sod in the soil while it is yet heavy. Deep plowing, thorough aeration, tillage every third year, free use of clover and reasonable dressings of chemicals permit hay-farming and maintenance of fertility to go hand in hand.

**SUBSTITUTES FOR HAY.**—Hay has now become a great cash crop, adding materially to the income of tens of thousands of farmers who do not make this crop the leading one of the farm, as is done in some favored sections. While the demand will continue, yet two things are occurring that will exert a tremendous influence in the long run upon the hay market. One of these is the present bad year, that is bringing corn-stover into prominence as never before, and the other is the perfecting of the machinery for the handling of the corn-plant. The harvester, the husker and the shredder are making rapid strides in popular favor. A leading manufacturer of shredders has not been able to keep up with his orders this season. The baling of shredded stover has been found entirely practicable, and the sure result of all this will be both the displacement of hay on the farms to some extent and the displacement of some hay in market by the baled stover. Choice timothy will remain the popular feed, of course, and the relative quantity of stover used in the towns and cities will not be large for years, but the amount that will be used and the amount of hay released from the farms by the shredding of the stover will become a serious factor in the making of prices. It must result in some reduction of the area of meadows or some reduction in average prices. There is great value in the stover of the American corn crop, and it is going to be secured much better than it has been in the past. DAVID.

## WINNING SUCCESS ON THE FARM

Yes, that is what we all want to do, win success. It is what we are all working hard for and what we all hope to be able to win some day. Golden day when we reach the goal! How glad we will be to see it!

And yet we do not all have the same idea as to what success really means. I may think it consists in making the most from my cows in a year. You may think if you can produce the greatest yield of wheat or corn an acre you are entitled to claim the highest degree of success. I may ask the palm because I am able to keep my farm in better condition than you do. It may be my pride that I keep my buildings in neat, trim shape, my fields well tilled and presenting a fine appearance, my cattle in a plump, round form and my sheep so fat that they look as if they were on exhibition at the county fair. You may not agree that any of these things go to make up true success. You may think that I ought to bend my energies in some one given direction and not be scattering my ammunition over so many kinds of business.

On some particulars we shall all agree. For one thing we one and all like to see good buildings, land well cared for, stock showing signs of comfort and everything thrifty and manifesting every sign of prosperity. We enjoy passing through the country and noting

these things. We are apt to gage the success or failure of the people by these evidences of good fortune.

But, after all, what is success on the farm? Is it the accumulation of dollars and cents? The cultivation of certain fields? The production of so many bushels of grain each year? The possession of broad acres and a full bank-account? Quite likely most of us would think a man could not be really successful as a farmer unless he showed some of these proofs. In a certain measure this conclusion would be correct. The world fixes a standard, and he who wins must come up to it.

And yet it is worth while to stop at the beginning of the new year and ask ourselves the question, Is it really all of success to be able to master the things which strictly pertain to the material life? There may be profit in settling the problem once and for all whether it is of sufficient value or not to bend all our efforts year in and year out to the one end of tilling the soil and making our farms yield the greatest possible return.

Do you not think the truly successful man is the man who puts the most of himself into his work? Heart counts. A man may be a great while digging a ditch; so, too, he may be a beggar while he is rolling in gold. Where is the happy medium between poverty of soul and genuine riches?

They tell us that farm life makes a man narrow and selfish. It need not. It will not if we let life in the country work out in us the good it may. If we live up to the best in farm life we will be better, truer and happier citizens.

Now this is not a homily on right living. None of us like to be preached to and told that we are failures; and yet we do want to win that golden thing, success. We do want to leave the world a little better than we found it. And shall we not look the matter squarely in the face and see if we really are on the right road to gain that desired point? Do you know of any man who is more of a success than the one who takes a supreme interest in all that takes place around him? Citizenship is not a narrow thing, taking in just you and me and one or two others. It includes the world! Its aim is to help men up. A farmer to win success must be a good citizen, and must be intensely in earnest about all the great problems of life. He must not be a fault-finder; that we all detest. The man who satisfies his conscience by sitting back and complaining about everything and everybody about him is a nuisance. Though he may be worth his millions he is a failure as a farmer. The best farmer is the one who takes hold and does something for those about him.

This means what? Integrity of personal character. What does the world care about a man's pretensions if he is mean in his dealings with his fellows? Wealth gained by trickery is worse than digging for one's daily bread with honesty of purpose. It means sympathy for those who are in trouble and who need a hand to lift them up. The world is so full of such. No man need claim that he has succeeded unless he is quick to see and prompt to recognize these deserving brothers. It means an intense interest in all matters relating to the government of one's own town, county, state and nation. What does it amount to if a man says he is at the very top notch of success unless he is ready and willing to bear his part in making the laws of his country, electing the men who execute those laws, or, if the call come, to take his place at the very front as an officer of the people? It means a staunch upholding of every just enactment of the people, not flinching when those principles for the moment seem to conflict with one's personal ideas of what is best. The will of the majority is supreme. Why not recognize it to be so? It means the righting of wrongs, the helping of the man who is down and who ought to be up. It means, in short, brave, manly, intelligent living.

Measured by this standard, where are you and I, fellow-farmer? Have we any just claims upon that glittering thing, success? If not, why not set out, you and I, to-day for the very mountain-top of good farming, and not be satisfied until we arrive there?

EDGAR L. VINCENT.

## THE NEW EDUCATION FOR FARMERS' DAUGHTERS

The development of agriculture into a business rather than a mere vocation, as it had been too generally estimated in former years, is one of the results of the "new education" that is sweeping over the land. This education is a learning how to do rather than merely to know, and embraces all the branches of the skilled arts.

In this latter class agriculture has been properly placed, and an intelligent effort has been started to impart a uniform curriculum to all students who apply to the schools and colleges established in their interest. For several years in various states institutions of learning have added a course of instruction for persons who wished to learn about scientific farming. This movement has not spread all over the country, and as yet the agricultural college must be considered a new thing under the sun. Wherever it has been tried it has proved its usefulness and practical character, and there is such a demand for teachers in new and untried fields that it is absolutely impossible to find enough qualified instructors to fill all the vacant places.

At first the plan contemplated only the education of young men who intended to engage in the actual business of farming. The Indiana school was located at Purdue, and started with an appropriation, but hardly the semblance of a plan. Certainly there was no definite plan to guide the originators, for it was one of the pioneers in the broad field of agricultural learning. Almost immediately the capacity of the school was taxed to its limit to accommodate the crowd of young men who eagerly availed themselves of the opportunities presented. From year to year the school has flourished until it is to-day one of the most creditable institutions of its kind in the world. Young men have graduated from its courses and gone into practical business, where every one has demonstrated the great value of his education. Many of the graduates have accepted positions as teachers, and some have undertaken to found other similar schools in neighboring states where the plan is yet new and untried.

The idea that farmers' daughters were entitled to any consideration in formulating the plan of education for the sons never occurred to the progressive and enlightened founders of the new school. Their business was purely practical and had nothing to do with domestic economy and the new philosophy which has to do with questions of home economics. The daughters' side of the case, however, was not destined to remain obscured, for a capable friend was meditating in their behalf, and soon evolved a plan whereby they, too, could receive sorely needed instruction. Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith, of Indiana, is the founder of the new education of farmers' daughters. She is also the discoverer of the fact that the farm home more nearly represents the idea of the word "home" than any other, and argues that the general acceptance of the truth of her discovery is proof sufficient that an effort to safeguard the ideal home would be timely and appreciated. That her conclusions were correct is proven by the great popularity of her plan of education which has been adopted by three or four state universities. After lecturing and writing for several months upon the general subject of home economics Mrs. Meredith was invited to formulate a curriculum for a girls' school to be established in connection with the agricultural college of the Minnesota State University. Three years ago Mrs. Meredith undertook that work and assumed the duties of preceptress in the new department. Immediately the school became popular, and students fairly thronged to it from different states. Minnesota girls, however, were preferred, and daughters of that state have been the main beneficiaries. That they appreciate the advantages offered is evidenced by the fact that there are more applicants than can be received. Every branch of knowledge that could possibly be of use to the housekeeper and home-maker is taught in the department. The relation of the home to the actual business of farming is taught and elucidated, and



the close partnership that exists between the two is exemplified in every way. Cooking, sewing, horticulture, dairying and scientific pollenization are presented in the most attractive and significant forms, and whatever tends to equip the girl for housekeeping and the actual business of home-making and home maintenance is taught in lectures and actual transactions. The success and practical value of the school is well established, and Mrs. Meredith is enthusiastic over its success and the final demonstration of her pet ideas and schemes for the advancement of farmers' wives and daughters. She has just returned from an extensive lecturing tour through the New England states, where plans are on foot to duplicate the Minneapolis school in various institutions.

The idea has been advanced that it would be a good thing to introduce the system of education in the women's prisons in Massachusetts, and if no obstacle is presented by the officials the coming winter will see female prisoners taking instruction in household economics, with a prospect of receiving a diploma for proficiency, if merited,



MRS. VIRGINIA C. MEREDITH

which would guarantee them employment in respectable places at good wages. It is argued that this will put heart into the unfortunate women, which is the most essential requirement for the person—man or woman—who would reform or improve present conditions.

After returning from the East Mrs. Meredith was invited to attend a meeting of prominent women of Indiana held at Lafayette. The meeting was held at the call of Professor Latta, who is superintendent of farmers' institutes in Indiana. Professor Latta desired to have the opinions of the ladies upon a plan he has conceived of creating an auxiliary to the farmers' institutes, with the ultimate object in view of starting a school for girls at Purdue similar to the one at Minneapolis, where Mrs. Meredith is preceptress. The plan met the hearty approval of the ladies in council, and the scheme will be started immediately. A capable woman will be engaged to attend all farmers' institutes held in the state. Her business will be to hold an auxiliary institute for women, at which questions of interest to housekeepers will be discussed and studied. The attempt will be made to secure promises from enough farmers' daughters to attend the new school to warrant its existence, whereupon it will be immediately started, or as soon as the means to do so are available.

That Indiana needs such a school for girls cannot be seriously questioned, and that the state legislature will appropriate the money necessary appears to be as certain as it is that the session will meet.

In speaking of the growth of the idea of practical education for girls Mrs. Meredith said that the entire country generally was loud in demanding such institutions for educating the girls. She explained the amazing popularity of the idea by saying that it was a reaction from the study of literature and art, which have been adhered to for years by women's clubs everywhere. Educated women have arrived at the conclusion that a woman's highest destiny is to create and maintain homes

rather than to discuss occult sciences and criticize literary productions. A woman should have the ability and desire to do these things, but not to leave the making of a home undone. The idea of practical education for girls is fostered by women who stand high in educational circles. It is not a woman's-rights movement, but is simply a development of the times which demand thoroughness in the person who would make a success in his or her place in the world. C. M. GINTHER.

## HOW THE FARMER OF JAPAN LIVES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3]

there is a good crop, have what we can get when crops fail, and just wait to die." This plainly expresses the situation in many and many a farm home in Japan.

Everything must be done by the farmer. The man who owns a bullock is well off, and his favored neighbor who is possessed of a horse is an object of envy throughout the entire district. All manner of burdens must be borne by the farm-hands—grain handled, grass carried, manure carted upon their backs, and everything that in more advanced countries is considered work for beasts only is the common, everyday work of the farmer. Even the useful but primitive convenience known as a wheelbarrow has never been considered by this unventive individual as a body-saving method of accomplishing his daily task. With little besides a plow fashioned after those common in the Far East before the times of Christ, with simply this and his hands much of the land in Japan has been brought to a state of cultivation unknown in any other country. It is impossible to understand what the waving, ripening grain upon the terraced hillside or the even rows of growing rice in the flooded beds mean by way of expended labor to those whose hard lot has cast them far from the line of the world's progress.

Unless the farmer is of a deeply religious turn of mind, and it has been borne in upon his soul that he must make a pilgrimage to some favorite shrine, it often happens that he never leaves the valley of his scanty possessions so far as to venture to the nearest city, but lives his burdensome life to its last amid the scenes of childhood, youth and toil.

When darkness prevents continued hours of labor, weighed down with a load of grass for his tired beast, if he owns one, or carrying burdens of grain upon which to spend the strength of the next day in flaying from the stalks, the weary son of toil starts for the house that possesses so few of the elements of home, and after a hastily eaten meal, too weary to more than bathe his mud or dust stained feet, he throws himself upon his futon and is soon lost to all sense of toil, with no other hope than another long day of much harder work.

A few of the better-to-do farmers take newspapers, but the great majority are wholly uninterested in anything beyond the limits marked out by the boundary of their rice-fields, or at most the borders of the nearest town. Politics is a matter of no interest whatever, and the physically drained farmer, requiring the few allotted hours of rest in which to recuperate for the next day's work, can find no time in which to keep pace in thought with the onward march of nations and events, and his life becomes little more than that of his horse or bullock, knowing nothing beyond the natural demands of the body from day to day.

## CORRESPONDENCE

FROM LOUISIANA.—Three years ago I moved from Illinois. I raised my first rice crop near Crowley, La. My next effort at raising rice was near Jennings, La. I now have my own rice-farm, with good improvements and a fine crop of rice. We have begun to put out our fall and winter garden, and to set our hens, as the fall and winter is the time to raise our poultry. Louisiana is now on the boom. No man need say he is out of work if he wants to do anything. Carpenters are greatly in demand now; any man who can drive a nail or use a saw can get \$2 a day and upward. We are well pleased and happy. Very few who come here get dissatisfied and go away. S. D. Jennings, La.

## BLUE-GRASS AFTER CORN

K. L. M., of Illinois, writes: "How can I get a field now in corn into pasture for next year? I would like to get in blue-grass."

It is late to sow anything for growth this fall. If the fall should be open until late wheat or rye might get start enough to make a vigorous early growth next spring. Timothy sown this fall with the wheat or rye would also give more early growth than if left until spring. To this fall sowing of grain and timothy we would add either medium or mammoth red clover in February. The mixture of grain, timothy and clover will furnish pasture next year.

Our correspondent is now thinking the writer has said nothing about blue-grass. If that Illinois land is like mine he can save the expense of blue-grass seed, for by the time his rye, timothy and clover pasture begins to fail blue-grass will come in. On a farm where there are pastures in which blue-grass ripens every year the grain-fields become inoculated with blue-grass as naturally as from foxtail-grass, rag-weed or any other weedy plant allowed to go to seed. There are none of these more persistent growers and spreaders than blue-grass, so if we only keep the plow out of our fields and they are not too much impoverished we can have blue-grass without any particularly heavy outlay for seed.

But when one wants blue-grass pasture it comes more slowly than do our annuals and weeds, and one must add to his seeding other pasture-giving plants to occupy the ground until blue-grass can creep in. As not every farm is already stocked with blue-grass we advise one desiring a good blue-grass or permanent pasture to sow a liberal mixture. We have found liberal sowing of clover and timothy our base. Then to increase the value of the pasture we add orchard-grass, and if there are spots inclined to dampness it pays to add redtop. It is of little value otherwise. It is well for us always to remember that if land is not in good tilth it is difficult to get a satisfactory set of grass, more so than to get a stand of wheat or rye. Hence the query whether the correspondent will not do well to fall plow his corn-land, top dress the thin spots and get ready to sow his clover, timothy, orchard-grass and blue-grass as early as his ground will work well. If he needs the pasture by May he can have it by sowing also a bushel of spring barley and a bushel of oats an acre in addition to his grass and clover seeds. The barley and oats will give a good bite by the middle of April, and if the spring is not abnormally wet moderate tramping of cattle will not destroy the young clover and grass. If there is a shortage of moisture the pressure of the foot packs the soil about the young grass and clover roots so that they seem to resist the damaging effects of a too loose soil. Here is an excellent chance for one always to exercise their judgment and temper the treatment to the soil, season and seed.

How much seed will be required for sowing depends very largely upon the condition of the soil. If the soil is in good condition less seed is required, but the original cost of seed for a permanent pasture must not prevent liberal seeding. For every ten acres we use one bushel of timothy and clover, five each of blue-grass and orchard-grass, and omit none of them unless it be the blue-grass. All of these may be sown just after the oats and barley. We have found the use of the weeder in place of brush or light harrow after the clover and grass seed very satisfactory. There is not half the danger of covering clover and grass seeds too deep that many suppose.

We have to count on lack of moisture near the surface until the plants have struck roots deep enough to resist drying spring winds. After the weeder the ground will not pack and bake so readily after rain as when a roller has been used. If we are sure there will be no heavy rains until the grass is well up then a roller may add to the number of plants started, but if a dashing heavy rain followed the rolling we have fewer plants of clover and grass and more weeds.—L. N. B., in the Breeder's Gazette.

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## Notes From Garden and Field

**TRANSPLANTING-MACHINES.**—I am asked about transplanting-machines. There is only one with which I am personally acquainted—a complicated machine costing somewhere near seventy-five dollars or more. My own operations are not extensive enough for me to require the use of a transplanting-machine; nor is my soil of the kind best suited for machine-work. But in a little more than an hour's drive from my home I can reach a section in this county where cabbages and cauliflowers are grown in large blocks and for a wholesale market. During October I was on the grounds of one of these large cabbage-growers near Sanborn, N. Y., who was then gathering and marketing his late crop of cauliflowers (a number of acres), and whom I found to be one of the fortunate possessors of a transplanter. The soil used for these crops all through this region is rather sandy—a sandy loam or sandy muck—clean and easily pulverized, just such soil as seems to be in best condition for the successful operation of a transplanting-machine. It is easily brought into the most perfect state of tillage. In this soil the machine gives entire satisfaction. It sets about forty thousand plants a day, watering the plants while setting them, and the loss of plants from the transplanting process is materially less than met with in transplanting by hand. It sets with equal success cabbage-plants, cauliflower-plants, tobacco and tomato plants, strawberry-plants, pepper-plants, and all similar ones. Yet considering that the capacity of the machine is forty thousand plants a day, or about ten acres of cabbages, it will be apparent that there are few growers who operate on a scale large enough that they could afford to have a machine just for their own use. So one of the most extensive growers of cabbages, etc., in one neighborhood purchases a transplanter and does the work for the whole neighborhood, for which he is furnished one man and receives fifteen cents a thousand plants. In a good season and neighborhood he will thus be able to make the cost of the entire outfit the first season.

It is immaterial, in my estimation, whether such a transplanting device is provided with a fertilizer-distributing attachment or not. I can see no particular advantage in hill-manuring for any of these crops, which are gross feeders, their roots going throughout the whole length and breadth of the surface soil allotted to them in search of plant-foods. Why should it be necessary to apply any kind of plant-food in the hill or drill to corn, potatoes, tomatoes, egg-plants, peppers, etc., when the needed foods had better be evenly distributed all through the soil where the plant roots will find them in proper time? In short, for all such crops I believe in the broadcast application of manures (in liberal amounts, besides). An exception might be made with strawberry-plants, which do not send their roots out very far laterally. For them an application along the row would undoubtedly prove beneficial if the right materials are selected. For cabbages and cauliflowers when beginning active growth a very small quantity of nitrate of soda, say part of a small handful, will usually be of material help; but this may be given a week or so after the plants are set directly from the hand, scattering the nitrate closely around each plant.

**HAND-TRANSPLANTERS.**—Half a dozen people claiming to have invented small hand devices which will set such plants as onion seedlings with neatness and dispatch have written to me at various times in regard to their transplanters, but there was not one of these inventions which has ever inspired me with much faith, and no machine from which any kind of satisfactory work might have been expected has ever been placed before me for inspection or trial. At the present time I feel safe in saying that it will be a hard task to find anything that will plant such small and closely set things as onion seedlings,

also celery-plants, much faster and better than can be done by the nimble fingers of active youngsters, especially when interested in the work and having some experience in handling and setting plants. Of course, there is a big difference in boys. Some do such work well, and some do not. Some work fast, and some slow. The former earn their wages, and the others do not. We had better dispense with the services of the latter class.

**THE EGG-PLANT CROP.**—The popularity of the egg-plant as a culinary article has been growing quite rapidly during the past ten years, and yet a great many people in the United States have never yet as much as tasted of it. Few of those whom I have induced to give it a trial on their tables have failed to like it or to wish for more. Most of them claim that they find the egg-plant one of the finest dishes ever put before them (provided that it was properly prepared). I cannot but believe that there is a field for further expansion and that before long there will be sale for ten of these eggs where one is sold now. The trade is mostly in the green-grocers' hands and we must look mostly to them for buying our crops at comparatively small figures. The Italian fruit-vendors around here usually pick up any surplus which the grower may be willing to part with at a low figure. Grocers, however, usually hold their retail prices up to a high figure, ten cents being frequently asked for an egg of medium size. The plants must be started early under glass in a warm spot, be set in rich soil and given high culture, when the yield will be very large. I believe I get as much as half a bushel of eggs from a single plant. On a recent trip through the county I found a good-sized patch, and the grower who sold them at wholesale for fifty cents a bushel thought the crop paid fairly well. Practically there is but one variety used in these sections for market purposes: namely, the New York Purple (Improved New York Purple, Thornless New York Purple). When full-grown it reaches a very large size. I have one specimen, saved for seed purposes, which measures twenty-seven inches around each of the two largest dimensions, and weighs over ten pounds. But aside from the question of profit I can never say enough about the egg-plant as a thing of joy and beauty. The plant is highly ornamental and an object of particular interest to garden and flower lovers, especially when in full fruit, with four, five or even more half-grown eggs hanging to them, and the whole plant so evidently tropical in its whole appearance and character. The one thing that bothers me, however, is to give an answer to the question, "How far apart shall the plants be set?" I invariably select the warmest and richest spot for my egg-plants, and usually crowd my plants to such an extent that the whole ground is covered with foliage. I make the rows ten feet apart (rather less than more) and set the plants two feet and perhaps a half more apart in the rows. This gives an enormous crop of eggs for the space occupied; but people who look for convenience and speed in gathering the crop will do well to set plants in soil of this fertility at least six inches further apart each way. On an average and for soils that are fairly rich enough to be classed as good garden soil I would consider three feet square for each plant just about right. It may be a little trouble for the inexperienced to get and clean the seed of the egg-plant. I cut the egg selected for seed through the middle, dig out the flesh which holds the seeds, put this into a bucket or other dish, mash it with a stick of wood the best I can, and finally turn water into the dish. The heavy seeds sink to the bottom, the lighter pulp stays on top and can be removed or floated off, until only the seeds remain. These are then strained out and dried.

T. GREINER.

**DESTROY THE VINES.**—The best possible disposition that can be made of the melon, squash and cucumber vines is to pull them up and when sufficiently dry pile and burn them. Left upon the ground they become the shelter and breeding-place of the next year's crop of beetles.—Rural New-Yorker.

## Orchard and Small Fruits

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN

### "GREAT POSSIBILITIES FOR KEROSENE AND WATER IN KILLING INSECTS"

"What is the mechanical mixture of water and kerosene?"

"As we all know, kerosene and water will not mix under ordinary conditions. When churned violently with soap and water, or in some cases with milk, the kerosene forms an emulsion, in which form it is fairly soluble in water. It has been found, however, that farmers as a rule don't take kindly to mixing this emulsion, and so this excellent insecticide has been neglected. When kerosene and water are mixed under ordinary conditions the oil will rise to the surface. If, however, we force them together in the form of a spray we find this mechanical mixture nearly perfect, and we can regulate the amount of kerosene with accuracy."

"Is it probable that this mechanical mixture of kerosene and water will take the place of the kerosene emulsion?"

"I think so, as it is quite as effective, easier to operate and also cheaper."

"Against what insects will it prove most effective?"

"It will be available against all soft-bodied, sucking insects feeding openly, so as to be within reach of actual contact."

One part of oil and nine parts of water is enough for almost all insects that can be killed by contact poisons, and is practically the limit of safety for application on tender foliage.

In speaking of the San Jose scale he advised the use of kerosene and water used as a spray, and for summer treatment of trees it should be a fifteen-percent mixture of kerosene and water, applied a little after the middle of September. At that time scales would be breeding most actively and would be in the best possible condition to be destroyed by a spray, while the trees themselves would be in a position approaching maturity and unlikely to be injured by any kerosene mixture such as that recommended.—Report by Prof. John B. Smith.

### INQUIRIES ANSWERED

**Cherry and Peach Seedlings.**—J. F. B., East Pittsburg, Pa. Cherry and peach seeds may be planted in the autumn, and they will generally come up in the spring, or they may be wintered over buried in the soil. If planted out they will also generally come up well in the spring. If they are kept dry and not frozen in the winter they are very sure not to grow for at least a year from the time they are planted. In general commercial practice where only a few seeds are to be handled I think it best to mix them with sand in a box of suitable size and bury the box and all in the ground outdoors. In the spring uncover the box and stir the seed each day until they sprout, when those that are sprouted should be planted out, and those that have not sprouted should be cracked carefully with the hammer so as to permit the germ to come out. The seeds of peaches should be planted about twelve inches apart in rows three feet apart. Cherries should be sown about three inches apart in a row. The young seedlings of the peach should be transplanted when one or two years old, and the cherry when from two to four years old.

**Tent-caterpillars.**—P. H. T., Renwick, Iowa. Where tent-caterpillars occur on small trees they can be easily reached, and a good way of destroying them is to go over them in the spring of the year about the time the leaves are appearing, when the first signs of the nest will be noticed. At this time the worms may be easily removed with the nest and destroyed. Later on the same practice may be followed, but not quite so easily. Another remedy is to remove the eggs in the winter or early spring. These eggs are grouped together in a cylindrical cluster around the small twigs, and on a clear day may be easily distinguished when the twigs stand out against the sky, when these may be pruned off and burned. If none of this work has been done, or if in spite of it the worms are still abundant, the best remedy is to spray the foliage with Paris green at the rate of one pound to one hundred and fifty gallons of water and add to it one pound of lime. The foliage of plum-trees is very liable to be burned by the Paris green mixture, and on this account every effort should be made to avoid such sprayings. In using Paris green even as here recommended it is well to first experiment on a small portion of the tree to note what the effect is on the foliage; if the foliage is burned the amount of Paris green should be reduced.

### IRRIGATION IN FIELD AND GARDEN

Irrigation should be recognized as an agricultural art of very wide applicability and value. Its association with the idea of desert reclamation has blinded the public mind to its value for regions where the need of reclamation does not exist. Irrigation is a means of soil improvement to be employed, like other means of improvement, when the soil needs it. Water is the most important food of plants, not alone because it enters in such volume into their tissues, but because without it in adequate amount the plant cannot use other foods in sufficient quantity. No one questions the wisdom of the saving and storing of manures, nor the wisdom of generous outlay for commercial fertilizers when required. The same is true of soil improvement by means of drainage. There should be a similar feeling in regard to irrigation.

The most diligent culture and the most generous fertilization are often made of no avail, and actual loss is sometimes incurred because the farmer has not prepared himself to supply water when needed. The water, which he could often provide for a mere fraction of his expenditure for fertilizers, often for less annual cost than the interest on his investment in underdrainage, he has neglected to have ready for use, and he sees the hope of return for his year's labor and expenditure fade away during a few weeks of drought. There have been cases where water has been stored at considerable expense as a protection against fire in barns, and has remained unused while some valuable crop was burning up in the garden. Such losses are largely due to two things: First, the notion that irrigation is of importance only in arid regions; and second, ignorance of the ease and cheapness with which a farm water supply can be stored and distributed. It is very important that the value and availability of water for irrigation should be immediately recognized and a generous supply provided on each farm.

Irrigation, moreover, is not merely a recourse to insure the safety of a crop. It has been demonstrated beyond question both by practical experience and by systematic experiment that growth and production can be profitably pushed by irrigation even when the natural moisture seems ample, and in this respect irrigation aligns itself with fertilization and cultivation as a factor in intensive culture.

Another error grows out of the large scale upon which irrigation is generally known to be carried on, involving canals and ditches too expensive for individual undertaking. The impression is made that considerable capital and engineering skill are necessary to success; but as a matter of fact profitable irrigation is easily attainable by small effort. It lends itself readily to small individual or co-operative undertaking, developing water whose presence may be almost unsuspected, or utilizing water which ordinarily is either wasted or is a positive detriment when not turned to profitable service. It is the purpose of this bulletin to present suggestions of a serviceable nature for irrigation of this kind.

Small irrigation works usually require neither greater skill, labor nor outlay than other farm improvements which are readily undertaken. They do not require as exact engineering as underdrainage by tiling, and the whole system, both for development and storage of water, often costs much less an acre of the area irrigated than does tiling. The work is more readily comparable to the construction of open drains, coupled in some cases with reservoir building, which is no more difficult than cellar excavation and is accomplished with a similar outfit of teams, plows and scrapers. The man of ordinary skill in handling these tools, who can turn a straight furrow or build a straight piece of fence, and can do these things well, needs only a suggestion of the feasibility of securing a home water supply for irrigation, provided his conditions are favorable. The first thing to be done in all cases is to make a careful study of the whole situation, location of the water supply, lay of the land and its water requirements. —Farmers' Bulletin No. 138, United States Department of Agriculture.





## THE POULTRY YARD

CONDUCTED BY  
P. H. JACOBS HAMMONTON N. J.



### PLYMOUTH ROCKS

AS MANY readers have asked for a full description of Plymouth Rocks it may be stated that the adult male weighs nine and one half pounds, and the hen eight pounds. The cockerel weighs eight pounds, and the pullet six and one half pounds. The plumage is a grayish white, with bars of blue-black across each feather, giving the effect of a bluish-tinge feather, and the "Standard" says this color should be the same shade all through the plumage. The beak is yellow and the eyes bay, with comb upright and straight, the serrations being well defined. The wattles and ear-lobes are of medium size and bright red, the hackle abundant, also the saddle-feathers. The breast and body are deep and broad, with a tail comparatively small, with rather short feathers, but is moderately full, the legs being stout and yellow in color. The hens should resemble the cock in color in the show-room, but for breeding purposes the rule has been to select a cock somewhat lighter than the hens. The Plymouth Rocks are larger than Dominiques, the latter having long sickle-feathers, which is not the case with the Plymouth Rocks. Both breeds have clean legs, no feathers being allowed on those parts. A dark stripe is often noticed down the leg of the pullet, which usually passes away with age, and although yellow legs are demanded the prevailing hue is a yellowish flesh-color. The standard disqualifications are birds not matching in the show-room, feathered legs, color of legs other than yellow (which does not, however, include clouded scales or those spotted with black), enameled white ear-lobes, lopped combs, crooked backs, wry tails, crossed or twisted backs, splashes of white or black in the plumage (except in wing primaries and tails), red or brassy feathers in any part of the plumage or twisted feathers in wings or tails. The points are 100, divided as follows: Symmetry, 10, weight 10, condition 8, head 7, comb 8, ear-lobes and wattles 8, neck 8, back 6, breast and body 10, wings 6, tail 6, fluff 6, and legs and toes 7.

### FEEDING IN CONFINEMENT

When one has only a limited amount of space it is essential that the fowls should be in runs varying in size according to the extent of the piece of land and the number of fowls that are to be kept thereon. It is remarkable how some of the poultry-keepers in some of our large towns and cities, even under the most adverse circumstances, have been so successful. Fowls in confinement have to be given more food than when at liberty, because those that can forage all day are able to pick up for themselves a large amount of natural food; hence, the fowls when kept under these conditions do not cost so much to feed as fowls in confinement. It is essential when one has fowls in runs to supply them with an abundance of natural food, and thus in a certain degree compensate for their confinement. Grit, meat and plenty of green food must be supplied. During the winter it is well to add a little animal-meal to the grain mixture about four or five times a week, and ground bone may be mixed with the food twice a week. In the afternoon corn, wheat or oats may be given. Many poultry-keepers are in the habit of buying mixed feed, but it is much better to buy the different grains and mix them at home, as in this manner one knows what proportion to use daily; in the middle of the day some green stuff may be given, such as cabbage-leaves, etc. Water is an exceedingly important point, and one that is too often neglected by poultrymen. It is one of the cheapest things in connection with poultry-keeping, and yet it is a fact that it is the most frequently neglected. The water-dishes should be washed out every day and scalded once a week. Cleanliness is of the utmost importance

with fowls in confinement, and too much care cannot be given to this matter. The interior of all the houses should be whitewashed once in every two or three months, or oftener, and the nest-boxes and perches removed and cleaned, in order to get rid of the lice, which congregate in these places.

### COLDS AND ROUP

Colds result from many causes, usually exposure during damp weather, and may be indicated in different ways, such as by coughing or sneezing, by swelled faces, watery eyes and nostrils, and sometimes as canker in the mouth, in which case there may be roup. A simple cold can be easily managed and cured in a few days by keeping the fowls warm and dry. Castor-oil in small doses of one teaspoonful is particularly good when poured down the throat. In cases of canker, which is the worst form of cold or roup, more care is necessary. The sick fowls must be immediately removed from the well ones, and pure water provided for them in clean dishes, in which a few drops of a solution of copperas may be added occasionally. Feed no hard grain, and mix the dough with hot milk, feeding it sparingly. The difficulty is the labor of handling the sick birds.

### WIND-BREAKS FOR POULTRY

Fowls do not like to remain indoors, and on stormy days will resort to any kind of shelter or break that protects them from the wind and rain. As they prefer to be in the open air as much as possible the necessity for some kind of shelter often arises. If the weather is dry, but very windy, the shelter may be only a covered shed, as clear, sunny weather induces fowls to forage, and they prefer to be in the sunlight. Sometimes all they require is a close fence or wall. This should prompt those who contemplate making poultry-yards to have the lower part of the fence, to the height of about two feet from the ground, close, so that the hens may be protected from the direct action of strong winds. If they are exposed to the full force of the wind even when the weather is not very cold the result may be colds or other diseases.

### INQUIRIES ANSWERED

**Tarred Paper.**—J. C. L., Athens, Ohio, writes: "How should tarred paper be applied to a poultry-house in order to protect the fowls from cold winds—on the inside or outside of the walls?"

**REPLY:**—By placing the tarred paper on the outside of the walls the boards are protected from rains and dampness, the paper also serving to keep out the cold winds.

**Preventing Molting.**—H. O. K., Chincoteague, Va., writes: "Is there any method of preventing fowls from shedding feathers? Mine have been shedding their feathers for a long time."

**REPLY:**—As the process is a natural one it cannot be easily controlled. The probability is that your fowls are pulling feathers from each other, and if so it is better to get rid of them and procure others, as the habit once established is difficult to cure.

**Inbreeding.**—G. G., Newport, Ohio, writes: "What is your opinion of inbreeding? I have some birds hatched from eggs procured from a breeder. Should I purchase males from elsewhere?"

**REPLY:**—Males should be at least one year old. It is best not to inbreed if it can be avoided, though some find no injurious effects by inbreeding one season, or even several seasons by experienced breeders. When inbreeding is practised the breeding of each individual bird should be known.

**Lameness—Bowel Disease.**—C. D., Allegheny, Pa., writes: "I have a Brown Leghorn with foot and leg swollen. What shall I do for it?—While my fowls appear healthy, the droppings are watery and milky. I can get plenty of stale bread; is it suitable for poultry?"

**REPLY:**—The difficulty may be caused by alighting from a high roost or injury from some source. Keep the fowl on straw, with no roost.—It is probably due to too much food. Stale bread is an excellent food for poultry.

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## VETERINARY

CONDUCTED BY DR. H. J. DETMERS

To regular subscribers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least TWO WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Veterinary queries should be sent directly to DR. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered.

**Ringbone.**—E. P. B., Wenatchee, Wash. Please consult the FARM AND FIRESIDE of November 1, 1901.

**"Lumps" on the Jaw.**—(Mrs.) J. M. T., Dix, Ill. What you describe may possibly be a case of actinomycosis. If you had given a good physical description of what you call "lumps" I would have been able to give you a more satisfactory answer.

**Splint.**—D. J. A. B., Pearl River, N. Y. Please give a description of the splint on your horse's leg, say where it is situated, whether it is of recent origin or of long standing, and also whether it causes lameness or not, and if it then appears that something can be accomplished by a treatment I will give a description of it.

**Difficult to Clean.**—C. A. S., Glenburn, Pa. There are certain, especially brown and black, horses which have naturally a dull-looking coat of hair always full of epidermis scales, and therefore difficult to clean and very much disliked by every groom. The more the currycomb is used on such horses the more epidermis scales will be produced and the more the hair will stand on end. Maybe yours is one of them.

**Sticky Discharge from the Nose and Boils on Front Legs.**—N. F. R., McCandless, Pa. The two symptoms you state—"a sticky discharge from the nose" and "boils on the left front leg"—although not sufficient to base upon them a reliable diagnosis have to be looked upon with considerable suspicion. I therefore most decidedly advise you to have your horse examined by a competent veterinarian as soon as possible.

**A Hard Swelling from Ear to Ear.**—J. R., West Plattsburg, N. Y. Your dog probably got the worst of it in a fight, and it is not improbable that in or beneath the hard swelling an abscess will be formed, which, of course, will have to be lanced when ripe. According to your description the swelling appears to be in the submaxillary salivary glands, and if it neither comes to suppuration nor to a dissolution and absorption it may become necessary to extirpate the glands, which will be a somewhat risky operation.

**Not Very Good Breeders.**—J. C. D., Scottsburg, Ind., and O. M. S., Agency City, Iowa. The best way to get such cows as you describe with calf is to breed them the very first time they show any symptoms of heat after they have been turned out to pasture in the spring, and to see to it that they are not too fat. After that they should be bred the first time they show symptoms of heat after calving. A good plan would be to let them have at once the company of a male when first turned out to pasture in the spring.

**Cattle Coughing—Sequence of Dog Distemper.**—A. P., Huntington, Pa. As I have repeatedly stated in these columns, a diagnosis cannot be based upon one solitary symptom, which, like coughing, is an attendant of nearly every respiratory disorder. Still, as all your cattle are coughing and seem to be without fever, I advise you to have them examined by a competent veterinarian or to have them subjected to the tuberculin test.—The paralysis, or rather paresis, of your dog is a sequence of dog distemper, and incurable.

**Garget—Scurfy Pigs.**—H. R. M., Waynesboro, Va. The disease of your cows was what is known as garget. The remedy consists in more frequent and thorough milking, especially if, as in your case, by a change to richer food the production of milk is suddenly increased either in quantity or in solid constituents.—Concerning your pigs it seems that what you call warts were not warts at all, but nothing more nor less than pimples and scurfs produced by repeated contaminations with the sour milk or slop, because if warts the same would not, as you state, "have turned to sores." In such cases removing the cause constitutes the remedy.

**Swelled Legs.**—V. S. W., Rio, W. Va. Examine the fetlocks of your colt and you will probably find small sores, or even cracks. Bring them to healing by applying twice a day a mixture of liquid subacetate of lead, one part, and olive-oil, three parts. After the sores have healed exercise the colt during the major part of every day, and have the swelled legs bandaged with bandages of woolen flannel, from the foot as high up as possible, during night-time. Continue this until no more reduction of the swelling is effected. If the feet of the colt get dirty or muddy do not use water to clean them, but rub off the worst mud or dirt with a corn-cob and then clean the lower extremities with a woolen rag or a piece of a blanket.

**Have Coughed Since Last Winter.**—D. J. P., Truxton, N. Y. The only symptoms of your cows and heifers which you see fit to

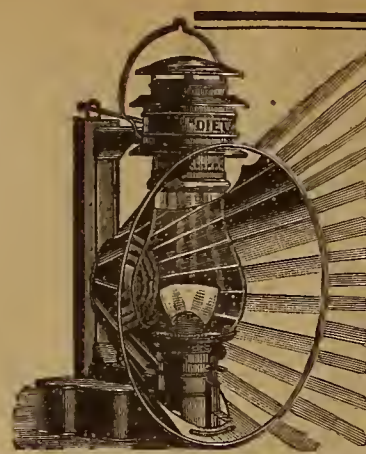
mention consist in coughing and discharging from the nose since last winter. As these two symptoms are frequent attendants of almost every respiratory disorder, and as the statement that these symptoms have been observed since last winter only shows that the disorder is of a chronic character, the only conclusion that can be drawn is that your cattle suffer from a chronic respiratory disorder, while there is nothing whatever in your inquiry indicating the nature of the disorder or giving the least clue to the probable cause or causes of the same. Still I deem it advisable to have your cows and heifers examined by a competent veterinarian or to subject them to the tuberculin test.

**Quarter-crack.**—C. A. M., Faneber, N. Y., and L. L., Wapakoneta, Ohio. If the quarter-cracks you describe are simple splits or cracks in the posterior part of the wall of the hoof it will suffice to make a cross-cut through the wall at the upper end of the split or crack, forming with the latter a so-called T cut, which cut, however, must not be deeper than the thickness of the horn and not wound the fleshy parts beneath, to pare away the lower border of the posterior (quarter) part of the wall behind the crack, so that it will not come in contact with the upper surface of the shoe, and then to put on a good bar-shoe to be reset once every month, when also a little paring, the same as before, may be required. The treatment of quarter-cracks of a more complicated nature must be left to a veterinarian.

**So-called Wind-puffs.**—D. McW., Slaterville Springs, N. Y. So-called wind-puffs or wind-galls are either morbid enlargements in the sheaths of tendons or in the capsular ligaments of joints, like hog-spavin and thoroughpin. Wind-galls having their seat in the sheaths of the extensor tendons can in most cases be permanently removed by a well-performed operation. If the seat is in the sheath of a flexor tendon an operation also can be performed, but is dangerous and cannot be recommended; and if the seat is in the capsular ligament of a joint the operation is absolutely dangerous, and should never be undertaken. External applications have either but a temporary effect or—firing, for instance—are apt to produce worse blemishes than the galls themselves. As wind-galls occur in many different places and all require a somewhat different treatment, even if it is only intended to effect a more or less temporary reduction or removal, and as you do not deem it worth while to give a description and to state the exact location of the wind-galls you wish to have removed, I cannot go any further into particulars.

**An Exostosis.**—O. M., Sabina, Ohio. When your colt was kicked on the hind leg below the hock the external membrane of the shank-bone very likely was severely injured. As a consequence osseous exudates were thrown out, which at first formed a more or less soft swelling of an inflammatory character, but afterward, when gradually becoming solidified, a hard or bony swelling or enlargement firmly attached to the bone and generally known as an exostosis. Such a swelling is permanent, at least cannot be removed without serious injury to the animal, but as it is porous it will gradually become more and more solid and undergo a process known as eburnification; and as your colt will grow and the exostosis will not, the latter will in time absolutely and relatively decrease in size and become less conspicuous. The process of eburnification may be somewhat hastened either by a continuous application of gentle pressure—for instance, by judiciously applied bandages, if that is practicable in your case—or by thoroughly rubbing in on the exostosis once a day or once every other day a little gray mercurial ointment, say at each application a quantity equal to the size of a small pea. This treatment, of course, must be continued for some time.

**Bog-spavin(?).**—E. H., Abraham, Utah. Both hog-spavin and thoroughpin are really one and the same thing. Both are the product of a morbidly increased secretion of synovia, and therefore an abnormal accumulation of the same within the capsular ligament of the hock-joint. In consequence of the increased contents the capsular ligament expands and bulges out in one or more directions. If the bulging out takes place in the anterior median part of the hock it is called hog-spavin, and if it is taking place on both sides of the posterior part, just in front of the calcaneum, it is known as thoroughpin. It is bog-spavin and thoroughpin combined if the expansion and bulging out is in every direction. Bog-spavin, therefore, is more frequent in horses with insufficient angle in the hock-joint, and thoroughpin is often met with if there is too much angle in that joint. Neither bog-spavin nor thoroughpin can be permanently cured unless the causes—over-exertion, constitutional weakness and a defective formation of the joint—can also be removed. Consequently a permanent cure may be considered as out of the question where the latter—the defective formation—constitutes the principal cause, as is the case in young animals which have never done any hard work. Still, notwithstanding that you call the swelling a bog-spavin, your description makes me doubt the correctness of your diagnosis. You do not say that your colt is lame, but if it is your description indicates arthritis.



## Dietz Nos. 30 &amp; 60 Search Lights.

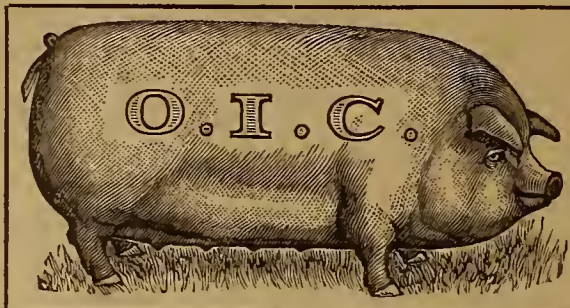
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For cooking feed, heating water, rendering lard, making soap, boiling maple sugar, scalding hogs, sheep dipping, etc. A cast-iron kettle with boiler steel jacket that never burns out, rusts out or wears out. Sold direct from factory. Catalog, prices, terms, free on request. Heesen Bros. & Co., P. O. Box 305, Tecumseh, Mich.



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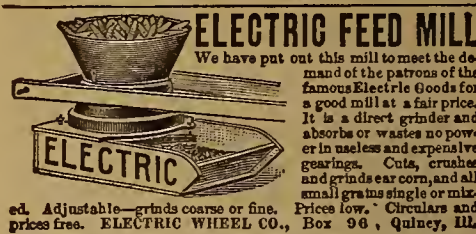
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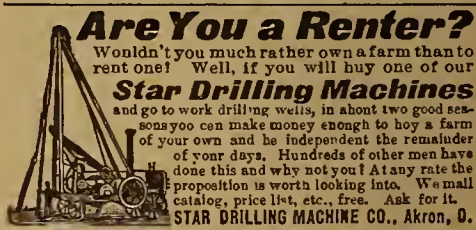
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# THE GRANGE

Conducted by Mrs. Mary E. Lee, New  
Plymouth, Ohio

Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged.—Dr. Manasseh Cutler.

## CURRENT COMMENT

### Dreams Versus Reality

Every one interested in the intellectual development of the people are familiar with the vague though roseate dreams of those who want to be intelligent yet have not the will-power, self-reliance and eternal stick-to-it-iveness that characterize all successful effort. All are familiar with the side-wise turn of the head, the slanting glance of the eye, "the windy inspiration of the forced breath" and the complaint, "I want to read, but some way by the time I get my work done I can't get any time," or whatever excuse comes first to mind as is shrewdly guessed will play on the sympathies and credulity of the listener. Underlying the complaint is the feeling that with different environments or fewer trials or proper appreciation of the native ability of the speaker he or she would make a bright and shining mark in the world. And the recipient of these apologies, a judge of human nature and of a conciliating turn of mind, will lavish "soft sawder" and benignant smiles. The fact is that only in rare cases and under very extraordinary circumstances are people denied the opportunities for wide and varied culture. The busiest men and women, those who day after day do their full share, and more, of the world's work, are those who also find time for extensive self-culture. They have learned the value of a minute, the art of performing with wisdom, precision and expediency the work in hand. They lop off the non-essentials and keep steadily in mind the essentials. They master the events of the day. They create to a certain extent their own environments. Self-culture is as essential to them in their daily work as any other—in short, is a part of the daily work. They are the people who do, who make our national progress the wonder and admiration of the world. If any accident occurs, if a double portion of work is injected in their lives their hands, which seem full to overflowing, are ready to take in the unexpected. And when the worker dies, one person takes up a fragment of the work laid down, another takes up another fragment. No one has yet grown to the full stature of the responsibilities carried by the lone worker. They may in time do more; but the point is that the habit of self-mastery and the dominating will that subdues circumstances is a possibility, and that it grows in power and usefulness. It varies, to be sure, with the inherent ability of the individual; but will, grit and constant application will compensate largely for nature's deficiencies. Do you want confirmation of this? Glance back over the life-history of your successful men and women of fifty years of age and find proof in your own observations.

### Hours of Promise

The long evenings of winter have been looked forward to with delightful anticipations. They are the farmer's study-time. In their seclusion he and his family hope to recuperate their mental powers that suffered during the seed-time and harvest. Will they be merely hours of promise or of fulfillment? Let us see. If time is frittered away in vain regrets that the book wanted is not at hand; if they cannot deny themselves rich food, and an abundance of it, for supper, with the consequent drowsy, stupid feeling; if the desire to know does not overtop the natural inclination to indolence; if the love of light, frivolous reading is superior to desire of knowledge, then will this winter pass, as has many others, into dull oblivion. It is not easy for the person who has worked with his hands for six months to begin serious mental work. It requires an effort of the will to concentrate the mental faculties. But if the farmer hopes to solve the problems that

directly affect him, if he hopes to make his mind a rich storehouse for the accumulative wealth of the thought of the world, then will the sacrifice and the struggle be made.

Let the work be systematic. If not able to buy books, borrow. Have a certain time for reading, and use it. Apportion the time as best suits your needs. Acquire the habit of thinking over each evening what has been read through the day. Correlate it with the reading of yesterday. When at work the mind, always active, will revert to the matter of the most interest. See to it that that matter shall be one of real importance; not the trivial happenings of the day. This habit once formed will yield power and contribute to the happiness of all about you. No life is so dreary and commonplace, so hemmed in, as that which feasts on the going in and coming out of the people of a little country neighborhood. None so happy as that which from the vantage-ground of a quiet retreat can take in its grasp the whole scope of human progress; that takes note of the forces that for ages have contended for mastery, knows what power is in the ascendant to-day and can foretell with tolerable exactness what will be the ruling causes of the future. Such are the men who are winning, and will win more and more as the years and their power increases, power for the farmer.

Mark out a curriculum of study, practical, not elaborate. Take first the subjects that you have long thought of investigating. You have often heard our times compared with those of the period of decline of the Roman Empire. Half an hour each day spent in reading Gibbon's "Rome" will not only throw light on our own times, but also on one of the most fascinating epochs of history. A bit of stone, a cliff of rocks, differences in the soil of adjacent fields, all have attracted your notice. Get the Le Conte's, Winchell's or Shaler's "geology." If you are an up-to-date farmer you have looked longingly for some of the best agricultural works. For the general farmer Storer's "Agriculture in Some of Its Relations to Chemistry," King's "The Soil," or some of Bailey's or Roberts' works will prove far more interesting when once begun than the proverbial novel. Certainly so if many of the modern historical novels are taken into consideration. Half an hour each day should be given to political economy. Current events and masterpieces of literature should also be read.

Not all these can be studied each day, but a certain number of half-hour periods each week could be set aside for each study. At the end of three months the scope and quantity of work done will be surprising. Try it this winter.

### The Farmer and Legislature

The time is almost upon us when the farmer, if he hopes to secure needed legislation, must devote a large share of his reserve energy to the business of legislation. There are several matters which the organized farmers have been agitating for years that now receive the moral support of a very large per cent of our population, chief among which are pure-food laws, prohibition of the fraud in colored oleomargarine, the granting of additional powers to the Interstate Commerce Commission, completion of the Nicaragua Canal by the United States, and the control of trusts. Agitation and the use of personal influence is now timely, wise, expedient. When any one of these matters are brought up before Congress let every farmer use his influence. A postal-card, a letter to your representative and senator will show them you are taking an intelligent interest in affairs affecting your business. No matter if you own only a small piece of land. It is your vote that counts, not your holdings. It is not necessary, nor even wise, to write a long letter explaining the justice of your demands. The grange legislative committee is presenting these arguments forcibly before the various committees having the matters in charge. Simply write a few courteous lines expressing emphatic interest and belief in the justice of whatever bill is up for passage. Do you want credit for work done? Very naturally you do. Each grange will no doubt be asked as to what it as a grange has done, and what as individuals; how

many cards and letters were written, upon what matters, and to whom.

President McKinley showed at all times an ardent desire to benefit agriculture. Those who have watched the career of his successor, President Roosevelt, have complete confidence not only in his desire, but also his ability to assist the farmer in securing just legislation. But the farmer must show the justice of his cause, and win respect by manfully standing by his guns. A little handful of earnest, determined workers out of more than three million farm voters have won victories in which all have participated in the benefits. Let others bear their share of the fight and agriculture will have received a stimulus that will tell in after years.

### What Has the Grange Done?

The following excerpts from a letter of a young man who has just gone in the grange voices the sentiment of a great many others.

"I am only a young member of the Patrons of Husbandry, and have an anxiety to learn what I can as to what the grange has been doing in the last twenty-one years. Is it not true that the grange is slow in urging measures upon Congress in behalf of its interest, and is not backed up by the necessary influence that all important measures require to secure a hearing?"

The letter is answered personally. As to the first part of the questions the National Lecturer has prepared a succinct synopsis of the principal accomplishments in national legislation. Most state lecturers and secretaries have literature telling of the work done in that state.

As to the second question the grange has been most phenomenally fortunate in having as leaders men of keen insight and rare penetration. For the most part they have led, not followed, sentiment, as for example, the very recent matter of rural-mail delivery. Out of all the causes of discontent they have selected those which seemed of the most far-reaching importance, the most timely, and ones upon which farmers would be most apt to unite. They were of "God's cheerful, fallible men and women," and have of necessity made mistakes, but happily they were not serious ones. Then the murmurs and grumbings concerning burdens must be concentrated into firm, determined, self-reliant and intelligent demands. The work of instilling self-reliance and a respect for his calling into the farmer has been quite as hard as the work before Congress. The grange lobbyist who worked zealously for some just cause was often met with the sneer, "The farmers don't seem to want this legislation. We never hear from them." Then additional influence must be used to rouse the farmers to help themselves and not rest content with grumbling over adverse conditions whenever they chanced to meet at the store, post-office or a sale. Taking these things into consideration we are inclined to believe the grange leaders have not been slow. That, in fact, they have been very largely creators, at least concentrators of public opinion. The second part of the question finds answer in the above.

We are glad to see our young men asking such questions as these. It shows an interest and a desire to find where the trouble lies that we must knock so long at the doors of Congress without finding instant admission. The grange needs new members. To get its benefits, to contribute to the welfare of the farmers' interests, a great majority of farmers must go into it. But we venture the assertion that if every grange member in the United States would ask the questions this young has asked, and not rest content till he knew just what had been done, and how; where the leaders had succeeded, where failed; and the same searching inquiry be directed to the work of the subordinate granges; and then instead of saying, in a tone of disgust, "Its useless to work with the farmers, they will do nothing," say to every doubting Thomas, "The farmers win in this matter? Most assuredly they will win; they are in the right; they know what they need and how to get it; and they are going to have it, mark my word upon that," that there would be such a series of victories as has never before been known.

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BY MARY JOSLYN SMITH



LYDIA was a direct descendant of the Mayflower people, and would have been a "Daughter" had that order been established. She had heard the oft-repeated story of how her great-great-grandparents had, with the other Pilgrims, kept the Thanksgiving at the end of the first year after the landing of the Pilgrims. They had a prayer and praise service out of doors, and had a joint feast later in the day. Besides those who belonged to the company they had invited Massasoit and his warriors to feast with them "after a special manner," so the invitation said.

When Lydia had grown to womanhood she married and left her Massachusetts home for a new country, in what was called the West, but really in New York state. Quite a colony of acquaintances and friends moved together into the Genesee country. These people built their cabins and put the land under cultivation, and rich returns came to the settlers on the Genesee. Colonel Williamson had inaugurated a fair and races in 1793 not far from where these farmers lived, and that reminded Lydia that it was time to have some other marks of civilization and things they had had in the early home.

One day Lydia said to her husband, "Nelson, I feel homesick this year for a public Thanksgiving. We have been so busy I have not missed it much until now." This was as November, 1784, was approaching.

Nelson Stebbins, who was a very matter-of-fact man, replied, "There's nothing to hinder your having your own Thanksgiving any time you like, but I don't see how we could have a New England Thanksgiving up here. We've no meeting-house, and I've never heard of a minister in this part of the country; then folks live so far apart no one could get them together very easy."

"You see objections enough," said Lydia, good-naturedly, "but I guess you'll help, for really I mean to see what we can do."

A few days after the conversation Mrs. Purchase, Lydia's friend Clara, came on horseback from four miles away to pay a day's visit, and Lydia was soon explaining her project.

"Will you help, Clara?"

"Where could we hold it?"

"Our cabin is the largest," answered Lydia; "have it here."

"How can I help? I can't preach. I suppose I could sing a little, though I have not had much time for singing since we came out here. It would seem something like if we could keep a real Thanksgiving, though, wouldn't it? I don't see, though, how you can have the courage to undertake it," continued Clara.

"It would be a queer Thanksgiving without a sermon. I don't think I ever cared so very much for the preaching, but I like things 'proper' and 'regular,' so really we ought to have a sermon if it is Thanksgiving."

Lydia listened to Clara's objections as she had listened to her husband's a few days before.

"I was thinking," said Lydia, "if we get ready and trust the Lord maybe he will raise up a preacher, just as the lamb came for Abraham."

Nelson came in just then, and hearing the last remark laughed heartily. "Well, if he should be raised up, will we slaughter him for the sacrifice?" he asked.

Though Nelson turned it into a laugh it had put an idea into his head. The very next day he had business at the settlement where Colonel Williamson lived, and he told him of how they wanted to keep the Thanksgiving festival, and enlisted him, so long as he was in closer intercourse with the outside world than any one else, to try to bring a preacher there by the last of November. When Nelson returned he never said a word about his business

with Colonel Williamson. He helped give out the word that they were going to have singing and sermon if they could, and have a dinner altogether, and that everybody was to bring something if convenient, but if not there would be plenty for all.

"We have so many pumpkins," said Clara, "I will make the pies for all."

One day while they were getting ready Lydia and Clara went on horseback to the Indian village, and with the help of an interpreter they explained what they wanted to do, and asked them all to come, especially the women; but the Indian women shook their heads, and said, "No come, but send succotash and fruit." Lydia's one thought was that no one should be slighted and that it should be a pleasant time to every one if possible.

"I hope Turk and Shoebridge, those queer wood-choppers who live in the hut down by the river, will come. I don't believe they have much to eat that is fit for anything," said Lydia.

"Will we ask the hermit?" inquired Clara.

"Yes; we will not miss a single one that lives about us," said Lydia. "There's something queer about that hermit Frenchman and his slave Gabriel. I wonder if it was true that he wrote an arithmetic and partly lost his mind over it?"

"I think to write an arithmetic would be enough to make any one lose his mind, if he really did write one," said Clara; "but how you rattle on, Lydia, it is almost as good as a Thanksgiving to be with you in getting ready, but I tell you I worry considerable about the meeting part."

Time passed on and it soon came the night before the day set for the Thanksgiving, and Nelson's courage failed in the surprise he had hoped for his wife, as there was no sign of the minister coming. Lydia had insisted upon all going unusually early to bed, in order to be ready early in the morning. They had no sooner retired than some one rapped, and Nelson answered it. He stepped outside just as Mrs. Stebbins had heard the question, "Can you take in a traveler?" While her husband was charging the minister to let Lydia think he had come just by chance she had slipped into a dress, for she knew the wayfarer always needed supper when he came so late. Mr. Stebbins said to the minister, "I do enjoy my wife's providences so much."

As Mr. Stebbins opened the door and asked the minister in he called to Lydia, "Here's our minister; just in time for Thanksgiving! Do you think we can keep him over night?"

"I am glad we had faith to go on and get all ready. What a beautiful surprise for the people to-morrow," said Lydia to herself, before she spoke to the newly arrived guest.

The day was bright and warm for so late in the fall, and the people gathered under the trees, God's first temples. Besides the settlers from far around there was Tall Chief from the Indian village, who proved always a good friend to the white man, the Frenchman, the African Gabriel, and Mary Jemison, the white woman who became so noted in history. She was taken captive by the Indians in her childhood, and afterward chose to stay with them. Her eyes and hair were light, and though she was naturally of a light complexion she was bronzed by long exposure and out-of-door life. This must have been the first thing for many years to remind her of the services of her childhood home.

Clara started the singing with the lines

"Let every kindred, every tribe  
On this terrestrial ball  
To Him all majesty ascribe  
And crown Him Lord of all."

The sermon and the service in every way was a success, and the dinner was the most wonderful those people ever

had if the stories repeated to descendants were half-way true.

So came about the first public Thanksgiving in what proved to be a rich valley. The minister went back to report the need of mission-work, and soon returned and lived and died with those people. He obtained land, since at that time the people could not support him; but they often helped work his land for him, and he preached and ministered to the needs and the homesickness of many a settler.

Lydia and Clara lived to see plain churches and school-houses built, and the bell to prayer was as welcome as was ever the Angelus of the foreign lands.

The morning of that eventful Thanksgiving, when Lydia was preparing breakfast and feeling that her prayer for the perfection of a Thanksgiving service was answered by the coming of the minister, she sang as she worked, or rather chanted, "Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee." This the minister took for his text, and the whole day seemed one of praise to the older people. No more unselfish Thanksgiving was ever held in the valley, for they were that day as one family.

But there was also something else inaugurated that day that has kept of lasting interest. Tall Chief and others from the Indian village invited the boys and young men to go home with them to their village in the afternoon. It was only three miles away, so the boys went with the Indians and spent the bright fall afternoon in playing games. The game that was nearest like foot-ball of to-day pleased them all the most. "China Breast Plate," "Black Chief" and "Big Throat" were among the Indians who played enthusiastically, and said, "now we call the game 'Thanksgiving.'" And from that small beginning, notwithstanding the changes that have come with the advance of knowledge, now, after more than a hundred years, the great and closing games of foot-ball for the season throughout the whole country are played on Thanksgiving afternoon.

#### NEW DESIGN FOR TATTED TIE-END

Make the center ring of 4 d (doubles), 8 very small p (picots), each separated by 4 d, 1 d, and close ring. With two threads make a chain of 4 d, 1 very small p, 4 d, and fasten in the first p made



in center ring. Join next chain to second p of center ring, and so continue until there are eight small chains around the center ring. Fasten both threads without cutting them in the p of first chain, then \* make a chain of 6 d, 1 very small p, 6 d, join to p of next chain of preceding row; repeat from \* seven times. Fasten threads in p of chain, as before, and make a chain of 1 d, 9 p separated by 1 d, 1 d (make p about one fourth of an inch long); repeat. Make three rosettes, and join two of them by the center p of two large chains, and join the third to the second upper rosettes by the center p of two chains.

Now start the heading in this way: Make a ring of 4 d, 3 p (make center p very small) separated by 4 d, 4 d; close. Make a chain of 2 d, 3 p separated by 1 d, 2 d, repeat; join third chain to center p of first upper chain of rosette, leave chain of heading unjoined, and join the fifth chain to next chain of rosette; leave three chains unjoined between the rosettes. Make thirteen chains and fourteen rings for

the heading. Cut the threads and fasten them in the side p of last ring made, and finish the heading with a row of chains the same as on the opposite side, joining them to the very small p of the rings. After joining the last chain in the ring at the end of row make two more chains like preceding ones and join the first to the p at side of end ring and the second in first p of chain in lower row of heading; then \* make a chain of 1 d, 9 p separated by 1 d, 1 d, next a small ring of 5 d, join to center p of side ring of rosette, 5 d, close; repeat from \*, joining the outer edge to the rosettes as illustrated. All these rings are made of 5 d except three which consist of 10 d. Two of these large rings are at the side of the lower rosette and the third is joined between the two lower chains, taking 2 p together, 1 p, from each chain. Make the two sides of the heading to correspond. In the space between the two upper rosettes make a ring of 5 d, join to center p of center unjoined chain, 5 d, join to center p of rosette chain, 5 d, join to chain of next rosette, 1 d, and close ring.

MRS. J. R. MACKINTOSH.

#### THANKSGIVING DAY OF YE OLDEN TIME

"The Puritans thanked their God and begged Him bless

Their scanty lands and ease their care,  
And we who hold the answered prayer  
We keep the name of thankfulness."

In the Slocum household Thanksgiving Day has always been strenuously observed as a family reunion, the great festival of the year. From dear Boston to the Golden Gate the relatives gather at the old homestead, and genial Uncle Joe always drops business cares in London and comes "home" to the little Long Island village where his mother lives. God bless our mothers!

On this last Thursday in November the entire company would attend the usual church service. After a brisk walk and a delightful chat with grandmother came the grand Thanksgiving dinner, with its fine damask, sparkling cut glass, rich silver, handsome china, hothouse flowers and an elaborate menu worthy of a French chef's skill. Faithful old Dinah is one of the treasures of earth.

There would be just time enough to reach the foot-ball game. The younger element of the party certainly considered that next to the dinner in attraction, so progressive have we grown. Many fierce battles have we witnessed and gaily marched home wearing the victorious colors.

In the eventful evening dear Uncle Joe would take the whole family to the theater in "the city," only twenty-five miles distant. "Rip Van Winkle" was the play once, with our beloved, immortal Joe Jefferson in the title role. This was the Thanksgiving par excellence of our lives—until last year.

Herewith is the true tale of the celebration of a Puritan Thanksgiving Day. The idea was Grandmother Slocum's.

She graciously and lovingly ruled the flock. Wherever she led we were all glad, nay, eager, to follow. Our costumes, our observances and our lives were on this one day to accord with those prevalent on Thanksgiving Day in the colonial period.

The pleasures began long before the holiday, as the costumes required much attention. This was another resemblance, because the Pilgrim mothers surely began their preparations weeks in advance. With fervent hearts and blithe spirits we faithfully resolved to celebrate appropriately the Pilgrim anniversary. "this day set apart for special thanks."

Early, so early it certainly was not sunrise, the persistent roll of a drum effectually aroused every guest in the crowded hospitable old mansion. Even the youngest, energetic lad had not thought of rising. Presently a sturdy messenger knocked at each door, saying, briskly, "Arise! Thanksgiving Day has begun! In a few minutes Governor Carver, Governor Winthrop, Elder Brewster, Miles Standish, Governor



Bradford, Priscilla, John Alden, William and Susannah White, who brought little Peregrine, "the first white child born in New England"—indeed, nearly the whole list of Puritans were represented—passed reverently down to the large parlor to do homage to the good God with prayer and hymn.

This grateful reporter, her husband and small son belonged to the band of Indians under "the famous Massasoit, the sachem," who were present at that first Thanksgiving in 1621.

At sunrise, after the old custom brought to the New World from England, the first meal of the day was served. This consisted of apples, Indian maize, broiled fish, clams, roast potatoes, corn-bread and pumpkin sauce.

The Slocum-Kent-Brewster clan attended the services at the peaceful little "meeting-house" in the valley. The service was three hours long. It was opened with a fifteen-minute prayer of an exceptionally beautiful character. The next exercise was "the reading and exposition of a chapter from the Bible." Several psalms, XIX., XXIII. and CIII.—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits"—were earnestly sung. After the ancient custom the psalms were lined out; that is, a line was read, then sung by the congregation, only a line at a time.

Elder Brewster delivered an eloquent sermon, one hour and a half in length, on the grandeur and nobility of the Pilgrim character.

The ancient chronicles state "that attendance upon two church services, morning and afternoon, was the most important part of the celebration of Thanksgiving Day among the early Puritans." Grandmother waived this afternoon service.

The great Thanksgiving dinner-table was arranged in the wide hall, where huge logs blazed in the fireplace. The unusual hour of twelve was chosen. Long benches were used instead of chairs. The cloth was coarse, but immaculate. A napkin, spoon and wooden "trencher" (plate) were placed at each "cover." Chargers, tankards and drinking-cups of silver-plate or pewter were appropriately used. There were no courses at this notable feast; the generous board was heaped with tempting viands. After a long grace punch was served, the festive bowl being passed from guest to guest. A punch-bowl was possessed at that time by every colony. Then came clam chowder "in enormous bowls." Two plump turkeys, a pair of ducks, a goose, braces of partridges, great squirrel and chicken pies and a roast pig were all served. Alas! venison was out of season. Even the Indians declined to contribute that.

As the Pilgrims had an abundance of sea-food, boiled codfish, raw oysters and broiled lobsters were served at this twentieth-century feast. "All manner of vegetables" and a salad of herbs were correct, also rye and corn bread.

Marvelous was the dessert—toothsome tarts, "great loaves of cake," and golden pumpkin, rich mince, squash, apple, berry and custard pies. Apples, plums, melons, grapes, nuts, raisins, honey, with cider and home-brewed beer, completed the dinner. There were no coffee and no cigars.

The music of drum, jews'-harp and trumpets was permitted. Many old songs were sung without music, Aunt Katherine pitching the key-note. "America" was also patriotically rendered.

Athletic sports and old English games were now welcomed. The excitement between the Indian braves and the white settlers was intense. The whites won after a fierce contest.

In the little village there was a wedding, to which we hastened. We hope that the gentle, winsome bride may receive all the happiness and good fortune that can befall this auspicious blending of a wedding and thanksgiving. We drank the bride's health and danced a merry measure or two, and then happily returned to our own Puritan celebration.

The children made molasses-candy and popped corn. We hear so much about the corn of those early days that the Pilgrims undoubtedly must have possessed all varieties.

Candles afforded the sole illumination. Again we gave fervent thanks for manifold blessings and mercies. At nine o'clock the curfew bell rang, our

good-nights were cheerily said and the fires covered. Our New-England holiday was a happy memory.

"For the gifts we have had from His hand,  
Who is Lord of all living.  
Let there ring through the length of the land  
A thanksgiving! thanksgiving!"

ADELE K. JOHNSON.

#### BABY'S SHOE

ABBREVIATIONS.—Ch, chain; st, stitch; d c, double crochet; sl st, slip stitch.

Begin ring at the toe, ch 4, turn; miss 1 d c in 3 st, catching up back of ch, turn.

Second row—Ch 1, 2 d c in each st, turn.

Third row—Ch 1, d c in each st, turn. Continue until there are four widenings at each end and one in the center as nearly as possible, with every alternate row plain d c, always making 1 ch to turn on.

After last widening make eleven rows plain.

Narrow at each end of next row, then four rows plain.

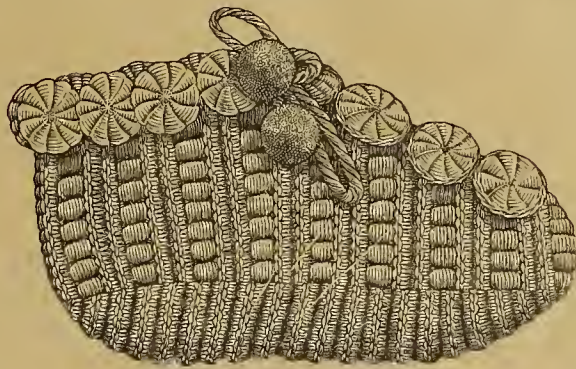
\*Widen in middle of next row\*, one row plain.

Repeat once from \* to \*, then four rows plain.

Narrow at each end of next row, one row plain.

Narrow at each end and middle of next row, 1 row plain; repeat until there are but 4 st, and break thread.

To make the upper portion of shoe begin at the back with a ch of 19 st (1 st to turn on), and work back and forth on the 18 st in d c as directed for sole until there are three rows. Ch 2, roll st of 6 overs in second st of four-



datation; repeat in every alternate st until there are 9 rolls, ch 1, turn, and work three rows of d c. Repeat until there are four rows of rolls, then 18 d c on last row. In next row begin to narrow by missing first ch, making 17 d c, with 16 d c in next row. Then 8 rolls, followed by three rows of 16, 15, 14 d c. On this row make 7 rolls with 14, 13, 12 d c; 6 rolls, 12, 11, 10 d c. Then 5 rolls, 10, 9, 8 d c. On this make 4 rolls, then widen by working 8, 9, 10 d c (2 st in first ch at upper part). Continue widening, making the last half the exact counterpart of the first. After finishing the last row of 9 rolls join with hook or sew to first row of d c. Turn wrong side out and sew to sole.

Making a little fullness at the toe sew up the instep as far as desired, then finish with a row of wheels over the seam and around the ankle. Ch 3, 8 rolls of 6 overs each in first ch, close with sl st at top of first roll, ch 6, 4 rolls in third st from hook; 4 more in same st, catching thread over the connecting ch that it may not show. Repeat until three are twelve wheels, and finish with cord and tassel, or ribbon strings.

JULIA A. WILLIAMS.

#### OLD HOME WEEK

If November brings nothing else that is cheering it still has "old home week" and Thanksgiving Day. We forgive the month for giving us leaden skies and biting winds when we remember with a little homesick thrill that it always brings around this season of joys.

A dear little boy said to me the other day, "We are going to grandma's for Thanksgiving." And he babbled on about the chrysanthemums that were always in full bloom at Thanksgiving time in grandma's yard, and of the geese and ducks on the pond. "Oh!" he said, while his eyes sparkled at the recollection of the good times and the wonderful things at grandma's, "how I wish Thanksgiving came more than once a year!"

"Yes," said his mother, "we are go-

ing, and going, too, with hearts filled with thankfulness that we are still an unbroken family; that the dear old folks are yet spared to welcome us back to the old home.

"I have read," she continued, "that in many New England towns they keep bonfires burning on the surrounding hilltops to welcome the scattered branches of families back on 'old home week.' But though there is nothing but the mellow glow of mother's lamp shining out in the darkness for me when I approach the old home among Georgia hills it will be more significant of welcome to me than the lurid light of bonfires started by strangers."

Thanksgiving, with its inevitable accompaniment of turkey, has grown steadily to be considered the American national feast-day, and around it clusters the associations and memories of years. It has also grown to be a day of family reunions and of good feeling and retrospection, and somehow it seems a most fitting day for returning to the old farm home, for it is here that the finest joys of Thanksgiving are found. Coming as it does with the exhilarating tingle of a clear, frosty day or with dull, leaden skies which bespeak snow, these awoken memories of the dear, good times in the old home which summer skies and summer sunshine could not. For was not the old home most cheery after the harvest was all gathered in and the cellars and barns well filled with the fruits of the summer's toil? Then the evenings were long and the wood-fire burned brightly on the clean-swept hearth, with a basket of red apples on one side and a basket of brown nuts on the other basking in its glow, while father, mother, brothers and sisters gathering around formed an unbroken circle. To many who go back to the old farm home in November these things which gave so much pleasure in the past come back as the sweetest memory of the good old days, and make Thanksgiving time the best "old home week" in all the year.

The spectacle of three or four generations of a family gathered from far and near at the old farm home is a pleasing one and is of the hearts' truest poetry, for in the home-making process the farm home has taken no small place. From farm homes have sprung other farm homes and countless town and city homes, and from these the sons and daughters, the children and grandchildren will turn on "old home week" for a reunion and family allegiance. This is the truest religious sacrifice of the week, so that the Thanksgiving dinner-table becomes the most consecrated shrine of all, though it is not all of Thanksgiving Day that the inner man is surfeited on toothsome dainties, but it fills the soul with love and sympathy.

So back to the old farm home we eagerly turn, for Thanksgiving goes best with turkey and pumpkin pies and other homely old-time dishes with which the farm-house table is loaded. It goes best, too, with the crisp, pure air, the associations of rural life revived again and the warming of family ties. All this makes Thanksgiving to the majority of Americans the one heart-felt holiday of the year, when they can eat their turkey and pumpkin pies in a spirit of sincere thankfulness for this goodly world and their share in its goodness, so they can exclaim, with the dear little lad, "How nice it would be if Thanksgiving Day came more than once a year!"

Mrs. W. L. TABOR.

#### HOW TO MAKE CRAB CROQUETTES

In giving a little dinner crab croquettes make an excellent entree. To prepare them take one pound of crabmeat, gently press out the juice and put into a bowl with one tablespoonful of fine crumbs, one half teaspoonful of salt, one half salt-spoonful of pepper, a dash of anchovy essence, the yolks of two eggs and a very little cold water. If the eggs are not enough to make it of the proper consistency bind the ingredients together and place on ice until wanted. Then work into cone-shaped forms, dip in beaten eggs, then in crumbs, and fry in best fat.

#### THE MOTHERS' COLUMN

Short articles on child-training will appear in this column from time to time, and attention will be given only to articles containing the very best ideas.

THE EDITOR.

#### THE HARDENING PROCESS

How many mothers or nurses in giving "just a taste of this" and "only a taste of that" to baby appreciate what they are doing? Perhaps the eighteen-months-old boy wants some candy because he sees mama eating it. It is much easier to give it to him than to let him fret and be unhappy, so the coveted chocolate cream is handed over, and he trots off happy with the goody and delighted that his fretting has accomplished his end. He would indeed be a stupid little fellow did he not remember the means whereby he got what he wished, and so try the same course the next time.

Meanwhile how about baby's stomach? It is such a tiny and delicate organ that the delicious sweetmeat must surprise it somewhat. A few hours later baby's breath is disagreeable; he is "out of sorts," and does not eat his supper. He tosses in his sleep, but is all right again the next morning. Mama is sure his teeth must trouble him. "Those molars are such a nuisance!" They are slow coming, and every fit of indigestion which appears is laid at their door.

Since the candy has not hurt the little man he has another piece the next day, and the next, until the appetite for sweets is established, and the baby boy lustily demands a certain amount of candy each day. Oatmeal, rice and bread must all have their coating of sugar before they will be eaten. The mother thinks this love of sweets perfectly natural, while it is really an artificial appetite, the seeds of which have been planted and cultivated by her own loving hands.

Many people have the idea that it hardens and "toughens" a child to allow him to do imprudent things. Said one old gentleman to a careful young mother, "You will not allow me to give your year-old boy a lump of sugar. If you cosset him in this way, and accustom his stomach to such plain food, how do you expect him to digest pies and such forbidden articles when he is older?"

"I mean that his indigestion shall be made so purely perfect by proper care while he is young that nothing in reason will prove so injurious as to be forbidden then."

"But," argued the patriarch, "if he does not eat sweets now, think what he misses."

"He cannot miss what he never had!" was the smiling but firm rejoinder.

P. W. HUMPHREYS.

#### OBEDIENCE

A lady who visited the Pan-American Exposition gave me a very vivid description of a man who brought into one large cage twenty-one lions. He assigned a place to each one with a motion, and it instantly complied, taking its position and remaining motionless. When each one of them had been arranged he himself took a seat in a chair in the midst of them. Think of it! Twenty-one fierce lions, the King of Beasts, to be trained to perfect obedience! And yet have you not heard many of your friends who have little children—two, three, four years old—say, "I just can't make Johnny mind, he is so bad." And Johnny hears it so often he thinks that is probably the thing for him to do—be bad. Ah, young mothers, get your child trained to perfect obedience before it is two years old and you will save yourself years of trouble.

C. I.

#### WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW

In the olden time children were not usually brought to the table when company was present, but Walter being the only one was allowed to be present. Being very shy and backward his mother said, "Walter, I expect you do not know all of the ladies and gentlemen here."

"I don't mind that so much," said Walter, "but I don't seem to know where all these dishes and silver came from."



## THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM



WHILE no Americans can be truly patriotic and fail to observe Thanksgiving Day, which is so peculiarly an American institution, yet for the farmer's family the day has, or should have, an especial meaning. The lodger in a city tenement-house as his gaze wanders from the faces of his hungry brood to the empty larder may have to stretch a point to bring himself to feeling thankful. But on the farm—with barns and granaries filled to bursting, the mute but significant witnesses of a beneficent Father's bounty—how different!

Of course, it is understood that the chief event of the day will be the dinner; and where, if not on the farm, with cellar and store-room fairly groaning under their weight of good things, to say nothing of dairy and poultry-yard, is a real Thanksgiving feast possible? The menu for this occasion will vary with individual and family tastes, save that custom has assigned the place of honor to our national bird, the turkey, without which the spread would be voted a failure.

The choicest way to cook a turkey is by roasting. After it has been picked, singed and plumped, then carefully and evenly stuffed with a rich bread dressing, and larded with numerous bits of bacon, it should be placed in a moderately hot oven and basted every ten minutes, turning the pan occasionally, that all parts may cook alike. If a self-basting roaster is used the basting will not be necessary. The rule for roasting is twenty minutes to the pound and twenty minutes longer. In the last third of the time allowed for cooking withdraw the pan partly from the oven and dredge the breast, upper portions and sides thoroughly with flour. Brown well, then baste freely. Repeat the process several times, and when done the entire surface will be covered with a rich, flaky crust that has only to be sampled to be appreciated. Serve with cranberry sauce.

As fresh meat is always acceptable to country folks an appropriate second to the turkey will be a fine roast of beef and sweet-potatoes, which have kept such close company during the cooking process that their flavors have mingled. Then, too, there are vegetables galore in the farmer's cellar from which to select and prepare many toothsome dishes. A chicken salad always meets with a hearty welcome. If preferred, a nice potato salad may be served instead.

The choicest stores of jelly, preserve and pickle shelves can each claim a place on the table; for, though fashion may dictate what we should place before our guests upon other occasions, the Thanksgiving banquet knows no limitations, and the housewife who delights in abundance need feel under no restrictions.

The most important part of the feast with most people is the dessert—the pumpkin and apple pies; the lemon tarts and doughnuts; the old-fashioned loaf-cake; the delectable, if unwholesome, pound-cake, and the plum pudding and hard sauce.

One thing more: Don't sit down to the Thanksgiving table with none but your immediate family about you. Selfishness and sincere gratitude never go hand in hand. Hitch up the carriage and drive to town, and if there are not sisters, cousins and aunts enough to fill it substitute others in their places, not forgetting some unfortunate one who but for your kind thoughtfulness would experience none of the Thanksgiving cheer that fills your own breast.

KATHERINE E. MEGEE.

## THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY

We all remember how the old preacher in a pioneer country gave his people to understand that something besides rabbits would be appreciated. When asked to return thanks these were his words:

"Rabbits young, rabbits old;  
Rabbits hot, rabbits cold;  
Rabbits tender, rabbits tough,  
Thank the Lord we have rabbits enough."

There will undoubtedly be turkeys young, old, hot, cold, tender and tough served upon Thanksgiving and Christmas Day. And simply because people have turkey is no proof that they will

have a good dinner. Turkey, like everything else, needs to be prepared and cooked just right.

The stuffing, if rightly made, adds much to the turkey dish. The Germans put raisins and nutmeg in their stuffing. We Americans usually do not. When we desire something very fine we add plenty of oysters to the dressing. One needs about one pint of white bread-crumbs. Soak them in beef-juice if possible; if not, pour boiling water over them, adding one large spoonful of butter or one pound of finely chopped fresh pork. Have the liver of the turkey chopped fine, two small onions, salt, pepper and celery-salt ready to add. Cook all for a few minutes, adding a well-beaten egg just as it is to be placed in the oven.

If you can see to it, do not let them cut the skin of the neck off close. The neck need not be long, but the skin, if long, will help to hold in the stuffing. Stuff the turkey, then sew it, so the stuffing will remain inside. Do not truss it too tightly, place what dressing remains on the turkey, put in the oven, roast one and one half or two hours, according to size, baste often, and serve hot.

An excellent soup for the turkey dinner is gumbo soup. To make it, take a large, tender chicken and fry it very brown, then use this gravy for frying one quart of sliced okra. Americans do not half appreciate these pods of a mucilaginous nature for thickening soups, but they are excellent. Add the okra to the chicken, place in a granite kettle with cold water, a large, thinly sliced onion, one pint of tomato-juice, three or four slices of ham, and salt to taste. Let all simmer for an hour, then add ten large soda-crackers, one tablespoonful of butter and five hard-boiled eggs sliced fine. Add the pepper last, just as the kettle is lifted from the stove. In fact, pepper should never be put in any kind of soup until it is ready to serve.

Tomato and macaroni soup is also excellent. Break one half dozen sticks of macaroni into small pieces and drop into water that is "madly boiling." Cook until tender, which will be in about an hour. Rub two quarts of stewed tomatoes through a colander, and pour over the macaroni. It adds to the appetizing appearance if the macaroni is cut into small rings. An old pair of scissors is good for this purpose. Cut just before the tomato is added. If you have it, add one cupful of thick cream just before serving.

If the soup be simply chicken broth—and after all what is better?—add soup-balls five minutes before serving. They are made by mixing cracker-crumbs and butter into firm, round balls.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

## WAITING AND BEING

So many of us expect to be useful some time in the future; but this waiting to be of service is a sure way of missing the service altogether. When we say we are "ready to be used" we may really be giving an excuse for not being used this moment, now. It is possible for us to be so intent upon looking after to-morrow's duties that we fail to take up those of to-day. All of the opportunities are not to be found in the to-morrows; many of them lie in the pathway of to-day. But alas! we have eyes, but we see not; ears, but we hear not. The world is full of burden-bearers. We should see them; we should help. Many times these burdens might be lightened by an understanding look, a friendly smile, a feeling that somebody cares. But we fail to give the look or to bestow the smile or to express sympathy to-day, and to-morrow will be too late, because we are looking for the to-morrow to come when we can be of some service. Oh, we should not be so slow of sight, so dull of hearing, so preoccupied, so anxious to do something worth while—something notable and striking—when we do serve. While we are waiting and looking beyond, "a whole brood of opportunities" are born and die. We are never benefited by the things we are going to do, but by those we do; not strengthened by the food we expect to eat, but that we have already eaten. Let us be—not wait to be—of service.

ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

## MATRIMONIAL SNAGS

"She wasn't like this before we married," muses Mr. Younghusband, disconsolately. And he is quite right. If he would only carry the idea of change in his wife far enough he would be able to understand her feelings and sympathize with her condition. But his estimate of change stops at externals—at the tears, nervousness and irritability which are but surface symptoms of the real change she is undergoing.

There is no time when young women stand so much in need of good motherly advice as in the early days of married life, and there is perhaps no time when, as a rule, the young wife is left so entirely alone to grope her own way to happiness in doubt and uncertainty. Of the laws governing her womanly health she knows nothing. She becomes ner-



vous, irritable, sleepless, dejected. To her, already, marriage is a failure. She sees long, unhappy years before her, and shrinks from them.

## THE HELP SHE NEEDS

Evidently in such a case a woman needs help, and the help she needs will be found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It will cure nervousness, sleeplessness and irritability, encourage the failing appetite, and bring back the physical buoyancy which has been lost.

"When I wrote to you some time ago asking for advice I was in very poor health," writes Mrs. Ethel Trepto, Merrill (West Merrill), Wis., Box 54, "suffering continually with severe pains and terrible headaches, and confined to my bed the greater part of the time. I thought I was in a delicate condition, and thinking that something must be wrong I consulted three different doctors. None could tell me what my case was. One said that in no way could I be helped except by having an operation. Every woman dreads the thought of an operation, and so did I. After reading one of Dr. Pierce's pamphlets I decided to write to him. I did so, and was told my case resulted from catching cold and not properly caring for my health at the time of monthly period, also that my kidneys were in bad condition. My back was fairly sore from continual aching, and sometimes when I would lie down some one had to rub my back for nearly an hour before I could get any rest. I had a bad cough all the time, and my friends thought I had consumption, or was surely running into it. After taking three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets I am able to say truly that I am cured. I thank God and Dr. Pierce so much for being in as good health as I am to-day."

## A GREAT RECORD

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well. In seven little words is summed up the cure of hundreds of thousands of weak and sick women. But it would take volumes to tell the story of these cures, for they cover every variety of womanly disease curable by medicine. Often the cure has passed the borderline where the use of medicine ends and surgery begins, and in not a few cases where the ailing woman had been told there was no help for her except in an operation the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has restored her to perfect and permanent health.

"I cannot express my joy and happiness, nor thank you enough for all the good your medicines have done for me," writes Mrs. Anna Russell, of Harrison, Maine, Box 102. "When I began taking

your medicine my weight was 105 pounds; now it is 120. I was troubled with female weakness and had severe backache, ovarian trouble, also ulceration. Left lung was swollen nearly all the time and pained me very much so that at times it was all I could do to take my breath. For six years I suffered dreadfully all over and had many different medicines, but with very little help, if any at all. I couldn't eat anything except it hurt me very much, would bloat in bowels and have much pain. Had no appetite. A year ago last November I decided to write to Dr. Pierce, and received his kind advice, free. By following his instructions and taking the medicine faithfully I began to improve at once, and although I have not taken a drop of medicine since last August I feel perfectly well—better than I have for the last eight years. I believe that Dr. Pierce's medicines are a God-send to all suffering women. They saved me an operation, for three doctors told me I would never get well without going to a hospital and having an operation performed."

## TO SUFFERING WOMEN

This message comes to you from hundreds of thousands of women who were once sick and suffering: *Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has completely cured us of disease and made us well and happy women.* Can you afford, if you are sick, to neglect such an opportunity of cure? Other medicines may have failed you. Local physicians may have said you could not be cured. But if you have not tried "Favorite Prescription," you have neglected the use of the medicine which has cured when all other medicines failed, and doctors proclaimed a cure to be impossible.

Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. As a tonic and nerve it is unequalled in its strengthening powers. It restores the lost health and gives back color to the cheek and plumpness to the form.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free, and so avoid the offensive examinations, indelicate questions and obnoxious local treatments



often deemed necessary by the home physician. All letters are treated as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Favorite Prescription" has the testimony of thousands of women to its complete cure of womanly disease. Do not accept an unknown and unproved substitute in its place.

## YOUNG WIVES

will find Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser full of helpful information. It is a book every wife and mother should possess. This great, modern medical work contains more than one thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations. It is sent absolutely free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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## LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

When over the fair fame of friend or foe  
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead  
Of words of blame or proof of thus and so  
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet  
May fall so low but love may lift his head;  
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet  
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside  
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead  
But may awaken strong and glorified  
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye: by the thorny crown  
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,  
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,  
Let something good be said!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## MODERNIZATION OF THE HOLY LAND

A FEW years ago it was said that if one of the Hebrew prophets had returned to the scenes of his earthly activity he would have seen few changes to surprise him. Now the American consul in Palestine reports that vast changes are taking place on all sides. The Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" writes:

"The railway from Joppa to Jerusalem, at first an experiment, has been put upon a paying basis, and other lines which will connect it with points of interest up and down the valley of the Jordan have been projected or are actually in course of building. In Jerusalem there are now electric-lights, telephones, phonographs, modern stores, sanitary plumbing, houses built with 'a. m. i.' and, in short, most of the comforts of civilized life. Trolley-lines are talked of to connect Jerusalem with Bethany, Bethlehem, the Lakes of Galilee, Samaria, Jericho, Nazareth, and other places made familiar through Bible history.

"It is related that an American traveling salesman recently went to Jerusalem and Beirut, and in one day sold merchandise of an up-to-date type to the amount of thirty-eight hundred dollars. Commission-houses for the handling of American goods have been opened in nearly every city and town of importance in Palestine and Syria, and in many instances they are conducted by wide-awake American business men. In a single month this year one of the houses imported American leather to the value of seven hundred dollars. Another has established a market for American flour, and predicts that in a few years the people of the Holy Land will be good consumers of this staple. Cheap American watches are in demand, and have been sold to scores of the natives, who regard them with increasing favor.

"More than two hundred phonographs were recently sent there, one half going to Damascus and the rest to Jerusalem and near-by places. The best customers for talking-machines, it is said, are the Moslems of Beirut, Jerusalem and Damascus, who buy them for their harems. One commission-house at Beirut has bought, according to G. Bie Ravndal, the American consul, a three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar windmill from an Illinois firm, and will erect it on the Bakaa plain. This firm is confident that there is to be an important market for windmills in Palestine and Syria, and for irrigation machinery of all sorts. Rich foreigners are figuring to secure control of some of the once-fertile valleys of the country, and should they succeed there will be an attempt to make them again a 'land flowing with milk and honey.' These foreigners in most instances are Jews, who are leaders in the 'back to Jerusalem' movement which has been preached by Israel Zangwill and others."

As a climax to all this the consular reports state that "American beer" has made its way into the Holy Land.—Literary Digest.

## SOURCES OF CHARM

A gracious presence and cheerful, well-modulated voice have more power to create beauty in the home than all the luxuries that money can buy. The parent and teacher cannot overestimate their moral value, also. They forestall opposition, allay irritation and prepare the way for receptivity. What is called "personal magnetism" is largely capable of analysis. If a stiff, uninteresting person has genuine kindness and sincerity, though he have only ordinary endowments, he can be transformed by correct training.

A husky, dull or weak voice may be made pleasant and clear; a slovenly enunciation may become elegant; a slouching gate dignified, and an unattractive person may become winsome. The charm of manner consists in its grace, its simplicity and its sincerity. Cultivate a pleasant manner of laughing. Keep the voice cheerful.

Look with interest, but without staring, at the person with whom you are talking. Do not let your eyes wander over his clothes or around the room. Be simple and sincere. Be yourself a good listener while another is talking. In talking to a number of people scattered around a room, even though you are telling the story especially to one, let the others feel that their presence is recognized and their interest appreciated. Hold each one with your eye. A society woman of tact does this instinctively.—Watchman.

## "WILL YOU TAKE A SHEEP?"

An old farmer, about the time that the temperance reform was beginning to exert a helpful influence in the country, said to his newly hired man:

"Jonathan, I did not think to mention to you when I hired you that I think of trying to do my work this year without rum. How much more must I give you to do without?"

"Oh," said Jonathan, "I don't care much about it; you may give me what you please."

"Well," said the farmer, "I will give you a sheep in the fall if you will do without rum."

"Agreed," said Jonathan.

The eldest son then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep, too, if I do without rum?"

"Yes, Marshall, you shall have a sheep if you will do without."

The youngest son, a stripling, then said, "Father, will you give me a sheep if I will do without?"

"Yes, Chandler, you shall have one, also, if you do without rum."

Presently Chandler spoke again, "Father, hadn't you better take a sheep, too?"—Glad Tidings.

## THE MAKING OF CHARACTER

Do not let us suppose that character requires great circumstances for the making. Character can be made in poor circumstances. There are huge manufacturing factories in this country, with magnificent machinery, with chimneys belching forth clouds of black smoke to pollute the air, where they turn out carpets of most wonderful aspects, which would almost make you ill to look at, and which perish quickly in the using.

Far away in the East, in some poor little hut, an Eastern workman is working with threads of many colors beside him; he has been toiling for years, and when he has finished he will have turned out a single square of such beautiful workmanship that when it comes to this country it will be bought at a great price, and the owner's great-grandchildren will see it fresh and beautiful. So much for the great manufacturing and the whirling wheels and the noise and the smoke; so much for the quietness and obscurity of a single workman!—Rev. John Watson, D.D.

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A trial bottle will be mailed free of charge to every reader of this paper who is a sufferer from any of the following named diseases. All that we ask you in return is that you take it as directed, and you will find it all that we claim. It costs you nothing, and you need feel under no obligations whatever in securing the trial treatment which we offer.

## "5-DROPS" POSITIVELY CURES RHEUMATISM,

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"5-DROPS" is taken internally and applied externally, which is the only way to cure Rheumatism or any other blood disease. It acts directly on the blood, driving out the uric acid and other poisonous matter from the system.

It gives instant relief from pain and will effect a permanent cure if taken as directed. It cures chronic and complicated cases, gives strength and energy, relieves the aching head, prevents that tired, worn-out feeling, banishes Neuralgia and Nervousness; makes the nerves strong and gives refreshing sleep to the restless.

"5-DROPS" never fails to cure Rheumatism in any of its forms or stages of development. It does not matter how long standing, or how severe your case may be. "5-DROPS" will positively effect a cure if used as directed. Thousands of testimonials on file in our offices bear witness of its power to cure this dreadful disease. It acts quickly, safely and surely, and gives early relief to the sufferer.

## READ THESE TESTIMONIALS.

R. L. CUNNINGHAM, Sturms Mill, W. Va., writes: My Mother had Rheumatism in her arm and was treated by all the doctors in this place and they could do her no good. We heard of "5-DROPS" which she then used and before she had taken two bottles she was entirely cured.

W. H. GREGG, Berthoud, Colo., writes: "I took one and a half bottles of your '5-DROPS' and it cured me of Severe Rheumatism, a most painful affliction of six years standing."

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## HER OWN

BY HOPE DARING

## CHAPTER V.

## A MISUNDERSTANDING



MARIAN MARSHALL did not falter one instant. Rising, she crossed to her brother's side and laid her hand upon his arm. "Frank, you are mad. You shall not leave me to-night."

"Shall not! Ha, ha. You are right, though. I am mad, Marian, but nothing but drink can satisfy me. Let go my arm!"

"I will not!" Her steady gray eyes met his unflinchingly. "Lenore's letter is cruel, unwomanly, but it shall not ruin your life. Nay, listen to me, Frank. Because she spurns you will you prove that she is right, that you are not to be trusted? Paul's mother has refused her God-given right to care for him. Will you, his father, cowardly leave him unprotected?"

"Marian, you will see that he is provided for."

"Perhaps I will refuse, as his parents do. Frank, my brother, be a man. I have staked all on the hope of your reformation. I will never fail you. Be brave. This frenzy will soon pass and—"

"I cannot, Marian. I must have something to quench this thirst just a little. I will come back then and perhaps—" He broke off, trying to loosen her clasp. Marian's eyes never left his.

"No, Frank, you must not go. I am strong, and I will not fail you."

Suddenly his eyes wavered and fell. He sank into a chair, trembling. "Help me, Marian! Oh, can I fight it out! Come close to me, sister, and put your cool hand on my head. God help us!"

A moment later he started up. "I am going to my room. Come and lock me in, Marian. And promise me Paul shall not see me until I have either lost or won. You must not fail me."

She did not. Obeying his repeated request, she turned the key in the lock in the door of his room. She then hurried down-stairs, kindled a fire and put coffee to steep. A moment after Paul's pale face appeared in the doorway.

"Let's run away, Annie. Papa's drunk, and he'll swear and smash things. I hate papa!"

"Did you want me to hate you last week when you were sick?" Marian asked. "Papa is sick."

"Is he sick, sure?"

"Yes; I am going to take him up some supper. Then you and I will have ours. Can you not feed the chickens for me while I am up-stairs?"

To be allowed to do this alone was a great honor, so Paul tripped away, his suspicions forgotten.

Marian carried the coffee, strong and hot, up to her brother, who was pacing back and forth across the room. He stopped as she entered and eagerly drank the coffee, but from the food she offered him he turned away.

"Will you lie down?" she asked, as she heard Paul's voice below.

"There are the chores."

"I will manage. Lie down, Frank, for the stress of emotion has taken away all of your strength."

He stretched himself on the bed. "Lock the door, please. There is a package of nuts for Paul in my pocket. I bought them before I went to the post-office. Don't let him know. It all depends on you, Marian."

"I will not fail you, dear. God will give us both the needed strength," she said; and with a kiss on his forehead the devoted sister left him and went down to Paul.

"Papa is lying down, so we must not make any noise. See what he brought his little boy from the village. Now we will have supper, and you shall have your bread and milk in the same blue Delft bowl your papa used to eat his from when he was a little boy."

"Yes; and tell me 'bout the good black mummies who used to love papa and call him 'little mas'sa.'"

They were still at the table when young Harold Marple came to return a borrowed plow. Marian told him her brother was not well, and asked him if he could milk the cows for her. Harold was glad to do this, for the Marples all loved Marian, and there were frequent exchanges of neighborly kindness between the families.

Marian put Paul to bed in her own room. Until after midnight she sat by her brother's side, aiding him to withstand the mad fever of longing that beset him.

Love and devotion won. Soon after midnight Frank grew quiet. His regular breathing showed that he slept, and Marian rose and tiptoed down-stairs. But she could not sleep. Wrapping herself in a heavy shawl she made her way out to the hammock. Lying there, she watched the pale starlight as it sifted fitfully through the waving branches overhead.

Her sacrifice was repaid. What she had done for duty could now be done for love.

Those hours of warfare had swept away the last barrier, and she loved her brother—weak and erring as he was—better than she had ever loved him. He was indeed her own.

"My position at Carter must be given up," she thought. "It will be best for us to remain here until after the winter is over. We must economize, and the farm furnishes both food and fuel."

Then she remembered that Professor Howard would expect to meet her at Carter. "I will ask Doctor Cartwright to tell him where I am. He can come or write. I can trust him, and we must be patient a little time."

At last Marian fell asleep, to be awakened by the chorus of birds who were greeting the rising sun. She sat up, putting her disordered hair back from her face. The drooping branches of the tree had protected her from the dew, but the sunlight showed it sparkling on every leaf and blade of grass. The quiet beauty of the morning hour soothed and strengthened Marian. She went to the house and found that Frank and Paul were still sleeping.

When Frank Marshall descended from his room that morning his face was firm and resolute. He carried his head well back. The table in the dining-room was spread for breakfast, a vase of glowing scarlet, orange and cardinal nasturtiums in the center. Paul

She had ceased to speak of Lenore's return to her family. She had sent to the absent wife a plain statement of Frank's reception of her letter. Mariau did this not in anger, but in sorrow. In a short time there came a long letter from Lenore. She tried to excuse herself and spoke of her great desire to see Paul.

One October morning Professor Verne Howard again presented himself at Carter College. It was early in the day, before the time for recitations to begin. To Katy, who answered the bell, he said. "I would like to see Miss Marshall. Please take my card to her."

"Miss Marshall! Why, she's not here! She did not come back!" said Katy, as she took the card from his hand.

"Eh! What's that you say?"

Katy repeated her words, adding that Doctor Cartwright could give him Miss Marshall's address.

The Professor's puzzled face lightened. Here was a way out of the difficulty.

"Take my card to him," he said. "Tell him I will detain him but a few minutes."

Doctor Cartwright particularly disliked morning callers. He was very hasty, and the greeting he vouchsafed Professor Howard was a cool one.

The Professor briefly stated his errand. The cloud on the other's brow did not lift. Things were not going well with the new teacher of English. Doctor Cartwright did not intend to blame Marian for this, but it accentuated the earnestness of his reply.

"Miss Marshall severed her connection with Carter College before the beginning of the current year. She is now located in the

Shortly before arriving at that station he chanced to mention his destination to a gentleman with whom he had fallen into conversation.

"Why, that is my home," the man remarked.

"Indeed! Then doubtless you can give me some information. I am seeking a Miss Marian Marshall, a lady who was formerly a teacher in Carter College, Kentucky. I know nothing of Miss Marshall's place of residence or occupation in Vassar."

"Marshall, Marian Marshall," the stranger repeated, reflectively. "Oh, I remember. There was a lady of that name residing on a farm two miles out of town. I stopped there when making pastoral calls, for I am a clergyman. My impression, though, was that she intended returning to the South at the beginning of the school year."

"That was the expectation of the college," Professor Howard tried to speak calmly. "Something caused her to change her mind. If this lady was the one for whom I am looking she was tall and fair, with wonderful gray eyes."

The clergyman nodded. "Yes; she had a most gracious and benign manner, a typical Southern lady as I take it."

Upon reaching Vassar the Professor received from his new acquaintance directions for finding the farm. As the distance was so short he resolved to walk. Leaving his valise at the hotel, where he also engaged a room, Professor Howard set off at a brisk pace.

It was a beautiful afternoon. Sharp frosts had changed the green of the foliage to varying tints of orange, scarlet, russet and crimson. The air was warm, and a faint breeze rustled the drifts of leaves that lay scattered along the highway. A spicy odor—the breath of the dying summer—came to the nostrils of the traveler. On the distant horizon a rose-gray mist shrouded far-away objects with illusive radiance. Far off at the right the water of the lake could be seen, and from the woodland near came the mournful chirp of a solitary bird.

Professor Howard walked more slowly. The beauty around him stirred the depths of his nature. Surely it was a happy omen that through such splendor he should go to meet the woman he loved.

It was nearly sundown. The Professor reached the summit of a slight eminence, paused in the shadow cast by a group of tall pines, and looked down the road. Yes, that was the place, the present home of Marian Marshall. His gaze rested long on the old house. He noted the honeysuckle trained over the porch and the prettily curtained windows. Just then came the rattle of wheels, and the Professor looked round in time to see Frank Marshall pass. He was driving the farm-horses attached to a light wagon, and was returning from Vassar.

Professor Howard knew nothing of Frank's relationship to Marian. He gave him only a moment's attention, then turned his gaze back to the house. A slender woman was coming down the well-worn path which crossed the front lawn. It was Marian. She wore a dress of dark blue, and her head was uncovered. Little Paul clung to one of her hands.

Professor Howard drew a long breath. He had found her. He was near enough to see that she was coming to meet the approaching wagon, yet too far away to catch the notes of her voice.

"Back again," she said, lightly, as Frank sprang down. "Paul and I were coming down the road to ride home with you."

"Paul shall ride to the barn after I have carried in this basket of groceries. Here is the mail," Frank said, handing her a bundle of papers and letters.

"Can I not take in the basket?" Marian asked.

"It is too heavy for you," he replied. "The horses will stand. Standing is their hearts' delight."

The merry laugh of the little party floated up to the watcher under the pines. He had started to join them when there was a faint cry from Marian. She stumbled and would have fallen had it not been for the quick movements of her brother, who dropped the basket in time to catch her in his arms.

Professor Howard rejoiced to see that she was uninjured, but he did not hear Frank say, "It gave me a start lest you were hurt. Ah, sister, should trouble come to you my life would again be darkened." And he stooped and kissed her cheek.

They went on up the path, Frank carrying the basket on one arm, while the other was thrown around his sister's waist. Passing through the porch they entered the front door and Professor Howard saw them no more. For a moment he stood still, his eyes fixed on the spot where they had disappeared. Then he passed his hand over his brow, as if trying to collect his thoughts. He had found Marian, but he thought the wife of another man, for he knew her proud, pure nature too well to dream of her allowing the caresses he had just witnessed from any save one who had a right to tender them.

"Married! Lost to him! Had she played him false? A groan broke from the lips of the strong man. He must have time to think, time to recover from the shock he had received. Stepping backward a few paces he threw himself on the ground where the pine



"Marian sat still, her hand clutching the crumpled letter"

was playing near, and ran to meet his father, crying, "I'm glad you're well this morning, papa."

The man stooped and lifted his child in his arms, covering the wondering little face with kisses. Next he went in search of Marian. She was in the kitchen. Her hair was smooth and shining, and she wore a neat house-dress of pale pink print. On hearing her brother's step she turned.

"Good-morning, Frank," she said.

"Ah, Marian, thanks to you it is good-morning. May God reward you for what you did last night. There will never be another so hard a battle. Henceforward I will be a man. It is not only that I will fight against my appetite, but I will strive to win for myself a place among honorable men. God bless you, my sister!"

A few moments later they were at breakfast. There were muffins, a fine trout brought by Harold, baked potatoes, wild blackberries, coffee and milk. Frank relished his breakfast, as he had not eaten anything the night before, and ebated pleasantly while he ate.

The next day Marian sent a formal resignation of her position at Carter College. In a personal letter to Doctor Cartwright she asked that her present address might be given to any one who desired it. She summoned courage to speak of Professor Howard and of his expecting to find her at Carter. With an earnest expression of her regret at severing her connection with the college she bade the Doctor good-by.

When Frank learned of his sister's resignation he demurred at the sacrifice she was making. "It is more than I have a right to accept from you," he said; but Marian smilingly made him be content.

eastern part of Minnesota. A letter addressed to Vassar will reach her."

"Vassar," the Professor repeated. "I do not recall the place."

"It is situated on the western shore of Lake Pepin, and is only a village."

"Miss Marshall is in a school there?"

"No, she has given up teaching."

"What is she doing, may I ask?"

The college president shook his head. "Miss Marshall's conduct was a surprise to us all. She is following out some quixotic scheme, the details of which I am not acquainted with."

There was no mistaking the impatience of the Doctor's voice. Professor Howard rose, thanked Doctor Cartwright for the scanty information received, and made his way to the street.

It was a dull, gray morning. The Professor walked slowly, his eyes on the ground, depressed and doubting. He had arrived in the city at eleven the night before and had hastened to the promised interview with Marian.

"She is not to blame," he thought, loyally. "I gave her no opportunity to inform me of any change that might come to her. It was foolish in me not to ask her for a definite answer. I hoped she was interested in me, but feared she had never once thought of me in the light of a possible suitor. Meaning to be most generous in my treatment of her I placed her in an equivocal position. There is but one thing for me to do, and that is to go to her and receive my answer."

As soon as he could attend to some business which demanded his presence, Professor Howard started for the North. He would reach Vassar in the middle of the afternoon.



branches dropped low, forming a dense canopy. Here Verne Howard lay, manfully fighting the sorrow that had come to him.

Time went by. The glory of the sunset faded from the western sky. The mist—dark and heavy now that the sunlight was gone—settled over the scene. There was no sound save the occasional rattle of passing wheels, the humming of insects and the opening and closing of doors of the house and barn so near.

Professor Howard heard none of these things. There was only one fact of which he was conscious. Marian Marshall was forever lost to him.

After a time he rose to his feet, shivering and hunched. The wind had risen, the mist had vanished, and a full moon rislug in the east was lighting up the scene round him.

"I thought I was stronger." He closed his lips tightly, half ashamed of having yielded to his feelings. "I had never forgotten that she might refuse my hand. That I could have met with firmness, but I never dreamed of this."

He left the shaded nook. Down the slope lights were gleaming from the farm-house. A spasm of pain crossed the man's face.

"I cannot understand. Five months ago she certainly did not dream of this, for she would not have let me go away with a false hope in my heart. Then there was her plan of regaining the home of her childhood. This is a poorer life than she has been used to, and she is not one to love lightly. I wish I had looked more closely at that man."

He started for the town, paused a moment, and then retraced his steps. Moving in a slow and hesitating manner he made his way in the direction of the farm-house. "A few hours ago I would have said it was a dishonorable thing to do," he soliloquized, "but I must get a glimpse of that man's face."

He let himself through the gate. Going around to the side of the house he looked in at the sitting-room window. The shade was rolled high and the lace curtain was drawn back. There was nothing to impede his view and he could see everything distinctly.

Frank Marshall sat on a direct line with the window, reading a paper. Fern was sewing at the same shaded lamp, and further back Marian was rocking Paul. Professor Howard averted his eyes from her. It was not Marian upon whom he wished to look, but the man to whom she had given herself.

Long and scrutinizingly he studied Frank's face. His heart grew heavy. Used to men and the world, Verne Howard understood the lines traced by years of dissipation. It was true that the light of a new resolve was in the eyes, but it was the face of a man far below Marian Marshall. For one moment his eyes wandered to her. Her face was shaded from the light, so he could not tell what this new life was doing for her. After a hasty glance around the pleasant room he looked again at Frank.

"You are not worthy of her," he breathed to himself. "My dream is past. There is nothing left for me but work."

His lip curled as he recalled his purchase of the old Marshall plantation. There he had planned to make for himself and Marian a beautiful home. Ah, that was one more dream from which he had been rudely awakened.

He left the window and regained the road, and without one backward glance he moved toward Vassar. When he reached the town he found that in two hours, he could take a southern-bound train. So while Marian was sleeping Professor Howard left Vassar without her having known of his presence.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE PASSING OF TIME

MARIAN watched the mail closely as the autumn days went by. She knew the time for Professor Howard's return from his South-American expedition must be at hand. She would soon hear from him.

A week after the Professor's short visit to Vassar the looked-for letter came. There had been a storm of several days' duration, but that afternoon the clouds had broken away and the sun shone out. The air was cold and the wind was raw and piercing. Marian was unaccountably ill at ease. Fern noticed this and asked, "What's the matter, Marian? You're uneasy-like."

"I think it is because the storm has kept me in the house so long," Marian replied, lightly. "A row or a walk will do me good. Paul is at the barn with his father, and you can prepare supper if I am not back."

She arrayed herself in a warm jacket, a hat and a pair of gloves. Just as she was about to let herself through the gate which gave entrance to the lane her brother called, "Here's the mail, Marian. Harold has been to Vassar, and he brought it over. There is one letter for you."

"Thank you," Marian said, taking the envelope from his hand. "I am going for a row and will read it on the way."

"Be careful not to stay on the water until you are chilled. The wind is cold."

Marian passed on, waving her hand to Paul. The pulsations of her heart were quickened, and her cheek glowed with color. She recognized the writing on the envelope as that of Professor Howard. The postmark was New York. Was he on his way north?

Her despondency and unrest vanished. She was perfectly happy. There would be much

to explain to him, and he must be patient until she could leave her brother.

"I will trust him for those things," she whispered, a tender smile curving her lips. "I am so glad he did not press me for an answer that day. I was not sure of myself then, but now I know my heart is his."

She was in no haste to read the letter. At last she reached a tiny pier which jutted out into the lake. Upon this was the boat-house containing Marian's canoe.

She stood looking out over the wide expanse of water. The wind ruffled the surface, and here and there were bits of foam. The lake possessed a great charm for Marian. She had lived much outdoors. During that summer her nature had grown in steadiness and self-poise.

After a time she sat down on the edge of the pier. "I will read my letter here, then I will go for a row and work off this surplus of energy. Glad, free and beautiful as life is here I shall be glad to exchange it for dear old Kentucky."

She tore open the envelope. The letter ran as follows:

"NEW YORK, October 30, 1894.

"DEAR MADAM:—Being on the eve of departure for a long trip to the East I feel it only just to myself to send you a word of apology for my words of last May. They were heartfelt words; I loved you then, and that love grew to an absorbing passion during my absence. I knew nothing of the change in your life that forbade this love.

"On the night of the twenty-fourth of this month I reached Vassar, having learned your whereabouts through Doctor Cartwright. I walked out to the farm where you reside, and while pausing on a slight eminence near your home chanced to see you meet a man who drove up to the gate. You may remember that you stumbled and would have fallen had it not been for the assistance of this man. The caress which passed between you two convinced me that my proposed errand was an unintentional insult to you—that you were the wife of another.

"I am sure, madam, that you will overlook my following you to your new home. I address you by your maiden name, as I know your marriage took place after your going to Vassar, so feel sure this will reach you. With many wishes for your happiness, I remain  
Sincerely yours,  
"VERNE HOWARD."

That was all. Puzzled and doubting Marian read the letter again, pausing now and then to wipe a strange blur from before her eyes. There was no mistake. Professor Howard thought she was married. He was on the eve of departure from the country, leaving no address by which she could communicate with him. There was no way by which she could rectify his error.

Marian sat still, her hands clutching the crumpled letter, her eyes fixed on the water. At the end of ten minutes she rose, unlocked the boat-house, drew forth her little boat, stepped in and rowed away. Straight across the lake she pulled, conscious of no feeling save one of bewilderment. She was glad the sun, which was painting the west with an angry red glare, was behind her, for its brightness was distasteful.

A little way out from shore her boat moved more slowly. The water was rough and she had to exert all her strength. The mechanical labor cleared her dazed mind. She began to understand all this mistake implied.

"There is nothing I can do," she whispered; "nothing save to endure. My dream of a happy future is past. I am alone and friendless."

Alone! A sudden memory came to her. She had her brother and little Paul. It was true they depended upon her instead of yielding her support, but they were hers—her own. In that hour of her greatest trial Marian Marshall felt the strength of the bond of kinship.

She put the little boat about. The wind was dying away and the gray shadows of twilight were gathering on the face of the water. Slowly, for she was weak and tired, Marian rowed back to the landing.

She placed the canoe in the boat-house and sat down in the place where she had been sitting when she read the letter. Tears—not the hot, passionate ones of youth, but the sad, slow tears of womanhood—coursed down her cheeks.

"I must be brave, I must," she whispered. "Nay, more, I will!"

A half hour she sat there, when she rose and wearily walked to the house.

"Land sakes alive!" Fern cried, when the door opened to admit Marian. "We was scart most to death 'bout you! I thought as like as not you was drowned, and Frank was jest goin' to start to look you up!"

Marian paused before the dining-room stove, where a small fire was burning. Frank looked at her.

"Are you ill, Marian? You look so wan."

"I am strangely tired. Perhaps I stayed on the water too long, for I am cold."

She went to her room to lay off her wraps. Frank hastened to fill the stove with fuel, and Fern put away the tea-pot she had in readiness and hurried to make the coffee she knew Marian preferred. Even little Paul brought a vase filled with glowing scarlet geranium-blossoms to put at "Auntie's" plate.

Marian took her place at the supper-table.

She ate little, but drank the coffee Fern had so thoughtfully prepared. Soon after the meal was finished she excused herself and went to her own room.

The door was ajar, and she heard Fern say, "You don't 'spose she's goin' to be sick, do you? My gracious! What ever would we do if she should git sick! I believe she's the very best woman I ever knowed! She's done me a lot of good already!"

Frank softly closed the door, that the noise might not disturb his sister. Notwithstanding her own pain Marian noted Fern's words. Was it true that she could help that girl, help her grow into a noble woman?

On the following morning Marian took her usual place in the household. She was a little paler than usual, and there were dark circles under her eyes. These things did not escape Frank's observation. He asked his sister if her letter had contained bad news, but she gave him an evasive reply.

Autumn soon merged into winter. The outdoor work of the farm consisted only of caring for the stock and providing fuel. Much of the last-named was used, for Marian was unaccustomed to severe cold. A heating-stove was placed in the parlor and another in the dining-room. These with the sitting-room grate made the old house comfortable.

Marian decided to do the house-work alone. Fern proposed that she should come each week and do the washing and ironing. In return Marian was to give her lessons.

"Learn me how to talk like you," the girl said, her face flushing scarlet. "I sound like a goose long side of you. One thing you say I've learned for my own self. You always say 'ug' instead of 'in'. I'm trying to remember to do it. Then if I could learn a little in hooks—not 'rithmetic and such things, but how to read and understand what it means. I've learned 'bout order and—oh, lots of things! from you already."

Marian's eyes grew dim. "I have been thoughtless, Fern," she said. "I might have helped you so much had I tried."

"Now there's where you're mistaken," Fern

said, with a touch of her old sauciness. "You see, I was powerful 'fraid you was going to feel above me, and I was ready to resent anything. I had to git my eyes open."

Marian was teaching Paul to read. Much of the child's irritability had vanished. With proper care and the coming of love into his life his whole nature seemed changed.

Paul was a happy child. His imagination was uncommonly active, and, thanks to Marian's wise teachings, he lived in a wonderland of beautiful thoughts. He learned easily, being anxious for the time "when I can read all the stories in the world for myself."

Those were quiet days at the farm-house. Marian received many letters from Carter. The teachers, Vera, and several others of her old pupils wrote her. She had a class in the Sabbath-school at Vassar. Neither did she refuse invitations to various social gatherings in the village and the surrounding country. Marian saw that the educational advantages she had enjoyed enabled her to help the women and girls she met, and this help was so tactfully given that to receive it seemed like granting a favor rather than taking one.

One day Frank returned from Vassar, and Marian saw that he was laboring under some excitement.

"Marian, I've brought you a present. Will you promise to take it?"

"Take it! Certainly I will! Do people usually refuse gifts?"

"But you always do the giving. Here it is!" As he said this he laid a crisp new ten-dollar bill in her hands. "I earned it," he said, gaily, seeing her look of wonder, "earned it in a most delightful way. Somehow these weeks of comparative leisure and reading have awakened a new train of thought. I wrote up a little story of Frontenac, on the lake down below us. Marple told me the tale, and I saw it was good 'copy.' I sent it to a Chicago paper on which I used to work and received this in return."

[TO BE CONTINUED]



## AN UNEXPECTED GIFT

BY MARY FOSTER SNIDER

"I almost wish you had not taken it," Vere said, slowly. "I hate to have the slightest connection with her."

"If this would necessitate that, I would have left the tired little fellow to deliver it himself," Hugh said, gravely. "Come down with me, dear; I will give it to Jim and he can take it over at once."

"But you cannot," Vere said, vexedly; "I sent him into the city an hour ago to make some purchases for Thanksgiving. I forgot to give you the list, you know, and when you telephoned I forgot to tell you. You might send Mary." As she spoke the rain began to come down in torrents. "Oh, Hugh, you will have to go yourself, I am afraid!" she cried, anxiously. "See how it is raining! I wish—I wish you had not touched it!"

"So do I—now," he returned, laughingly, "but I fear there is no help for it. Not coming down, Pussy! Well, I will be only a few minutes." He gave her a caress again and went swiftly out of the room.

From the window Vere watched his tall, athletic figure as he strode down the road a short distance to a pretty villa almost across from them. The charming widow herself opened the door, and Hugh lifted his hat courteously as he handed her the message and briefly explained. Mrs. Carewe spoke very earnestly in return for a moment or two, and to Vere's indignant surprise Hugh stepped into the house and closed the door. For a few minutes Mrs. Bethune stood almost breathless watching for her husband's reappearance. It seemed an interminable time ere he left the house—in reality it was not ten minutes—and then Vere fled from the room, her face hidden in hands whose trembling seemed to keep pace with the beating of her miserable heart. Jealous for the first time in her life, tortured with wondering doubts and sick at heart as she had never been before, she hid herself in one of the maid's rooms, trusting to Providence that she would not be discovered there. She was not, and although she heard Hugh anxiously searching the house for her, she did not put in an appearance until just before the tea-hour. She was quite herself again then, and met her husband's anxious inquiry with smiling unconcern.

"Jim Crow has come back, ma'am," Mary, the housemaid, said, smilingly, as she carried the pretty tea equipage into the drawing-room.

"Oh, has he been away?" her mistress inquired, interestedly. "I did not know."

"He slipped out of his cage at noon, ma'am, and must have flown away. I fancy the storm frightened him home. See what he brought with him!" She took a short piece of green-and-gold ribbon from her pocket and held it up smilingly.

"The young thief!" Hugh exclaimed, laughingly; and then, with sudden interest, "Where



"I AM quite positive I laid it on the dressing-table; where in the world could it have gone to!" Vere Bethune exclaimed aloud, anxiously, wrinkling her pretty brows in annoyance. Half an hour earlier she had missed a magnificent diamond ring, and feeling

positive she must have laid it on her dressing-table had gone to her room at once; but although she had searched the apartment from one end to the other no trace of the ring had been discovered. It was her engagement-ring, and she felt deeply distressed and anxious about it. She felt quite certain no one had entered the room except herself and husband, and the latter, she knew, would certainly not have moved the ring from where she had laid it. The two maid-servants she trusted implicitly as she trusted herself; and more puzzled and distressed than she had ever been in her happy, care-free life, she sat down in her chair to think it over.

"It is just possible it slipped from my finger," she decided, slowly, "but it must be in the house, for I have not been out since yesterday. I will not tell Hugh—he is so curiously superstitious about wedding and engagement rings; he hates to have them ever removed from my finger, and it would distress him greatly. I will tell Mary and Hannah I have lost it, and have them look very carefully all over the house. If it does not turn up to-day I must advertise and offer a reward."

As she rose from her chair her husband came quietly into the room. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a kindly, intellectual face; those who knew him best called him handsome, but this he was only on the old principle that "handsome is as handsome does." As he laid his two hands caressingly on his wife's graceful shoulders and stooped to kiss her his grave dark eyes were very bright and tender and his smile singularly sweet.

"Well, little woman. I was detained in town. It was a very long morning. Anything the matter, dearest?" he asked, with sudden anxiety. "You look unusually sober."

"It is always lonely when you are away," she said, evasively, smiling up into his earnest face, "and you have been unusually long this morning."

"You should have gone with me, dear; you would have enjoyed the ride, I know. Vixen went like a bird to-day. Oh, by the way, I met a telegraph messenger about two miles away. He was a little chap, and had just punctured his bicycle-tire, and he seemed so fagged out. I asked him where he was going. He said he had a message for our charming neighbor, the widow. I signed the hook for him and guaranteed its safe delivery. I must send Jim over with it at once."



did I see a ribbon like that before? Ah, I know!" He stopped abruptly, coloring as he met his wife's beautiful dark eyes, and Vere was quite sure he smiled a little as he turned quickly aside. Her hand trembled so she could scarcely pour out the tea, but she controlled herself sternly. She knew quite well where he had seen the ribbon, for she had herself noticed the pretty widow purchase the only piece of it to be found in the city. Jim Crow was her pet bird, and had heretofore betrayed no thieving propensities; but this was perhaps accounted for by the fact that he was kept carefully at home in his mistress' pretty morning-room. Vere did not give the bird another thought. She was unusually bright and animated, but although Hugh was tenderly courteous as usual he was rather silent and preoccupied, and his wife, watching him furtively, knew that he had something unusual—and something that pleased him, she was sure—upon his mind.

He did not mention his brief visit to the widow, and she made no allusion to it. She pretended to fall asleep that night as soon as her head touched the pillow, and Hugh, ever tenderly considerate for her, was careful not to disturb her. She felt him hold his breath as he leaned over her and kissed the long braid of her beautiful hair very lovingly, and it was all she could possibly do to keep her tears and her doubts to herself. She was dressed and down-stairs when her husband awakened in the morning, and he missed their usual bright little morning talk. He hurried his toilet to join her, but she dextrously managed to avoid being alone with him all through the morning; and although she was her usual bright, charming self to all appearances, Hugh was beginning to feel strangely puzzled and distressed at her avoidance of him.

After luncheon a visitor detained him in the library for a couple of hours. He heard some one ride away from the hall door, but thought no more about it until, to his amazement, he discovered his wife had ordered Gipsy, her own riding-horse, saddled and had ridden away toward the city. A few minutes later he was riding furiously in the same direction; but his search for his beautiful wife was a vain one. Never in all the six years of their married life had she gone out riding without him before, and he was strangely anxious and sick at heart as he rode rapidly home again. Almost at his gates he found a gay party of equestrians chatting in the dusk, and slightly apart from the others, talking quietly, with their horses very close together, he discovered his wife and Captain Howard, one of her old suitors. For a moment the jealous pain and fury at his heart almost stopped its beating. An instant later he had ridden quietly to Vere's side and laid his hand gently over hers, nodding rather curtly to the man at her side. He felt his wife start convulsively at his touch, but she greeted him gaily.

"I was sorry I could not join you, dear," he said, quietly, "but I was unavoidably detained."

"It did not matter in the least," she returned, smilingly, and a few minutes later they were riding up the wide avenue together.

"Vere, what does this mean?" he asked, sternly. "How dare you encourage that man's attentions now?"

"Did I encourage him?" she asked, carelessly. "I was not aware of it."

"Don't trifle with me!" he said, hoarsely, and his voice made her tremble. "Why did you join that party without me? I insist upon an explanation!"

"Why, you said you did not care to go," she answered, lightly; "and then when you were so long with that tiresome man I suddenly changed my mind and went alone."

It was apparently a plausible explanation, but he knew well it was not the real one. She felt that he was trembling as he lifted her down from her horse, and he beld her passionately to his breast for a moment in the dusk.

"My darling, my darling, what has come between us? Have I done anything to hurt you?" he asked, unsteadily.

"Nonsense," she returned, carelessly; and breaking away from him she ran lightly into the house.

He was not well that evening, as a touch of the old heart trouble that had compelled him to give up his law practice in the city for an easy life in the suburbs forced him to lie quiet and silent. It had not troubled him before for several years, and Vere, watching him from her easy-chair with a white, miserable face, felt a passionate longing to creep into his arms and try to chase away the stern grief she read in his pale, haggard face. But she did not yield to the weakness. That very afternoon, as she rode past the widow's, she had seen the pretty little woman at the gate talking with one of her admirers, and had seen her hold a little white hand smilingly up to the man.

"See my new ring," she said, gaily. "Is it not splendid? It must have cost a small fortune. A visitor presented me with it yesterday."

She laughed as she spoke, and in one flashing glance Vere recognized her own lost engagement-ring. It was impossible to doubt the evidence of her own eyes, and actually gasping with agony she spurred Gipsy recklessly forward to meet the gay party approaching. She was literally afraid of her

own thoughts, and plunged into the general laughter and mirth with a gaiety and seeming carelessness that astonished herself. In truth, her heart at first was almost numb with misery. She had loved and revered her husband as the best and noblest of men. He was so good! It was that which had first struck her the most in him and won her from bandsomer and wealthier suitors. They had been all in all to each other, the most perfect love and trust existing between them. The closest, most intimate association had only shown her more and more plainly that her husband was a man whose every thought was high-minded and whose every aim was noble. And now—the agony of it—to find him involved in a low intrigue! She could not, she would not, believe it, she told herself over and over; but the thin wedge of jealousy was already doing its work, and she went down to breakfast almost recklessly gay and careless the following morning. Hugh was still sleeping when she left him, but he came down presently, slightly better, but still grave and pale.

Preparations for Thanksgiving were going on merrily in the kitchen, and Vere herself was forced to be busy, as guests were to be with them. Something was wanted from the nearest store during the morning, and the man-servant being absent Hugh himself volunteered to go. He crossed to Vere to kiss her ere he started, but she evaded him with such a cold, proud gesture that his face grew white and stern again, and without a word he turned away. He had finished his errand at the store and had turned to leave when Captain Howard strode up to the counter.

"Can you tell me who owns this ring?" he asked of the proprietor, holding up the object in question as he spoke, and Hugh at once recognized his wife's ring. "A tame crow flew with it into Mrs. Carewe's parlor the other day, laid it on the table, caught up a piece of ribbon and immediately departed. Mrs. Carewe fancied you might have noticed it on one of your customers," Captain Howard continued, laughingly.

"Look inside and you will find 'From H. B. to V. C.,' and underneath, 'Mizpah,'" Hugh said, quietly. "It is my wife's ring."

"Indeed! Yes, the inscription is there all right. Pray deliver it to Mrs. Bethune with my kindest regards. I hope she is not fatigued after our delightful ride yesterday," Captain Howard said, easily.

"Not at all. Many thanks. It has been lost only a day or two," Hugh returned, courteously; and putting the ring carefully in his pocketbook he strode away toward home. He stopped at Mrs. Carewe's gate a moment as he was passing. A carriage was waiting to take her away to a distant city to reside, and personally he was greatly pleased at the idea of the place being at last rented to neighbors who might prove congenial.

"Was it your crow?" Mrs. Carewe asked, laughingly. "Why, he came almost at the same time you brought that message the other day! What a singular thing!"

A singular thing it was, and a singular idea flashed into Hugh's mind. Could it be possible! His face flushed and his eyes flashed. She could not, she dared not, doubt him! Yet he looked singularly pale and ill when he entered the house. Vere met him at the door. She was flushed and excited.

"Hugh," she said, breathlessly, the rich color coming and going as she spoke, "some men have just brought a magnificent pipe-organ for that alcove in the hall, and a Turkish rug which must have cost at least a thousand dollars! I was sure it must be a mistake, but they insisted upon leaving them. For whom can they be?"

"They are my Thanksgiving offering to you, Vere," Hugh said, quietly. "When I took that message to Mrs. Carewe the other day she told me she was selling out and going away, and asked me if I would look in and see if she had anything I cared to buy. You have always wanted a pipe-organ, and I was glad at last to be able to get you a good one at a reasonable price. The rug, too, I knew you wanted. I sold a couple of horses to that man who detained me so long in the library yesterday—we did not need them—and I sent Mrs. Carewe the check by mail."

Vere had grown paler and paler as he explained, and her beautiful face was anguished-stricken as she looked up at him.

"But I lost my ring, and I saw her wearing it," she gasped, piteously.

"Here it is, Vere. Jim Crow stole it and flew into her parlor with it the day I called. He dropped the ring, picked up a piece of ribbon and flew off again. He brought you the ribbon in return for your ring," Hugh said, gravely, and then quite hurriedly extended his arms and caught her as she fell. He carried her into the drawing-room, and as Vere revived she heard him murmur, tremulously, "God be thanked!"


"You will never forgive me!" she sighed.

"Tell me about it, my dearest, and we will see," he said, very gently. "I think I guess a little of it already."

His arms were about her and his face bent to hers and on his breast Vere sobbed out the whole miserable story. He forgave her freely and tenderly, because he himself knew the bitterness of jealousy, however unfounded.

"But no shadow of doubt must ever come between us again, my beloved," he said, earnestly. "This must be a lesson to last throughout our lives."

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"Something draws them back to the camp-meeting. But once there they cannot go forward to the mourners' bench, but stand harkening scornfully to Brother Littell's prayer: 'Oh, Lord-ab! They's sinners here to-day-ah, a-haltin' betwix' two opinions-ah, a-swingin' to and fro-ah, like a do-o-o-or on its hinges-ah. WAKE 'EM UP! Oh, Lord-ah! Hold 'em over Hell FIRE-ah! Let 'em have no peace till they find it in Thee-ah!'"

"All around the power of God is striking down sinners. That young man yonder groans and keels over in his tracks like a felled ox. This young girl is seized with the 'jerks' and her body weaves back and forth so violently that her loosened hair cracks like a whip. Dozens of others are attacked in the same way.

"Turn and look upon me, Lord,  
And break my heart of stone,"

"sings the congregation, and something in the plaintive melody affects one and another. Their pride broken, sobbing, crying, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' they run, blinded by their tears, to the mourners' bench, and fling themselves on their knees in the straw, seeking pardon and peace. Scores of others are there, agonizing before God. The saved clamber over them and help them to pray, calling to mind the exceeding great and precious promises of forgiveness to the truly penitent. This brother and that leads in loud prayer, sometimes two or three at once, encouraged and spurred by shouts of 'Amen! Yes, Lord! Yes, Lord! Lord help! Lord help! Bless God! A-a-a-men! Glory to God! Hal-le-lu-jah!' The hymns are strongly marked in rhythm, full-lunged, undivided into parts, the men's rough tones tearing like a buzz-saw through the women's shrill treble, just the bare voices on tunes that set the pulses beating, like:

"Depth of mercy! Can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me—"

or

"Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve."

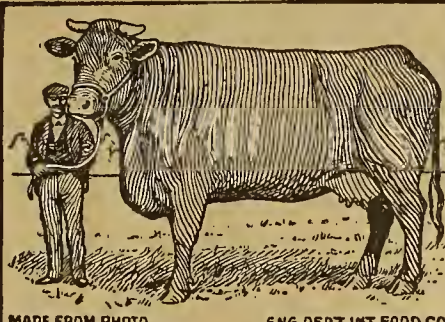
"Amid all this bubbling of enthusiasm the crucial moment arrives for one young man. He has made the general confession that he is a sinner in need of salvation. God has promised that whosoever cometh to Him, He will in nowise cast out. He has come and brought the offering of a broken and contrite heart. . . . Oh, it is true, then! God pardons him, and his sins, which are many, are all forgiven! Hell no longer yawns for him! Oh, glory! He screams with joy! Louder! Glory! Louder yet! Glory! At the top of his lungs he shouts, GLORY! He springs to his feet. His eyes set. The cords of his neck stand out. His mouth foams. He claps his hands. He leaps up and down, crying, laughing, dancing. He is saved! Saved from a burning hell! His mother rushes to him, weeping with joy. The others join in the shout of triumph and the 'holy laugh.' They strike up:

"Sing on, pray on, we're a-gainin' ground,  
Glory, hallelujah!  
The power of the Lord is a-comin' down,  
Glory, hallelujah!"

"The contagion spreads like a prairie-fire. Others that hung baling 'come through' and rejoice with him in the assurance of salvation. And then rises that solemn hymn of ecstatic devotion, whose quaint, almost oriental melody I regard as no less inspired than that of the preface of ancient plain song, 'Glory to thee, Lamb!'"

"So it goes, night and day, until the 'March about Jerusalem,' a sort of solemn procession that concludes the camp-meeting."—Eugene Wood, in Alsiee's.

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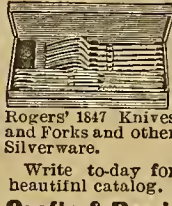
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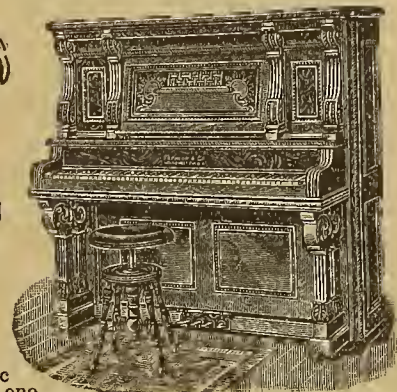
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A New, Effectual and Convenient Cure for Catarrh

Of catarrh remedies there is no end, but of catarrh cures there has always been a great scarcity. There are many remedies to relieve, but very few that really cure.

The old practice of snuffing salt-water through the nose would often relieve, and the washes,



douches, powders and inhalers in common use are very little, if any, better than the old-fashioned salt-water douche.

The use of inhalers and the application of salves, washes and powders to the nose and throat to cure catarrh is no more reasonable than to rub the back to cure kidney disease. Catarrh is just as much a blood disease as kidney trouble or rheumatism, and it cannot be cured by local treatment any more than they can be.

To cure catarrh, whether in the head, throat or stomach, an internal antiseptic treatment is necessary to drive the catarrhal poison out of the blood and system, and the new catarrh cure is designed on this plan, and the remarkable success of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets is because, being used internally, they drive out catarrhal infection through action upon stomach, liver and bowels.

Wm. Zimmerman, of St. Joseph, relates an experience with catarrh which is of value to millions of catarrh sufferers everywhere. He says:

"I neglected a slight nasal catarrh until it gradually extended to my throat and bronchial tubes, and finally even my stomach and liver became affected, but as I was able to keep up and do a day's work I let it run along until my hearing began to fail me and then I realized that I must get rid of catarrh or lose my position, as I was a clerk, and my hearing was absolutely necessary.

"Some of my friends recommended an inhaler, another a catarrh salve, but they were no good in my case, nor was anything else until I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and bought a package at my drug-store. They benefited me from the start and in less than four months I was completely cured of catarrh, although I had suffered nearly all my life from it.

"They are pleasant to take and so much more convenient to use than other catarrh remedies that I feel I cannot say enough in favor of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets."

A little book on cause and cure of catarrh will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., and the tablets are sold by all druggists in the United States and Canada.

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Is sold on its MERITS.

We save you one-third by selling direct, and we give you the privilege of having any article ordered from us in your home FIVE DAYS. If not perfectly satisfied, you may return the goods at our expense, and your money will be refunded.

Bed is richly carved, stands 6 ft. 5 in. high, 4 ft. 6 in. wide and 6 ft. 4 in. long. Both dresser and commode have serpentine swell drawers. Large beveled mirror in dresser, 24 x 20 in. Size of dresser top, 42x21 in. Finished in either Mahogany or Golden Oak.

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Our Price **20.75** Retail Value, \$30.00 to \$32.00

Don't buy furniture before inspecting our Free catalogue containing latest styles at factory prices. **WE PREPAY FREIGHT** to all points east of Mississippi river and north of Tennessee, and allow freight that far to points beyond. We take all risk of damage in shipping.

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Magnificent, flashing Akah diamond, mounted in the famous Tiffany style setting, finished in pure 18k. solid gold. Absolutely warranted for years. Send full name and address. We send post-paid 10 scarf pins to sell at 10c. each. When sold, return us the money and we send at once, above beautiful ring carefully packed in elegant plush lined case. We send large premium list too.

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Sofa and Pincushion Designs, many never before published; book contains besides, lessons on embroidery and on Battenberg Lace making, all illustrated, alone worth 50 cents each; also illustrated lists of materials and quilting designs, including 100 fancy stitches for patch work. Regular price is 25 cents, but to each reader of this paper we will send a copy, post-paid, for 10 cents. Write to-day.

**BUTTERFLY LADIES' ART CO., Box 88A, St. Louis, Mo.**

"NOT AS I WILL"

Blindfolded and alone I stand  
With unknown thresholds on each hand;  
The darkness deepens as I grope,  
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That doors are opened, ways are made,  
Burdeus are lifted or are laid,  
By some great law unseen and still,  
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,  
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;  
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;  
Too heavy burdens in the load  
And too few helpers on the road;  
And joy is weak and grief is strong,  
And years and days so long, so long,  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That I am glad the good and ill  
By changeless law are ordered still,  
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will;" the sound grows sweet  
Each time my lips the words repeat.  
"Not as I will;" the darkness feels  
More safe than light when this thought steals  
Like whispered voice to calm and bless  
All unrest and all loneliness.  
"Not as I will," because the One  
Who loved us first and best has gone  
Before us on the road, and still  
For us must all his love fulfil,  
"Not as we will."

—Helen Hunt.

INTEMPERANCE IN EATING

"Intemperance in eating has as much to do with the ills that flesh is heir to as intemperance in drinking, and perhaps more," said an ex-army officer who is now living in this city. "Several years ago, when I was stationed at Benicia barracks, near San Francisco, nearly all the members of our mess got into rather bad shape. We took on flesh rapidly, our livers refused to act properly, we became fat and flabby, and we were a burden to ourselves and each other. Perhaps the climate had something to do with it, yet it is generally conceded that this climate is a healthful one. Finally, on the advice of an old surgeon who was acclimated, we decided to eat but one meal a day—that is, one real big meal. Our breakfast consisted simply of coffee and rolls, but was relished, however, and eagerly eaten. Everything else was tabooed. Dinner was served at four o'clock in the afternoon, and it was served most generously. For the first few days we all became ravenously hungry about the middle of the day, but after awhile we grew accustomed to the change, and I never felt better than during the two years I conformed to this diet."—Philadelphia Record.

THE OLD SWORD ON THE WALL

Where the warm spring sunlight, streaming,  
Through the window, sets its gleaming,  
With a softened silver sparkle in the dim  
And dusky hall,  
With its tassel torn and tattered,  
And its blade deep-bruised and battered,  
Like a veteran, scarred and weary, hangs  
The sword upon the wall.

None can tell its stirring story,  
None can sing its deeds of glory,  
None can say which cause it struck for, or  
from what limp hand it fell;  
On the battle-field they found it,  
Where the dead lay thick around it,  
Friend and foe—a gory tangle—tossed and  
torn by shot and shell.

Who, I wonder, was its wearer,  
Was its stricken soldier hearer?  
Was he some proud Southern stripling, tall  
and straight and brave and true?  
Dusky locks and lashes had he?  
Or was he some Northern laddie,  
Fresh and fair, with cheeks of roses, and  
with eyes and coat of blue?

From New England's fields of daisies,  
Or from Dixie's howered mazes,  
Rode he proudly forth to conflict? What, I  
wonder, was his name?  
Did some sister, wife or mother  
Mourn a husband, son or brother?  
Did some sweetheart look with longing for a  
lover who never came?

Fruitless question! Fate forever  
Keeps its secret, answering never,  
But the grim old blade shall blossom on  
this mild Memorial Day;  
I will wreath its hilt with roses  
For the soldier who reposes  
Somewhere 'neath the Southern grasses in  
his garb of blue or gray.

May the flowers be fair above him,  
May the bright buds bend and love him,  
May his sleep be deep and dreamless till  
the last great bugle-call;  
And may North and South be nearer  
To each other's heart, and dearer,  
For the memory of their heroes and the  
old swords on the wall.

—Joe Lincoln, in Saturday Evening Post.

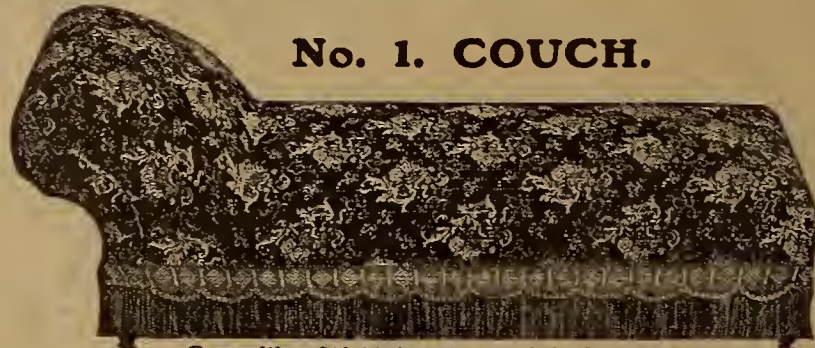
Larkin Soaps

(GOLD MEDALS AT OMAHA AND BUFFALO.)

and PREMIUMS Sold Only from Factory to Family  
Thirty Days' Trial Before Payment.

THE Larkin Idea is simply to save that cost which adds nothing to value. The wholesale and retail dealers' expenses, profits and losses saved to our customers on a \$10.00 assortment (purchaser's selection) of the Larkin Soaps and Toilet Preparations pay for a \$10.00 Premium. The prejudice prevails that goods with which premiums are given, and the premiums too, are inferior in quality.

The Larkin Soaps and Larkin Premiums were exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition in the beautiful Larkin Building, where hundreds of thousands observed and remarked their value, and where six medals, two of gold, were awarded for supreme merit. The Larkin Soaps are known to millions of users to be the best. They are scientifically made from pure materials in the most modern factory. This is our twenty-seventh year of increasing success, and we are the only large manufacturers selling direct to the homes.



No. 1. COUCH.

Free with a \$10 00 Assortment of the Larkin Soaps.

This Couch is 25 in. wide and 6 ft. long; has 24 double conical, extra-tempered springs, spring seat and spring head; hardwood slats and frame; good casters. Filled with extra coarse tow with cotton top. Moth-proof cover, your choice of Corduroy or Velour, plain or figured, in Myrtle Green, Dark Wine, Crimson, Brown or Blue. The construction of this Couch makes it extremely durable. It will withstand rough usage.

We issue special circular of higher priced biscuit-tufted Couches and many other premiums.

Every case of Larkin Soaps packed as purchaser orders; your own selection to amount of \$10.00 from this list:

- Sweet Home Family Soap, per bar.....\$0.05  
For all ordinary laundry and household purposes it has no superior. Full size.
- White Woolen Soap, per bar......07  
For flannels, infants' clothes and laces.
- Maid o' the Mist, (floating bath) Soap, per bar......05
- Honor Bright Scouring Soap, per bar......05  
To make things bright. Equal to 10c. kinds.
- Boraxine Soap Powder, (full lbs.) per pkg......10
- Modjeska Complexion Soap, per 1/2-do......60  
Perfume matchless. The luxury of luxuries. For children and those of delicate skin.
- Old English Castile (6-oz. cakes) per 1/2-do......30  
A pure, unscented, milled Castile Soap.
- The Bride, transparent toilet soap, per 1/2-do......30
- Elite Glycerine Toilet Soap, per 1/2-do......25
- Creme Oatmeal Toilet Soap, per 1/2-do......25
- Borated Tar Soap (6-oz. cakes) per 1/2-do......25
- Witch Hazel Shaving Stick or Tablet, each......10  
Several higher priced. None better; few equal.
- Sulphur Soap, scented, antiseptic, per 1/2-do......25
- Modjeska Perfume, per 1-oz. bottle......35  
Delicate, refined, delicious, lasting.
- Carnation Pink or Bride Rose Perfume, per 1-oz. bottle......50
- Violet Perfume, per 1-oz. bottle......60
- Sachet Powder, Carnation Pink, Heiotrope, Rose or Violet, per pkg......10
- Modjeska Cold Cream, per 2-oz. jar......25  
A soothing, healing demulcent. For chapped hands or lips, or inflamed eyelids.
- Modjeska Tooth Powder, per 2-oz. vial......20  
An incomparable antiseptic dentifrice.
- Modjeska Derma-Balm, per bottle......25  
A cooling, quickly absorbed lotion for all skin irritations. Entirely free from greasiness.
- Modjeska Talcum Powder......15  
Purified, refined, antiseptic.
- Lavender Smelling Salts, per bottle......25
- Chemically Pure Glycerine, { per 2-oz. bottle......10  
Gold Medal Winner. { per 6-oz. bottle......25
- Jet Neatsfoot Oil Harness Soap, per bar......10
- Larkin Silver Polish, very popular, per box......05

MANY people obtain Larkin Premiums in two ways, without laying in a \$10.00 stock of Soaps (although it is best economy). First, by dividing contents among a few neighbors who readily pay the listed retail prices. This provides the \$10.00 needful to pay our bill, and gives the Premium as a middleman's profit. Second, by our interesting Larkin Club-of-Ten plan, explained by a special circular.

30 Days for Trial.

After that, if you find all the Soaps, etc., of excellent quality, and the Premium entirely satisfactory, remit us \$10.00. If not, notify us goods are subject to our order. We make no charge for Soaps used in trial.

If you remit with order, we add 50 cents' worth of Soaps as a cash present, and ship goods day after order is received. Money refunded if asked for. Safe delivery of everything we ship is guaranteed. The transaction is not complete until you are satisfied. Our \$2,000,000.00 investment is behind our guarantee.

**THE PROOF of the Larkin Idea? We omit Premium, when desired, and send a \$20 selection of Soaps for \$10.**

Larkin Soap Co.

Larkin, Seneca and Carroll Streets, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Established 1875

NOTE.—We have bought and used the Larkin Soaps a number of years. They have always proved entirely satisfactory. The premiums are all that is claimed for them. We wonder that the Larkin Company can give so much for so little. They are perfectly reliable.—Christian Uplook, Buffalo.

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Marble is entirely out of date. Granite soon gets moss-grown, discolored, requires constant expense and care, and eventually crumbles back to Mother Earth. Besides, it is very expensive. **White Bronze** is strictly everlasting. It cannot crumble with the action of frost. Moss growth is an impossibility. It is more artistic than any stone. Then why not investigate it? It has been adopted for nearly one hundred public monuments. We have designs from \$4.00 to \$4,000.00. Write at once for free designs and information. It puts you under no obligations. We deal direct and deliver everywhere.

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HIS LIFE, BY GENERAL GROSVENOR  
Lifelong Friends, War Comrades, Colleagues in Congress. Others clearing \$100 weekly. The General requires share each sale for McKinley Monument Fund, thus subscribers become contributors to this Fund. Official book. Wanted State and District Managers. Send 25c. in stamps for elegant outfit.

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**STOCKING-FOOT PATTERN**  
for footing worn-out stockings. Cut so that the seams will not hurt feet. Sent post-paid for 10c. We make 30 other fast sellers for Agents. B. Koenig Mfg. Co., Pottsville, Pa.

TRY IT





### WHEN THE GRAVY'S ON THE BUCKWHEATS

When the gravy's on the buckwheats and the sausages are hot,  
When the steam is floating upward from the shining coffee-pot,  
When the cook stirs up the batter that was set the night before,  
And when little Boh and Clara smack their lips and yell for more,  
Oh, it's then a man is always feeling pretty near his best—  
If there isn't any trouble with the works beneath his vest—  
And it's then he ought to humbly thank the Lord for what he's got—  
When the gravy's on the buckwheats and the sausages are hot.

There's a fragrance that comes floating from the pancakes on the plate  
That should nerve a man to action—make him strong for any fate—  
There is joy, there's inspiration in the smears on Bessie's chin,  
And it's good to see dear Willie as he scoops the sausage in,  
And what sweeter music is there than the rasping, slapping sound  
That the busy cook produces as she stirs the stuff around?  
Oh, each precious, luscious mouthful quickly finds the proper spot  
When the gravy's on the buckwheats and the sausages are hot.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

### GETTING EVEN

"**G**OT even with that type-writer girl with de yeller hair, betcherlife!" said the elevator-boy, as he stood aside to let the fat man out. "Say, what do you think? She tried to throw me down on me job. That's right! Said I was disrespectful and didn't attend to business. Wouldn't that grind you? But it didn't work, not on yer life! De boss said he couldn't get along without me, and promised to raise me wages if I would be good!"

"That type-writer girl with de yeller hair is awfully sweet on a Willie hoy what works four floors down, and de Willie boy is hlowing in his ten per to keep up appearances. He shoves a bouquet as big as a cabbage up this elevator every day by special messenger, and it made me tired."

"Well, de udder day I took a messenger-boy up with a whole flower-garden for de girl, and I saw de kid was looking around fer something."

"What's de matter, pard?" I asked.

"Lost de address," said he.

"That's all right," said I. "I kin put you next. Seventh floor, third office to de right, red-headed girl."

"That was all right, but de girl who works in de same office is sweet on de same Willie hoy."

"Well, that boy gave de red-headed girl de flower-garden, and de yeller-haired girl had a fit."

"Say, you oughter see that yeller-haired girl give that Willie boy de marble heart when they met in de elevator going down. Willie hoy is putting his money in a savings-bank now, and de girl is looking around fer another feller."—Detroit Free Press.

### A LURID PICTURE

Following is a leading question from a sermon preached by a colored exhorter recently: "Oh, Me! What you gwine ter do w'en you see de devil comin' in a hall-storm, drivin' a pair er white horses, wid de lightning fer reins en de thunder barkin' lak a houn'-dog at his heels, an' him kickin' de big hills out his way, en drinkin' up de sea at a mouthful w'en he feel thirsty, en takin' de roun' worl' in his two han's en pitchin' it at de stars lak hit wuz a base-ball? I ax you, plain en constant, what you gwine ter do en whar you gwine ter stan' w'en de devil do dat?"—Atlanta Constitution.

### KNOW HIS TESTAMENT

Once, when Sir Horace St. Paul was at college, he found a man lying drunk in the quadrangle and tried to make him get up. "You're drunk," he said; "you don't even know who I am."

"Yes, I know very well who you are," said the man; "you're the fellow that wrote an epistle to Timothy and never got an answer."—Judge.

### UNREASONABLE

"I really don't know what to do," said the vivacious woman. "It is very difficult to please the world."

"What is the difficulty?" asked her husband. "People are so unreasonable in their comments. If you tell all you hear they say you're a gossip; and if you don't, they say you're stupid and commonplace."—Washington Star.

### SENATOR MASON'S DISREPUTABLE FRIEND

Senator William E. Mason, of Illinois, whose political scalp Controller Dawes has started out to get, is a good campaigner and a great stump speaker, relates the New York "Times." His wit and eloquence are not of the most refined order, but they are just the thing to catch a crowd. Mason is never at a loss for a retort, and enjoys being interrupted in a speech. During one of his campaigns he was getting his usual share of interruptions in a speech he was delivering at Springfield, Ill. Mason was enjoying himself, and was making a great hit with the majority of the crowd. There was one man, however, who taunted Mason up somewhat. This man had imbibed more alcohol than was good for him. He was on the outskirts of the crowd, and he was asking Mason questions in a thick voice. The Senator could not catch the questions, and as he did not at first know what was the matter with the fellow he stopped and attempted to catch the question each time. He always failed, and this led to several awkward pauses. At last Mason became irritated. The next time an interruption came from the intoxicated one Mason asked, "Who are you?"

"Don't you know me, Billy?" came the answer, in a loud and swaying tones.

Mason paused. "My friend," said he, in a measured and metallic voice, "I don't recognize your face, but your breath is familiar."

### A TALE OF TWO IDEALS

In the freshness of early morning two "sales-ladies" were seated in a crowded trolley going to their counters. The other passengers having ears to hear soon gathered that the two were named "Aggie" and "Said." Nor could the passengers escape mental judgment on the respective merits of "Charlie" and "Gus," the entire evidence being audibly laid before them. When this thrilling topic had been exhausted the salesladies relapsed into a dreamy silence, from which "Said" suddenly emerged with a question of mighty import.

"Say, Ag," cried Said, "if you could have anything in the world you wished what would you choose?"

"Well," Aggie replied, slowly, while the car leaned forward, "I should choose enough silk stockings to last me ten years. What would you like, Said?"

"Me!" spoke up Said, promptly. "That's easy. It's the dream of me life to have all the money I'd want, so I could go to me job in a cah."—Lippincott's.

### HAPPENED AT SHILOH

During the battle of Shiloh an officer hurriedly rode up to an aide and inquired for Grant.

"That's the man, with the field-glass," said the aide.

Wheeling his horse about the stranger rode furiously at the General, and, touching his cap, addressed him thus:

"Sheneral, I want to make one rehort; Schwartz' pattery is took."

"Ah," said the General, "how's that?"

"Well, you see, Sheneral, der shecessionists flanked us, und der shecessionists came in der rear of us, und den Schwartz' pattery was took."

"Well, sir, you of course spiked the guns."

"Vot!" exclaimed the German, in astonishment. "Schpik-dem guns! Schpik-dem new guns! V'y, it would shpoil dem!"

"Well," said the General, sharply, "what did you do?"

"Do? Py tam, ve took dem back again."—Cleveland Leader.

### HER REFERENCES

Mrs. Hiram—"And have you any references?"

Applicant—"No, mum; Oi tored 'em up!"

Mrs. Hiram (in surprise)—"Tore them up? How foolish!"

Applicant—"Yez wudn't think so, mum, if yez had seen 'em."—From the Recollections of Mrs. Minnie E. Leo.

### A MODERN EXAMPLE

Nodd—"I wonder if miracles will ever happen again?"

Todd—"One happened at my house only the other day. A thunderbolt struck within a few feet of my wife and she was speechless for thirty minutes."—Detroit Free Press.

### TO A DOT

Willie—"How would you define a true sportsman?"

Papa—"He is a man who believes in giving every kind of game creature a chance for its life, and then is disgusted if the poor creature escapes with it."—Life.

# Health, Vigor, Strength FOR ALL WHO DESIRE IT

Dr. J. M. Peebles, the Grand Old Man of Battle Creek, Mich., Cures So-Called Incurable or Hopeless Cases Through the Wonders of Psychic Science

Dr. Peebles, the grand old man of Battle Creek, in whose brain originated PSYCHIC TREATMENT, has so perfected his method that it has revolutionized the art of healing, and it can almost be said there are no hopeless or incurable diseases. This system of treatment has brought thousands upon thousands back to health after they had been pronounced hopelessly ill by the best local physicians. His cures have been proclaimed PHENOMENAL by the many thousands who have had a chance to watch the near neighbor, friend or relative pronounced at Death's door by the local doctor, brought back to perfect manhood or womanhood by this eminent doctor and his associates. These wonderful cures are brought about through a system of treatment originated by Dr. Peebles himself, the great authority on Psychic Phenomena, which is a combination of mild magnetic remedies and Psychic Power, making the strongest healing combination known to science. This method has been so perfected by the doctor that any one may use it in their own home without detention from business or the knowledge of any one. Mrs. J. W. Anderson, St. Johns, Wash., suffered for years with pain in the ovaries and uterine weakness; she was entirely cured by this treatment. Mrs. C. Harris, of Marionville, Pa., says she cannot express too much gratitude for the results received from Dr. Peebles' treatment for falling of the womb and general exhaustion. Geo. H. Weeks, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends heartfelt thanks for restoration to health after suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia for years; he says he now enjoys excellent health and restful sleep every night. G. D. Young, of Wilmer, Oreg., says: "For years I hore about my body, the piteous spectacle of disease, and death stared me in the face. I now thank heaven I am a well man, and I owe this great victory over disease to Dr. Peebles and his corps of assistants." Mrs. Bell B. Bond, of Dunkirk, N. Y., who was cured of asthma, dropsy, heart trouble and female weakness in a very few months, writes that she recommends Dr. Peebles' treatment to all her sick friends and relatives—in fact, to all suffering humanity.



DR. J. M. PEEBLES

## DESPAIR NOT, THERE IS STILL HOPE FOR YOU!

No matter what the disease is or how despondent you may feel because you have been told there is no help for you, there is still hope. Hundreds of suffering women have been cured by Dr. Peebles' methods, after being told there was no help for them unless an operation was resorted to. The same may be said of men who are debilitated from excesses and early indiscretions. Indigestion, stomach and bowel troubles, catarrh, liver trouble, rheumatism, kidney trouble, heart trouble, lung and bronchial trouble, dropsy—in fact, any and all diseases yield to this wonderful system. If you are unfamiliar with this treatment, which is annually curing thousands of those pronounced incurable, do not fail to send at once for literature giving full information concerning this grand treatment. It costs nothing whatever, and the information gained will be worth much to you even though you do not take treatment. If you are sick and discouraged do not fail to have the doctors diagnose your case and tell you your exact condition. Just write them a plain, truthful letter about your case; they will confidentially consider the same, send you at once a complete diagnosis of your condition, and also literature on this grand system of treatment, together with Dr. Peebles' essay, "The Psychic Science in the Cure of Disease." All this is sent absolutely free. If suffering, write to-day. Address

DR. PEEBLES' INSTITUTE OF HEALTH, Dept. U, Battle Creek, Mich.



## FAMILY OF DOLLS FREE

Of course every little girl loves a Doll, but how delighted she would be with a whole family of Dolls with which to "playhouse." Besides the Boy and Girl Dolls here pictured, there is a Grandpa and a Grandma Doll. Grandpa in full military uniform, and Grandma in the dainty costume of the olden time. The large dolls are nearly two feet high, the small ones 15 inches. They have rosy cheeks, beautiful hair, heads that will not break, eyes that will not fall in, and are handsomely dressed in bright colors that will not fade. Words can never express the delight which any child will feel in possessing this Doll family. We will give these four beautiful dolls absolutely free for selling only five boxes of our Laxative Stomach Tablets at 25 cents a box. Write to-day and we will send the Tablets by mail postpaid. When sold send us the money (\$1.25) and we will send you the family of four dolls at once. Address,

NATIONAL MEDICINE CO.,  
Premium Dept. 16 L, New Haven, Conn.



DR. MOORE

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**FREE TRIAL TREATMENT** If your eyes are weak, red or inflamed, or if they feel like they have sand in them, or if they have matter in the corners in the morning, or if you have wild hairs, you are troubled with granulated sore eyes of some form. Dr. J. Harvey Moore, who was appointed by two governors of Missouri as oculist in charge of the Missouri State School for the Blind, guarantees to cure every case of granulated sore eyes, no matter of how long standing, without the use of knife or caustics, by his original Home Treatment, which can be administered by any one; he will send to any one a free trial treatment and his book entitled "The Eye."

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JOSEPH, son of Jacob, had to warehouse a good deal of wheat in the seven fat years to carry the Egyptians through the seven lean ones. The American farmers produced enough in 1898 to make Joseph's little stock look like a pea in a tub. If it had all been piled in form on the plain of Gizeh it would have made nine pyramids the size of the pyramids of Cheops, and with the surplus another could have been reared four fifths as large. That was the biggest American wheat crop ever recorded. It amounted to 675,148,705 bushels, grown on 44,045,278 acres of land. Next year the yield was lighter, and the Americans only turned off seven and nine tenths pyramids of wheat. In 1900 they even fell short of that, producing only a paltry seven and one half pyramids. Still that would have been a comfortable addition to Joseph's stock, and considering that it was grown on a smaller acreage than the crop of 1899 was a rather creditable performance. The deficiency was made up with a 2,000,000,000-bushel corn crop and 210,000,000 bushels of potatoes.

There was considerable ado over the increase of the standing army to 100,000 men. If every man in such an army were a good fast milker, and worked at it ten hours a day, the whole force couldn't milk more than one third of the cows that are now being milked in this country—not to speak of the goats. And if they could milk them all, and if they did, and if they milked them into the Chicago Drainage Canal, beginning with it entirely empty, they could milk it bankful in about two weeks.

If all the hens in this country were to be consolidated, like some of our other manufacturing establishments, into one hen, and that hen were to lay an egg with the cubic contents of all the eggs laid daily on American soil, that egg would be as big as—well, it would be a very large egg. A chick hatched from it ought to be able to peck wheat off the dome of the national capitol. In 1890 there were 258,871,125 chickens in the country, and during the year 819,722,916 dozen eggs were produced and sold.

When Mr. Reed deprecated a billion-dollar Congress somebody retorted that it was a billion-dollar country. It is. The millions period is no longer adequate to express the magnitude of our manufactures, our trusts, our fortunes and our farming industries.

The acreage of American farms in 1890 was greater than the combined acres of France, Germany, Austria, Italy and the British Isles. The value of their realty was \$13,279,252,649, and the tools and implements on them represented an outlay of nearly half a billion more. They produced over \$3,500,000,000 worth of food and raw material. The value of their exports in 1899 was \$792,811,733, or more than half the value of the entire exports of the country by \$42,000,000. The growth of this industry had the most primitive beginnings.

The American of the revolutionary period was an extremely poor farmer. Looking back on his methods and on his work it is hard to say which were the more crude, his implements or his ideas.

He used a wooden plow; he was afraid an iron one would 'poison the soil.' He had not yet learned that glanders was contagious, and would work and stable healthy stock alongside of stock affected by it, and wonder what there was in the soil, air or climate that carried them off. He didn't understand the use of fertilizers, and instead of spreading his barn-yard manure on his fields he let it accumulate around his barn until the approaches were impassable. Then he dug the barn out and moved it. Instead of rotating crops to save his soil he planted according to the phases of the moon. There were few sheep in the country, and other like stock was poor and scanty. In Virginia the belief prevailed that it would kill cows to house and milk them in the winter."—Frank M. Todd, in Ainslee's.

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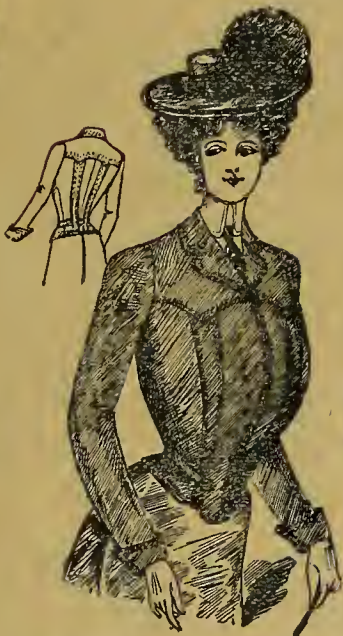
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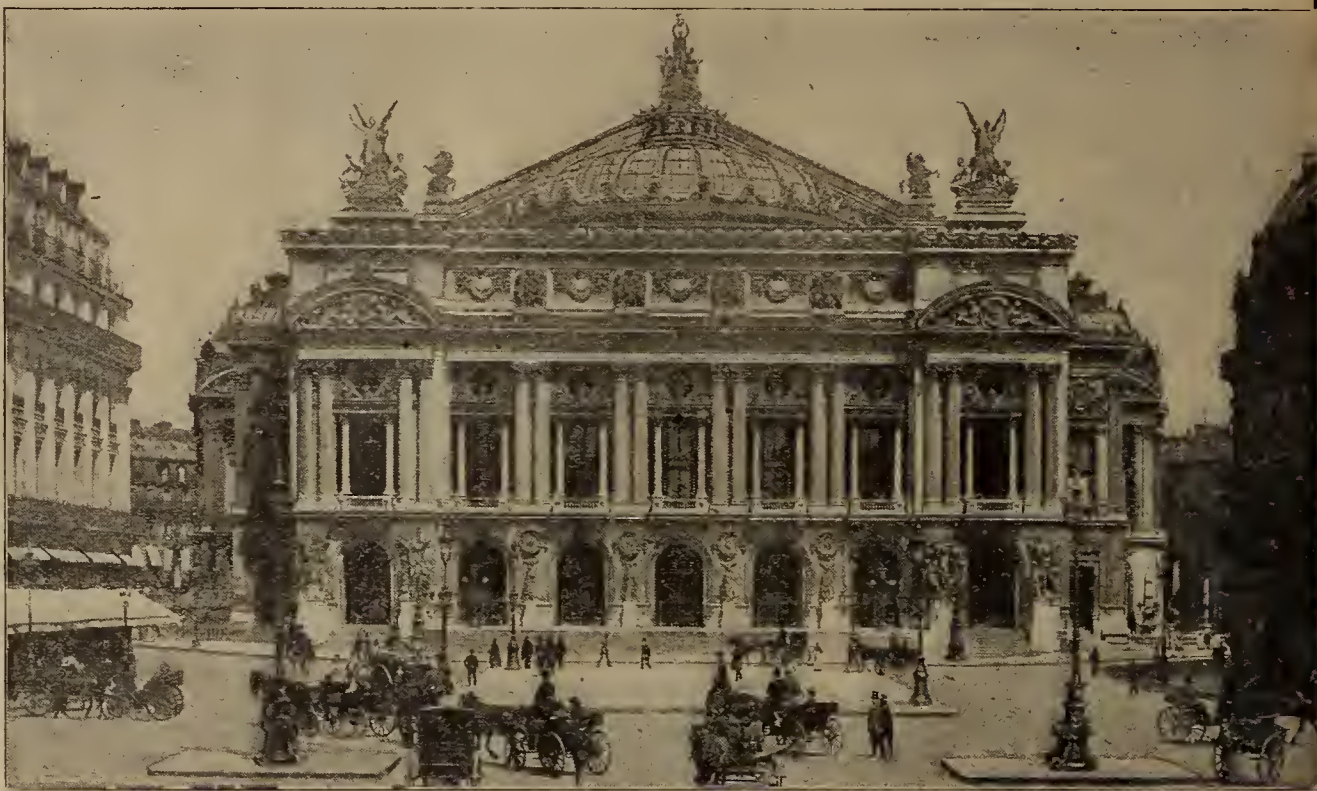
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SPECIMEN OF THE TYPE USED IN THE BIBLE

Christ appeareth to Mary

St. JOHN, 21.

and to his disciples.

sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jē'sūs had lain.

13 And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

A.D. 33.

them: then came Jē'sūs, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.

\*1 John 1.1.

27 Then saith he to Thom'ās, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

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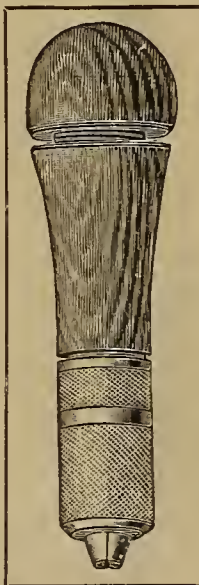
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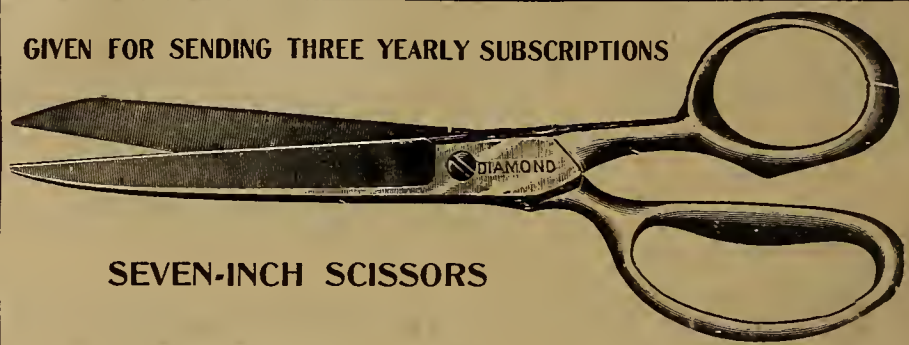
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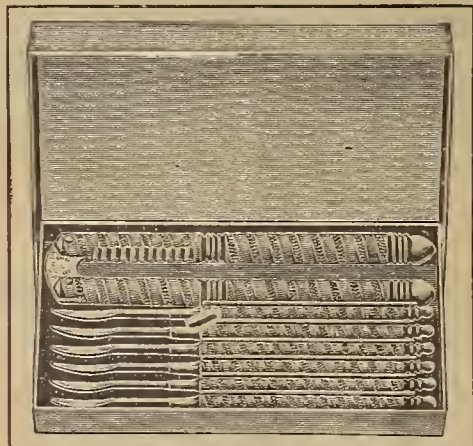
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ADDRESS FARM AND FIRESIDE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



# THE FARM AND FIRESIDE 22

## The Every-day Life of the Farmer's Wife in Japan By Jessie Ackermann

**I**N FORMER times the women of Japan held a most exalted position and enjoyed much freedom; but that day is so far removed that the record of the time is largely surrounded by misty clouds, making it almost impossible to clearly define the real status of women. It is definitely known, however, that the conquering of Korea, one of the greatest conquests of history, was accomplished by a woman. It is also known that the three great masterpieces in ancient literature were written by women, and in olden times no less than nine women sat upon the throne and literally ruled the country with credit to their sex.

It was an unlucky day for the women of Japan when the early messenger of the teachings of the Chinese sage found his way across Korea and boldly entered the Empire to set forth the truths of his chosen faith. Then it was that a more complete subjection of woman began. It was then that "The Three Obediences" were introduced and woman taught that her only duty in life was to "first obey her parents, second her husband, and third her son if she became a widow."

These teachings took deep root in the Empire, and gradually were accepted as the proper thing by the women themselves. This reduced them to a state of servitude, in which their every action and wish was born of self-sacrifice in an effort to please others. In modern times this sentiment has been somewhat modified in the ports, but in the interior, in farming communities, conditions, thought and custom are absolutely untouched by Western civilization, and things move along just as they did before the time of Christ. Twenty-seven centuries of servitude is not outgrown in a generation even with the closest contact with new forces. What, then, of those who have never dreamed of a new force, and whose knowledge of the world is so limited that the presence of a foreigner throws the whole community into a state of consternation, from which the individual does not recover until he seeks the shrine of some powerful god, to ward off the evil effects of "this strange being?" Rural Japan is old Japan pure and simple, including the position of woman.

The lot of a farmer's wife is a hard one; even if usage did not relegate her to a place of service, the hard, heavy grind of poverty would push her into the ranks of rice-winners and compel her unshirkingly to put her shoulder to the burden and her hand to toil. In the morning she must rise while the dark streaks of night still struggle with

to the running stream that flows through every hamlet and forms the water supply for every purpose. This is used by all in common, those furthest up the stream having the advantage of first use. Just as likely as not, while some farm-hand is cleaning his feet of the fondly clinging remains of the field, a little way down the stream some

for when she has passed away there will be no one to honor her memory if a son is not born to her. In case the woman is without issue, especially if she is without a son, from the scanty supply for living purposes she must save enough to meet her expenses to some shrine to implore the gods to take pity on her. Being unable to pay her

fare, such a pilgrimage is made on foot, and frequently weeks pass before the feet of the road-worn traveler bring her safely home. In Nara, the old seat of Buddhism, is the shrine of the special god to be implored at such a time. It is impossible to conceive what this place is like. For twelve hundred years a constant flow of women has surged in and out before it. In agony of heart the aid of this deity has been implored, as the travel-stained, heart-sick, sometimes hungry, but hopeful woman bows at this shrine, where countless millions

have gone before her. Many times it is the only trip ever taken by a farmer's wife. Usually there are numbers of children in the home, and no matter how great the number or how young the latest arrival, the mother, if able to be about, must take her place in the field. The youngest child is strapped to her back in a fashion that seems little

less than cruelty, and when sleeping its little head wabbles about with enough force to disjoin its neck, to say nothing of the disastrous effect of the sun beating down upon its unprotected head. With the baby on her back, and another too young to be sent to school tugging away at her dress, this burden-bearer starts for the field.

If her work for the day is pulling weeds, planting rice or cutting grain, she is able to perform such task with the child in its place; but if she must climb the steep sides of the mountain, and cut from the rank, tangled growth such vegetation as will serve for fodder for the bullock, then the child is removed to give place to burdens of which a mule

might be proud. The baby is transferred to the back of the tot at her side, and when properly fastened on its feet frequently hang below the knees of the child-nurse, who cheerfully contributes her part to the burden-bearing of her sex.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 7]



FARM-HOUSE AND FLOWING STREAM

the early dawn and bestir herself to prepare the morning meal. The absence of stoves is one of the disagreeable features of housekeeping. The small arrangement in which the fire is lighted has no pipe and the building is without a chimney. If charcoal is not used the smoke soon fills the whole house. Over this primitive affair the

housewife will be cleaning her rice for the evening meal, and not far away numbers of children destitute of a shred of clothes will splash and kick away in high glee in the same stream. This watercourse is certainly a labor-saving institution for the farmer's wife.

When the affairs of the house have been set to rights attention must be



WOMEN WINNOWING GRAIN

rice is prepared, and no other cooking is necessary, for this simple dish is taken with a relish of either raw fish or pickled vegetable of some sort, usually eaten as taken from the brine.

When the farmer has gone to the field the house is quickly set in order. The dishes, few in number, are taken

turned to hard, heavy labor in the field. There are two things farm women must make up their minds to; one is to become the mother of a large family, and the other is to bravely face the hardships of field-work. It sometimes happens that a woman is childless, and the fact is considered a great calamity,



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THE November report of the Department of Agriculture on the corn crop of 1901 reads as follows:

"The statistician's preliminary estimate of the average yield an acre of corn is 16.4 bushels, as compared with an average yield of 25.3 bushels an acre in 1900 and 1899, and a ten-year average of 24.4 bushels. The present indicated yield an acre is the lowest general average ever recorded for this crop, being 2.2 bushels an acre below the yield in 1881, which has stood for twenty years as the lowest on record. The indicated yield in bushels an acre in the seven principal states is as follows: Ohio 26.1, Indiana 19.8, Illinois 21.4, Iowa 25, Missouri 10.1, Kansas 7.8 and Nebraska 14.1. Of the twenty-three states having one million acres or upward in corn, all but Pennsylvania, Virginia and Michigan report an average yield an acre below their respective ten-year averages. The general average as to quality is 73.7 per cent, as compared with 85.5 per cent in November last, and 87.2 per cent in November, 1899. It is estimated that 4.5 per cent of the corn crop of 1900 was still in the hands of farmers on November 1, 1901, as compared with 4.4 per cent of the crop of 1899 in farmers' hands on November 1, 1900, and 5.9 per cent of that of 1898 in hand November 1, 1899"

The "Price Current" says that this estimate of 16.4 bushels an acre points to a total production of about 1,360,000 bushels, or 745,000 less than last year. It also states that the quantity of old corn on November 1st in the hands of farmers is estimated as 95,000,000 bushels, which is slightly in excess of a year ago.

The closing price of No. 2 corn November 13th, at Chicago, was 59½ cents; a year ago it was 39 cents.

The potato crop of 1901 is also an unusually short crop. The November report of the Department of Agriculture says:

"The preliminary estimate of the

yield an acre of potatoes is 59.9 bushels, against an average yield an acre of 80.8 bushels in 1900, 88.6 bushels in 1899, and a ten-year average of 78.7 bushels. The present indicated yield an acre is the lowest since 1890. Of the states having fifty thousand acres or upward in potatoes, all except Michigan and Maine report a yield an acre comparing unfavorably with their ten-year averages. Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska report less than one half, and Missouri less than one fourth, of an average crop. The average as to quality is 78.4 per cent, as compared with 88.1 in November last."



COMMENTING on the new and very rigid oleomargarine law passed by the Pennsylvania legislature "Hoard's Dairyman" says:

"The agitation which was had last summer on the matter has put conviction in the minds of thousands of the politicians of that state.

"The Republican state platform promised oleomargarine legislation, and it became an issue of the campaign, Senator Quay emphasizing the necessity for such legislation when he was on the stump. Governor Stone committed himself to the idea, and there has not been a doubt at any time since the present legislature convened that a bill restricting the sale of oleomargarine would be passed, but few thought the assembly would accept the radical and prohibitory provisions of the Harris Bill.

"Under the provisions of the bill oleomargarine must not be colored and every seller of it must be licensed, from the manufacturer at one thousand dollars a year down to the boarding-house keeper at ten dollars. Books of manufacturers and dealers must show every transaction and be always open to the dairy and food commission. All packages must be marked. Heavy penalties are provided for violations of provisions of the law, increasing with the repetitions of offenses, and sales by the accused must cease during the progress of any suit."



IN HIS testimony before the Industrial Commission regarding the causes of the exhaustion and abandonment of soils Prof. Milton Whitney brought out clearly some points not generally known. He said:

"The exhaustion of the soil is due, in my opinion, to changes in the chemical and physical properties of the soil rather than to any actual extraction of plant-food.

"A soil to be productive must render annually, as the crop needs it, a sufficient amount of food material in a form available to the plants. As a matter of fact, soil is a difficultly soluble substance, composed mostly of silicates and aluminates, or difficultly soluble compounds of silica, alumina, potash, soda, and lime in various forms. Through atmospheric agencies largely these compounds are rendered more or less soluble and more or less readily available to plants.

"A fertile soil is one in which the weathering effects come in at such times and to such an extent as to render available to plants a sufficient amount of this plant-food. If that weathering does not take place and the food material is not brought into a condition in which it is available to the plants the land is as poor as though it actually contained no plant-food.

"I have never in my experience seen a case in which one could say with any degree of certainty or even of probability that exhaustion was due to the actual removal of plant-food. It is perfectly safe to say that the condition of the so-called worn-out soils in the South is due not to an actual extraction of plant-food, but to the chemical condition in which it now is, in which it is unavailable to plants, and that the restoration of the fertility of that land must be not necessarily in the addition of plant-food to the soil, but in bringing about such changes in the physical conditions or in the chemical combinations as will encourage that natural weathering of the soil which brings the plant-food into a condition in which the plant can get its support.

"To emphasize this statement, which may appear at variance with the general ideas concerning the exhaustion of soils, I would call the commission's attention to the many cases in which soils have been cultivated for hundreds and thousands of years. So far as we know, within historic times they have been constantly cultivated, and cultivated in the same crops. We have the case of the soils of India, which traditions say have been cultivated for two thousand years, under primitive methods, without artificial fertilizing, and which still give fair returns of the common crops of the country. We have the case also in Egypt of lands which have been cultivated since history began and where the soils are as fertile as ever. We have all through the southern countries of Europe, and still later in the countries in the north of Europe, in Holland, in Denmark, in France, in England, records of the continuous and profitable cultivation of soils for five hundred years—away back to the time when history first opens up our knowledge of these countries.

"There are historic experiments that have been going on in England for the past fifty years in which a crop of wheat has been grown continuously without fertilization, and the yield has steadily fallen from what it was at first (I forget the figure) until it now produces about twelve or thirteen bushels an acre. For the past twenty years there has been little, if any, difference in the yield, except slight fluctuations due to seasonal conditions, and it is believed that the yield that is now obtained measures approximately the power of the soil to produce a crop under perfectly natural conditions. It will produce annually, so far as we know, for hundreds of years twelve or thirteen bushels an acre. . . . But not being satisfied with a yield of twelve or thirteen bushels an acre they have, by the use of fertilizers and manures, increased the yield on adjacent plots to an average of about thirty bushels an acre. In this forcing of the crop they have found that they could economically increase the production from that soil. The first we would call the natural fertility, and the second the acquired fertility. One is perfectly justified in recognizing these two characteristics in the production of the soil: What it will naturally produce through a course of years under the natural weathering of the material, and what it can be made to produce by the artificial application of more food material than the plant can secure through the natural weathering. If the natural yield from a soil becomes so low as to make it unprofitable, it may often be necessary to fertilize in order to make the soil productive."



REVIEWING the evidence taken on agriculture the United States Industrial Commission says:

"The cause most often assigned for the depression of agriculture in the Eastern states is the increased production due to the opening of Western lands in advance of the natural demand, especially through the agency of liberal land laws and grants of land in aid of railroad construction. The competition of the West has been rendered especially severe by the policy of the railroads in making freight rates relatively low for long distances. The old staple products having thus become unprofitable in the East, it has been necessary for farmers to change their methods and vary the character of their crops, taking up especially the culture of products not easily transported long distances. Consequently truck-farming has largely superseded cereal-growing along the Atlantic coast, but farmers in the North Atlantic states now complain of the severe competition of states further south in this industry, and much the same may be said of fruit-growing. Even so perishable a commodity as milk is transported much longer distances than formerly.

"Another cause which several witnesses assign for the unsatisfactory condition of agriculture in some parts of the country is the conservatism of the farmers—their lack of quick adjustment to changed conditions and lack of effective business management."

## THE ON-LOOKER

IN CONNECTION with a farm of fair productive power there is a field that is unfit for tillage, but the situation of this land with reference to some springs is such that a very large fish-pond could be made of it by the expenditure of a good sum of money. The field is now furnishing no food to the world, but as a big fish-pond it could be made to contribute no mean amount. It has occurred to me that I should ask some government aid on the ground that the expenditure would lead to an increase in the fish supply and afford me income. It is true that there is enough fish now on the market to meet all demands, but I cannot share in the business because I have no fish for sale, and without the help of the public I doubt the profitability of personal investment to secure a place for rearing fish.

My reader laughs, and says that the suggestion is preposterous, but it seems to me entirely consistent with the spirit of some of my countrymen.



There is an immense body of arid land in the West that belongs to the nation. This land has little present value because water cannot be secured for crops without an expense that is prohibitive to those who would like to own this land if it were watered. They have no claims upon it at all, or no more than they have upon our national treasury when it has been filled by taxation. This land is one of the assets of the public, and its value depends upon the market price of farm crops. Whenever that price shall be sufficiently high to pay all charges, including that of water for irrigation purposes, and leave a profit, the value of the land will become apparent. It is a reserve to be drawn upon when land is needed, as evidenced by a high price for the products secured from land that is private property, representing the investment of money by the owners.



We are treated every year to the spectacle of persistent effort on the part of interested parties to get a part of this body of arid land from its rightful owners without recompense, and at the same time to secure from the owners some aid in its irrigation. It is seriously proposed that those who paid for their farms, and have worked hard to make improvements, shall join in giving away a part of the people's property and in paying some of the expense of watering it in order that some would-be competitors may be set up in the farming business. This is the proposition, pure and simple, as seen from a practical view-point.

I know a few men who are interested in the manufacture of steel, and the growing wealth of these gentlemen leads me to think well of a steel plant as a source of income. But just think how quickly I should be laughed out of court if I were to demand that a first-class mill for making steel be given me by the government. The fact that I want such a business is no reason that the public, including present manufacturers, should set me up in business as a competitor. The thought is preposterous, and yet it is of a piece with the proposition that we farmers shall help to start men in competition with us. That Western land is not needed for the feeding of the world, as average prices of farm products testify. When it is needed it should be placed upon the market and its value should go into the public purse. When that time comes, the man who wants a farm in the arid regions can secure it upon the same terms that I can secure my steel plant—by paying for it—and then competition with other products will be legitimate and fair.



I have seen Eastern farming rendered unprofitable for a decade by the too sudden development of the nation's Western land. This occurred a number of years ago, and we incline to forget. One such experience should be enough for a lifetime. There is enough at stake for these schemers to justify them in pressing the matter upon Congress in various guises.

O—L.



# RURAL AFFAIRS

**Amount of Seed** I have a letter from a reader in Kansas in which he takes exceptions to my statement that eight or even ten pecks of seed-wheat might be sown an acre. He says that this heavy seeding would surely lead to failure on Kansas soils, by causing the straw to lodge. It might do on the less fertile soils in the East. The amount of seed which will insure the best results with any crop is always a problem, and to solve it requires the exercise of good judgment and the consideration of the particular conditions. The richer the soil and the more thorough the preparation, the less seed as a rule will be needed. On poor soil the individual plants (of whatever kind) remain comparatively small in all their parts; consequently, to give any kind of a crop there must be many more in number, or, in other words, they must stand more closely together. The large plants need more room than the small ones. This rule holds good for field crops as well as garden crops. In regard to the amount of seed-wheat to be used I quote from T. B. Terry's book, "Our Farming," as follows:

"How much seed shall we use? This depends on the fertility of the soil, the time of sowing and the variety of wheat. On rich soil less seed will do, as it will stool out much more than on thin soil. If you sow early, less seed will do, because there is more time for it to stool. You may sow less of a variety that has small grains, because there are more in a bushel. We want to get a good growth that well covers the ground for winter protection, or at least I do. If I sow early, five pecks of Fultz would be ample for any land. Four or four and one half would do very well, and some years would be plenty. Should I be delayed from five to ten days about sowing I would add one peck, and in the same proportion if longer behind. I would thus strive to make up in number of plants what I fell short in size, so as to get something near the same show above ground. If I should sow six or seven pecks early on my best land, unless we had an extremely dry spring, it would lodge terribly. About this I am certain. Thick sowing on rich land tends to increase lodging. The best-known preventive is thinner sowing. You will get just as much grain if you do not go too far. With thick sowing the growth of straw is weak and unhealthy, and goes down easily, and usually stays where it goes. With less plants they grow more naturally. The straw is heavier, the sunshine gets in more and the plant is healthier. Serious lodging is not near so likely to occur. . . . If possible to keep my wheat up always I could get greater yields, and hence I have sought far and wide for a way. I do not believe it possible on our soils and with our storms to keep wheat up that yields much over thirty-five bushels an acre."

From all this it will be seen that it is the surrounding conditions which should determine the amount of seed to be sowed, whether it be rye, wheat or any other grain. On most of my soil here, in its present condition and with the difficulties I have with some of it to get the surface in nice mellow shape, I may safely use eight pecks of seed-wheat to the acre, and about that much rye, too. I also have to plant my potatoes much more closely, in order to get a full crop, than do the farmers in the great potato sections of the state where the soil is a sandy loam and crops overrunning three hundred bushels an acre are not uncommon. In most of these places potatoes are planted in hills three by three feet apart, and the plants cover the whole space, and need it. I usually make the rows three feet apart, but plant only fifteen to eighteen inches (the former distance for early, the latter for late sorts) apart, and the plants have room enough. My potato-growing friends often raise three or four pounds of potatoes to the hill, which brings the crop to near the three-hundred-bushel mark. I am glad enough to get two pounds to the plant, but probably it is even less

frequently the case than the four pounds with the other people. My soil is not so well adapted to the crop, and my potato-plants as a rule are smaller and require less room. So it is with garden crops. In extremely rich garden soil the egg-plant which on ordinary good soils will scarcely cover the ground when set two or two and one half feet apart each way will make a person to pass through the path when planted three or three and one half feet apart. In the matter of sowing the seed of common garden vegetables, such as radishes, lettuce, onions, carrots, beets, turnips, etc., it requires uncommonly good judgment to sow just the amount best suited to the surrounding conditions. Recognizing the importance of sowing seed enough to insure a full stand in the face of possible unfavorable conditions, dry weather and the like, I am always apt to use far more seed than is necessary, thus causing a good deal of extra work in thinning the plants, or loss if I neglect to attend to that job in good season. I am especially liable to use an excessive amount of celery, lettuce, turnip and similar small seeds. It is a bad job to thin plants where they stand thickly together. And yet in this matter of regulating the quantity of seeds practice and experience seem to be the only safe guides.

**Feeding for Eggs** At a recent meeting of the Niagara County Farmers' Club (one of the most wide-awake and most progressive farmers' organizations of the state), held at North Ridge, N. Y., Mr. J. E. Rice—little Jimmy Rice, as the farmers like to call him—one of the most delightful and entertaining institute speakers and a self-made man, gave one of his talks on the poultry business, and among other things told how to feed hens for egg production. He claims, and I believe with the best of reason, that a hen cannot do her best during the cold season if she has to grind all her own grain. In other words, she is unable to do her best if given nothing but whole grain, whether this be wheat, oats, barley, corn or any other, or any combination of them. His recipe for an egg-producing diet is about as follows: Give a moderate breakfast of whole grain, such as wheat, oats and buckwheat, all this to be scattered over a generous layer of loose litter in the feeding-room, so that the hens get plenty of exercise in scratching for their breakfast. Dinner is the big meal for them. They are given all they can eat of the following mixture: Equal parts, by weight, of bran, ground oats, corn-meal, wheat middlings and meat-meal, the latter of the best quality—that is, of the highest percentage of protein. This mixture is prepared by stirring it into any kind of boiled vegetables, such as potatoes, potato-peelings, beets, turnips, apples, pumpkin, etc., and fed while warm. Mr. Rice has this mess put on to cook in a big kettle at about ten or eleven o'clock, the meal mixture stirred in, and then allowed to cool sufficiently that the hens can eat it. Then just before night a full feed of corn or corn and wheat is given to keep their digestive machinery busy until near morning. When the hen-house is tight and warm—the walls being double and the space between the walls, which are made tight by a covering of building-paper, filled with straw—and fresh drinking-water provided right along, this method is sure to give eggs in plenty even in the coldest weather.

**Eggs in the Fall** The time when eggs are scarcest and when it is most difficult to make the hens produce eggs is during October, November and December. And this is just the time when the poultry-keeper should try to have a generous supply. Mr. Rice truly says that the sure way to accomplish this feat is by raising a good lot of early pullets. They should be hatched not later than in April, unless they are of small and quick-maturing breeds, especially Leghorns, when May-hatched chicks will do, and forced to quick growth and early development by generous feeding. The cooked ration before mentioned will be just the thing to force quick growth in chicks.

T. GREINER.

## SALIENT FARM NOTES

**Managing Hired Hands** A few days ago an acquaintance told me a great long tale of woe about the trouble he had been experiencing with hired men. He had tried four different ones within two months, and had "fired" every last one of them for being worse than worthless. I asked what was the matter with them. "Well," said he, "the first one went up town at the end of the first week and got drunk, and I fired him as soon as he came back. The second worked two weeks, then went to see his folks, and remained away three days right in the busiest time. When he returned I handed him his pay and showed him the gate. The third was too stupid to do anything right, and I got rid of him the second day. The fourth was a young fellow, between a man and a boy, and the second morning he lay in bed until breakfast was ready. I promptly informed him that I wanted no more of that. Then he would feed and curry his team, but never clean out the stable, then come outside and lean up against the barn and watch me rushing about doing the chores, but never offer to help me. He wasn't worth ten cents a month!"

As it happens, I know the second and fourth of these men, and both are able to, and will, do very fair work and lots of it when properly managed. When the second went home to visit his people he was taken sick, so was unable to return sooner than he did. When he did return he met his wages at the door and was invited to "hit the road" at his earliest convenience. He makes a very fair hand, but is as touchy as a race-horse. The man who understands his weak points can get lots of very good service out of him, but he must be treated like he was supposed to have good horse-sense. He doesn't mind being directed, but he objects to being driven. When he knows what is wanted of him he goes ahead and does it the best he knows how. If his master wants it done some other way he expects to be duly informed. If the information is not given he doesn't want fault found with the way it is done.

The other poor fellow was raised in a ramshackle cabin where order and system were unknown. The old stable was open to the weather on two sides, and the poor plugs it was supposed to shelter were never tied only when they were at the hitch-rack in town. The boy knew nothing about the care of a good stable—in fact, knows nothing about the care of anything much—and he stands in need of instruction. My neighbor is too irascible to instruct him. Some men would make a very fair hand of him in two or three months, and get lots of work out of him in the meantime. Others would spoil him in even less time, and make him ugly, tricky and shirky. One man would show him that he didn't consider him half bright by letting him lean up against the barn while he rushed about and did all the chores. Another would do the leaning himself while he quietly directed the boy in what he wanted done and how. I have known men discharged by one farmer because they (the men) were not worth their salt to hire to a neighbor and work for him the whole season and give excellent satisfaction.

The most successful men with hired hands are those quiet, decisive fellows who know just what they want done, and how they want it done, and use very few words in telling it. They don't expect a hand to know anything until they tell him, then they expect it to be done as they have directed. I once saw a hired man harness one horse, and just as he took the harness off the peg for the other the boss passed the door and quietly said, "Breakfast." Instantly the harness was returned to the peg and the man started for the house. Said he, "When the boss of this ranch speaks we know what to do. His latest order is the matter on tap until he issues another!" He was a good-natured fellow, talked and joked and laughed with his men when at meals and "off duty," but business was business when at work.

FRED GRUNDY.

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## OUR FARM

### Farm Theory and Practice

**CARE OF SEED-POTATOES.**—There is a heavy loss every year, at least south of New York, from the damaged condition of much of the potato-seed carried over from fall until spring. The potatoes used for planting have sprouted in winter quarters and do not make the strong plants that are required for best results. I have seen many thousands of bushels of such seed used when it was a sure thing that the yield from it could never be a maximum one. In colder latitudes the temperature of bins or pits can be controlled with ease so far as excessive heat is concerned, but this is not true where the ground may be free from frost weeks at a time even at midwinter, and where the ground warms up very early in the spring. Storing in cellars is not satisfactory, as the tubers will sprout in a warm spell of weather no matter how often they are moved. Burying underground may give equally poor results when the potatoes are left under straw until freezing weather approaches and the covering of earth is put on more heavily than the temperature of the next few weeks require. I have seen the potatoes sprouted in this way before midwinter. So far I know of only one satisfactory way for comparatively warm latitudes, and that is to store in a cellar when the first danger of freezing comes in the fall, and to keep the potatoes there until winter weather actually comes. A patch of high, dry ground for burying should be covered with a little straw, to keep the ground from freezing, and then in the middle of the day, while the temperature is above freezing, the potatoes should be taken out of the cellar and placed in a rick on this ground, heavily covered with dry straw and then covered with soil to a depth of six inches. When this covering is thoroughly frozen through to the straw a second covering of straw and of soil should be put upon it.

This plan may seem laborious, but I know it is practicable to the extent of two hundred bushels of seed, and if it can be done for that amount it should be equally practicable for those who plant double that amount of seed. The cost a bushel or an acre is trifling in comparison with the gain from having good seed, and this plan comes more nearly assuring unsprouted potatoes in the spring than any other I have ever tried. The frost in the first covering of ground is retained by the second covering, and we secure a sort of cold storage without an expensive building. Where only a few bushels are planted each year it is easier to displace the second covering of straw and soil with a covering of strawy manure, which costs little labor and preserves the frost nicely while preventing damage from excessive cold. On a large scale too much manure is required, as potatoes should be strung along in a narrow rick to prevent accumulation of heat.

**STORING SEED-CORN.**—An old-fashioned and successful farmer built for himself a costly farm home, expending twenty thousand dollars upon it, and when he continued his old practice of storing his seed-corn in the room he used as his office it was said of him that he had built a remarkably costly corn-crib. It did seem that way, and I hardly indorse such a scheme, but in its favor is the fact that Mr. F.'s seed-corn always grew, and that could not be said of many farms near him. Some artificial heat helps to insure vitality of corn, and while almost any seed will grow some years it is only the corn choke-full of vitality that germinates regardless of the weather conditions at planting-time. Thoroughly cured corn will not rot in cold, wet soil that would ruin poorer seed.

There was a lot of late-planted corn in some of the Eastern states this year, and much of it did not mature well before frost. The result will be some poor stands of corn next spring unless care is exercised. Much as is said about selecting seed-corn in the field, compar-

atively little of it is gotten in that way. If it is to be gotten from the crib it should now be taken from the best-ripened lot and placed in a room with a fire, where it can dry out as thoroughly as old corn would be at this time. After such drying extreme cold cannot hurt it, but otherwise a very cold winter may injure corn that was cribbed in pretty fair condition.

**PREPARING FOR OATS.**—In the southern part of the oats belt the greatest danger of crop failure comes from very hot weather when the heads are filling. The best safeguard is very early seeding, and to secure that fall plowing is a help. Some land cannot be handled in this way to advantage; but where a corn-stubble would otherwise be bare, and the soil does not run together, but is benefited by exposure to frost, I like the plan of breaking the land late in the fall, and then fitting it with a disk or spring-tooth harrow and plank-float in the spring. Time is saved in this way, and the seeding is made early. Experiments do not show any particular choice between drilling and broadcasting, so far as yield is concerned, but I know one successful grower who is sure that he is the gainer by broadcasting half the seed before the drill and drilling in the remainder. He likes the distribution of the seed better than if it were all in the drills; but this causes extra labor, for which many of us are not sure we would be repaid.

**CLOVER FAILURE.**—The man who can get heavy growths of clover when he seeds a field has a right to be an enthusiast. He can produce a large quantity of rich feed an acre and at the same time improve the soil. A heavy clover sod, with its second crop, plowed under every third year in a three-years' rotation will maintain fertility to a wonderful degree. It is no wonder that such a man sees in clover a mine of wealth, and that he never tires of recommending it as the farmers' best friend. Wider observation, however, would show him that his scheme for maintaining fertility is sadly limited in its application, because the greater part of old soils no longer grow clover successfully. The acreage of clover in this country is becoming limited to comparatively new land and to areas originally very fertile and still new to clover. When this plant is introduced into a new section its success leads farmers to believe that the problem of fertility has been solved for them; but a quarter of a century begins to bring change, and finally clover failure becomes the rule rather than the exception from any year's seeding. At first the clover grows luxuriantly and is seeded alone with grain, but later on timothy or other grass is added to insure a good sod, and still later catches of clover hardly justify the expense of the seed, and the new meadows are practically all timothy. In old farming sections this is the tendency, and the checking of this tendency and the retention of the clover are matters of supreme interest. Some are succeeding in getting good clover on old land as they did at first, but a far greater number are failing.

DAVID.

### The Value of Corn-cobs

The value of corn-cobs is not generally understood or there would be less waste of this product of our corn-fields. Experiments and the experience of practical feeders have proven that as a meal it possesses as great a value pound for pound in the feed-lot as corn-meal, a pound of corn and cob meal going as far as a pound of the corn-meal alone. Chemical analysis does not show any valuable feed content, its value being as an aid in the digestion of the meal. To be of great benefit in this way, however, it must be ground very fine. Aside from their value as a feed there is another use they are put to that is understood and appreciated by some swine-raisers—that of converting them into charcoal for the animals to pick at, thus keeping the digestive organs in a healthy condition and killing the worms that infect corn-fed swine. Fed in this way it is the best of tonics and appetizers, superior to any patent medicines or "foods." As a feed and medicine for stock cobs possess their greatest value. As a fuel

they are usually hard on stoves, as they heat and cool so rapidly; yet they are used in this way and give general satisfaction. However, if there is a machine available that will reduce the cobs to a proper fineness, cobs are far too valuable an article for feed to be used in lieu of stove-wood.

J. L. IRWIN.

### Current Agricultural News and Notes

The apple crop of western New York is so light this year that the canneries are paying sixty-five cents a hundred pounds, which is three times as much as the current prices in 1900.

Last year the time required by the fast freight refrigerating cars from San Francisco to New York was about sixteen days. This year the time has been reduced to less than twelve days.

Mr. Luther Burbank, of California, the originator of the Abundance plum, is reported as having produced a seedless prune. If true, the money value of the discovery can hardly be computed.

Rochester, N. Y., is said to have a macaroni-factory. The American idea is to grow and manufacture what we consume, and to import but very little of anything that we consume or use.

The "Lexington," which is said to be a rival of the "Keiffer," pear was originated by Prof. T. V. Munson, of Texas. There it attained its full size September 1st, and when boxed ripened September 10th. The fruit was firm and of superior quality, without woody kernels or stone cells.

The sales of rice to consumers in Buffalo, N. Y., have nearly doubled since the opening of the Pan-American exhibit. The high price of potatoes may have had much to do with increasing the use of this too-much-neglected article of diet.

The commercial apple crop of 1901 has been estimated at twenty-three million barrels, whereas that of last year was forty-eight million, while that of 1896 was seventy million. High prices are therefore sure to prevail.

The main reason for shredding well-cured corn fodder (or stover) is that just about one half its feeding value is in the butts, which are otherwise almost worthless except when used as manure or for manufacturing purposes.

The present winter-apple crop is the shortest for many years. Growers in the middle Atlantic states are offering but few varieties. These are mainly the York Imperial (Johnson's Fine Winter), Ben Davis, Grimes' Golden and Winesap.

The value of the tomato crop in the vicinity of Humboldt, Tenn., this year is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It proved more profitable on the uplands than the growing of cotton. Next season other crops will be experimented with also.

"Of the eight hundred car-loads of fruit (mainly apples) which are evaporated annually," says the New York "Commercial," "fully two hundred and fifty car-loads are supplied usually by Wayne County, N. Y., where are located two thousand evaporators. This year, however, Wayne County will do well if it furnishes fifty car-loads."

This is an age of thought, study and adaptation, and it will pay to take time to read, study and experiment some. Feed the soil in order to ascertain by experiment what it needs. By supplementing barn-yard manure with needed commercial ones and producing what the market demands the farm can be made to pay.

At the Kansas Experiment Station it has been found that it is not a good plan to feed wheat whole. It should be ground with, or afterward mixed with, ground corn, oats or Kafir-corn. When fed alone, after being ground, the wheat forms a gummy mass and adheres to the teeth of the animals. With wheat ten to fifteen cents cheaper than corn the Kansas City "Star" is of the opinion that it is possible that ten, and possibly twenty, million bushels of wheat will be fed to stock in Kansas and Missouri this year.

Mr. A. S. Baker, of the Southampton (England) Cold Storage Company, says that the proper size for boxes in which to pack selected specimens of apples are those which are twenty-two and one half inches long, eleven and one half inches wide and ten and one fourth



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inches deep, inside measurements. Use half-inch stuff for the bottoms and sides and thicker stuff for the ends. These boxes hold fifty-six pounds net, or one bushel. As apples are sold by the standard hundredweight in England two of these boxes would equal one hundred and twelve pounds, which makes it convenient to keep the tally.

Two thirds of all the sugar that is produced in the world is made from the beet instead of the cane. Europe alone produces more sugar than is produced from the sugar-cane in all the tropical countries. The indications are that the sugar-beet industry will continue to lead notwithstanding the increased supply made from the tropical cane which will be grown in our new insular possessions. The amount of sugar used in the United States is increasing at the rate of two hundred and fifty thousand tons annually.

In western Kansas a novel method of winter-wheat culture is said to nearly double the yield of wheat an acre. The land is rolled as soon as the wheat is sown, and again as soon as it is up, and at intervals until the wheat is four to five inches in height, when the field is used until winter as a pasture for cattle. In the spring the rolling process is kept up until the wheat-plant is nearly ready to joint. By this method the loose black soil in the semi-arid wheat-growing regions of Kansas and the Dakotas is so compacted that evaporation from about the roots of the wheat-plants is measurably prevented.

The request coming from Great Britain for a competent director of agriculture for the government of Victoria (Australia) is a very high compliment to the United States Department of Agriculture. The name of Prof. B. T. Galloway has been connected with this offer of a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year salary, but it is altogether improbable that he will resign the directorship of the now very important Bureau of Plant Industry, which has just been organized, although the salary offered is four times as great as the one which he now receives. Professor Galloway was appointed Chief of the important Division of Vegetable Pathology and Physiology by Hon. Norman J. Colman, the first Secretary of Agriculture. Professor Galloway's efficient work in the Department has created for him a world-wide reputation.

W. M. K.

#### The Every-day Life of the Farmer's Wife in Japan [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3]

If the journey to the mountain-side is too great the mother does not return for dinner, but carries "a bite" in her sleeve, and takes it hastily, wasting no time, fearing night may overtake her far from home. As the day wanes she may be seen making her way hurriedly along, mindful of her unfed little one. Reaching home she puts aside her burden and prepares the evening meal, after which, too tired to think or care, or perhaps too worn out to drag out her faton, she falls asleep upon the matted floor, glad to escape from a sense of toil.

It is true that the winter brings relief from the drudgery of the field, but a multitude of things must be done to prepare for the small degree of comfort during the cold months. As there are no fires by which to warm the house, that at most and best is not constructed to keep out the cold, all that remains to be done is to double the quantity of clothing, both wearing-apparel and bedding. The sewing alone would seem sufficient for the mother, but before a stitch can be taken the fabric must first be woven, and before the weaving the flax and hemp must be spun. The process, like all other things on the farm, is primitive and slow. Days and far into the night are spent at the hand-loom and spinning-wheel, and in all the busy round of a woman's life there is no moment in which she is free to turn her thoughts from the sordid things of earth and for one moment rise above toil and the material.

Frequently whole regions are visited by disease in one form or another, and in large families the children, who are reared regardless of sanitary rules, indeed who are left to run up rank and wild in many respects, fall easy prey

to the ravages of all kinds of physical disorder. For many miles there is no physician, all medical help is beyond reach, and long before assistance could be secured the dreaded enemy would finish his work. It is then necessary that the mother should have a knowledge of simple treatment in emergency. Upon her falls the entire burden of quick and effective action in times of sickness. Her anxious heart seems never free from burdens of some sort. The "philosophy of common sense" tells us that these conditions do not pale upon her as it would upon the women of the Western lands, for tradition and usage have led her to patiently accept her hard lot and meet "grim fate" without even an ambition for her daughters, who are expected to get into the harness as soon as the law allows.

It does not seem possible that there could be any advantages in such surroundings, yet there are two or three, which, if they did not exist, would still further add to their burdens. Their style of dress relieves them of the dreaded and slavish fashion-book, from which the farmer's wife, even among the poorest classes of Western lands, is not free. The cut of dress is general, and by a tuck over the shoulders or in the skirt a garment may be made to fit any one from ten to fifty years of age. The cloth is woven with a view to the cut, and there are no darts, gores or arm-seyes to be fitted, but a few straight seams, and the garment is ready, needing no alteration so long as a fragment holds together. The entire winter is spent in trying to provide clothing suitable for the weather, and when spring comes the burden of the field is taken up where it was left off, and season by season brings neither rest, recreation nor amusement to the ever-plodding, ceaseless toiler, whose only heritage is the bondage of her ancestors, which she will hand down to posterity as their lawful birthright.

#### Correspondence

FROM OREGON.—Some time ago I wrote a short article for the FARM AND FIRESIDE, giving a brief description of Oregon, and especially of the southern part of the state. Then inquiries came from the most widely separated parts of the Union, showing that your paper circulates over a vast extent of country and that a good many people are turning their eyes toward Oregon, as well they may, for Washington, Oregon and California form a triple star on the resplendent brow of Columbia. I had time to answer but few of my correspondents, and think it far better to send a few more facts, which, spread on the page of a great paper like the FARM AND FIRESIDE, will reach more readers in a single week than I could address by private letter in a lifetime. The great expansion of commerce between the United States and China, Japan and the Philippines has drawn the attention of the people of the Eastern states to the Pacific coast, where, if all signs do not fail, there will be a wonderful development along all lines in the immediate future. We have a climate unrivaled, and a land of almost perpetual summer. We have an even and refreshing air nearly all the year round. Changing a word in Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters:"

In the morning they came unto a land  
In which it seemed always morning,

would well describe the climate of southern Oregon for a good portion of the year. There is a delicious freshness and purity of the air, especially in springtime, when nature

"With breath all incense, and with cheek  
all bloom,  
Spreads over the landscape an indefinable  
charm."

In the winter, or rainy season, for there is no winter here as known in the East, the general course of the wind is from the south, and in the summer from the north, thus modifying both seasons and making the annual temperature near equal. The wind is only a gently moving current of air, just sufficient for one's comfort. This peculiarity of climate is not generally known outside of Oregon; it is to be learned with equal surprise and pleasure by any one coming into Oregon for the first time. Good land in this section can now be had at a very low price, with soil rich and productive without irrigation. The mountains are rich in minerals, and their summits are covered with the best of timber. There are fish in the streams and game in the fields and forests. There are good free schools in all principal towns, and a good common-school system throughout the country districts. There is plenty of room for all, the state having ninety-five thousand square miles of land and less than half a million of people.

C. W. S.

## HIGHEST AWARD

AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

### The United States Cream Separator

HAS WON

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at Every International Exposition at which it has been exhibited since its invention.

Our "would-be competitors" are advertising extensively as follows: "The supremacy of the DeLaval machines at Buffalo is a continuation of their triumphant record at all previous great expositions."

Yes, this supremacy (?) is a continuation of their triumphant (?) record, and that record shows the "triumphant supremacy" was

#### IN WIND RATHER THAN IN WORK

Mr. Edward Van Alstyne, Supt. of Model Dairy at the Pan-American, states, under date of Nov. 1st, "I find since the receipt of your letter, after carefully going over the figures of the seventy-one runs of their (the De Laval) machine that I miscalled the figures, and the reading should be .0172 instead of .0161."

#### READ WHAT THE U. S. DID IN THE MODEL DAIRY

Buffalo, N. Y., November 1, 1901  
Gentlemen:—Referring to the record of the work done by the United States Separator in the Model Dairy at the Pan-American Exposition from September 29th to October 30th inclusive, I have the pleasure of informing you that in the fifty consecutive separate runs made by that separator during these days with the milk of the ten different herds in the dairy test, the average per cent of fat left in the skimmilk was .0138.

Very respectfully yours,  
EDWARD VAN ALSTYNE, Supt. Model Dairy.

DeLaval average test of skimmilk.....	.0172
United States average test of skimmilk.....	.0138
Difference in favor of the United States.....	.0034

This shows that the DeLaval separator left 25 per cent more butter fat in the skimmilk than the United States—an immense waste that amounts to a very large sum of money upon the dairy products of the world. Enough to pay for a United States Separator to replace every DeLaval Separator now in use.

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## Notes From Garden and Field

**POTATO-ROT.**—G. W. D., of South Prairie, Wis., writes me that he had a nice crop of Adirondack potatoes, but lost about half of them by rotting. Last year the blight struck them, so that they did not ripen well, and this year some of the tops rotted off. He pulled all apparently affected tops and threw them away. The earliest he dug rotted badly; the later ones seemed sound when put into the cellar, but after about three weeks they rotted badly, both by black and soft rot. He dug his crop the latter part of September, dried them in the sunshine and put them into his well-ventilated cellar. What can he do to prevent rotting is what he would like to know. Indeed, there are hundreds and thousands of people who grow potatoes more or less extensively who would like to be told how they can prevent the potato-rot. This disease is very malignant and very infectious, but fortunately it does not come very often. It begins as a blight or mildew of the foliage, usually well toward fall when the weather gets cooler, and works down in the stem until it reaches the tuber below, causing it to rot. A soft rot of the potato is sometimes caused by an excess of free ammonia in the soil, especially in a wet season. For instance, I have on several occasions caused this soft rot by making heavy applications of wood-ashes and hen manure directly into the trenches at the time of planting. The foliage seemed to be perfectly healthy, and only the tubers were struck with offensive rot. This is different altogether from the blight and rot which has caused so much loss to potato-growers this fall. The first thing to do in order to prevent the rot of the tubers is to keep the mildew (late blight) off the foliage, which can be done by timely, thorough and persistent spraying with Bordeaux mixture in full strength (about six pounds of copper sulphate to fifty gallons of water, and of course lime enough to neutralize the acid). It has sometimes been recommended to hill the potatoes up quite high, in order to prevent the infection reaching down through the stalks to the potatoes. But as the disease when it once comes to a field usually makes rapid progress it may be best to dig the tubers at once. This will save all tubers not yet affected. Sprinkling the tubers with powdered lime when putting them into cellars or pits is generally believed to have a tendency to check the further spread of rot among stored potatoes. It will not save those that are already infected from the stalk, but it may prevent the spread of the rot from diseased tubers to sound ones that are in contact with the others.

**A WINTER ONION.**—A few months ago I mentioned the so-called Beaulieu's Hardy White winter onion, which is claimed to be so hardy that seed may be sown in open ground in the fall with the assurance that the plants will pass the winter unharmed and give a crop in early spring. Of course, I did sow a patch in August, and after some time, the weather being extremely dry, it sprouted and gave me a reasonably full stand. But the weeds grew even much faster and covered the land before even the rows of onions could be seen. Indeed, the weather and other conditions were such as to exclude the possibility of keeping the patch clean, and I finally decided to let the weeds and onions fight it out, in the expectation that frost would soon come to the assistance of the onion-plants. In some measure it did, although a little late. Purslane and other tender weeds which covered the ground have long since succumbed to the frost, and there is nothing left of them, but there are other rather tall weeds yet in part of the patch, and these, I think, will only give up when winter sets in in good earnest. Possibly the weed-stalks may serve as a sort of winter protection to the onions. If the originator's claim of entire hardiness which he makes for his Hardy White winter onion are well founded I shall have a nice lot of early bunch-onions. We will see.

**NOVELTIES.**—Most of our common garden vegetables, such as the tomato, eggplant, beets, carrots, etc., have been brought to such a degree of perfection that one can hardly see much chance for further improvement. Twenty or thirty years ago our seed-catalogues were filled with the announcements of striking vegetable novelties, and a good many of those novelties have proved of great value. Some of them even have made a sensation. Now we find very few so-called "new" things that are really strikingly new or particularly valuable. The public has in a measure lost its taste for novelties. To me this is a matter of much regret. It means the loss of one of the greatest charms and pleasures in gardening. As experimenters we continue in the old ruts, both in regard to varieties and in methods, almost without hope, and no new developments to cheer us on in our work. Are we going to be ex-experimenters? Friends, if you know of any new vegetable or variety or fruit that promises to be of particular value over anything in general cultivation before, or if you have found any new method that seems to give better results than our older ones, please tell us of it and cheer us up. T. GREINER.

## Orchard and Small Fruits

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN

American Pomological Society

This society held its regular biennial at Buffalo in September. Among my notes of special interest I find the following:

I was surprised to hear the horticulturist of the Canadian experiment station recommend the growing of sod in the orchards of Ontario to prevent winter-killing; but when he explained that in fourteen years the orchards of that section have never suffered from drought the peculiarities of the case were apparent. The general consensus of opinion was in favor of clean cultivation and a dust blanket.

R. Morrill, of Michigan, referred to some horticultural sayings which had almost become proverbs, such as "Spray or surrender," "Horse-leg irrigation," "Dust blanket," "Renovate the man, and the orchard will be renovated." He also said that spraying when continued would often remove other pests than those at which it was aimed; that regular spraying with Bordeaux mixture would remove oyster-shell bark-louse.

Professor Webster, entomologist of the Ohio Experiment Station, gave an excellent address on spraying. He thinks that the results generally obtained by individuals are poor, and that there is very little really thorough spraying. He has been making very elaborate and careful tests of mixtures of oil and water. He finds it difficult to get a machine that will give a uniform mixture. He says the safety-line is between twenty-five and thirty-five per cent of crude oil. He has killed peaches with twenty-five per cent under some conditions, and has used fifty-per cent crude petroleum with safety.

Professor Fletcher, of Ontario, gave a most excellent talk on the fertilization of flowers by bees. He said that scarlet and red do not attract bees, but the lilac-bush is attractive to insects; that the Arabs keep male flowers of the date-palm over for one year to use in the next in case there were not enough male flowers formed to produce pollen.

Prof. S. A. Beach, of New York, said that in 1898 a law was passed in New York making it a misdemeanor to spray trees in bloom; but this has been rendered obsolete by the fact that it is shown that spraying when plants are in bloom thins the fruit, since the Bordeaux mixture prevents the germination of the pollen. It has been found that even in a solution containing not more than two parts of Bordeaux mixture to ten thousand parts of water apple pollen would not grow.

Mr. M. B. Waite, of the Department of Agriculture, spoke especially on the distribution of plant diseases, and held that bees and wasps were the important factors in distributing the disease known as "plum-rot," and also the common "fire-blight" of pear and apple

trees. In order to get a clear idea of the action of these insects in distributing pear-blight it will be necessary to review somewhat its life history. The spores get into the trees through the flowers, through the growing tops of the new growth and through cracks in the bark. The infection is generally through the flowers, and as a result of it we have what is known as "spur-blight," which is only one form of the common "fire-blight." The disease generally dies out in the tree at the end of each season, but in some cases may hold over in the thick bark and start the infection for next year. The spores of this disease are found in the exuding gum which is seen in the small pustules found on the diseased wood in the spring. Pear-blight sometimes will grow in the nectary of the flowers, and no puncture is necessary on the part of the bees in order to carry the infected nectar from one flower to another. Mr. Waite demonstrated this by careful experiments. In one case he plucked out the glands from bees and found the germs of pear-blight in them. In no case did he find that pear-blight was distributed by the wind, and in no case were flowers infected which were protected by netting against insects. This would show plainly that the disease was not distributed by the wind. The virus which contains the germ is sticky, and cannot blow except it be perfectly dry, and then it loses its vitality quickly. However, the helpful side of the bees in the distribution of pollen he regarded as very important, and thought that since many of our varieties of apples and pears are sterile, or partially so, to their own pollen that bees should be looked upon as a benefit rather than as a detriment. In some parts of California, however, where they have had much trouble from blight, some of the larger growers have reached the conclusion that they can get along best without bees in their pear orchards.

Senator Dunlap, of Illinois, in speaking about the facilities for finding a market for fruit in Europe, said that he knew of peaches selling at one dollar and thirty cents each in France, and that it was not an uncommon thing for extra choice apples to sell at thirty cents each. These were French fruits raised in hothouses. He thinks that the French market is one of the most promising for American fruits.

Mr. Dosch, of Oregon, told of the development of the fruit-growing interest in that state. He stated that the first apple-trees that were brought into that state were carried three thousand miles in boxes in wagons, and that the apples from these sold for one dollar each, and when sent to San Francisco brought two dollars a pound.

### Inquiries Answered

**To Keep Rabbits from Trees.**—S. C., Wood River, Neb. Probably the best remedy for keeping rabbits from eating peach or other trees is to give them a coating of soft soap mixed with a little quicklime as high as the rabbits are liable to reach; mix it into a stiff paint and apply with a brush. If a little Paris green is added it may possibly be better, but rabbits are very dainty and will not bite wood that is covered with soft soap.

**Seedlings.**—S. F. F., Carthage, N. C. Directions for planting peach and cherry seeds were given in a recent issue of the FARM AND FIRESIDE, which will probably reach you before you see this answer. Persimmon and magnolia seed should be mixed with sand and wintered over buried in the ground outdoors. It is desirable that they freeze a little during the winter. Plant in the spring. Walnuts may be planted in the autumn, but I think it generally safer to make them into small piles, say two or three bushels in the pile, and cover them with sod turned bottom upward, and plant them in the spring.

**Seedlings.**—G. G., Dickens, Iowa. Box-elder and white-ash seed need not be frozen during the winter, but the best way of caring for them is to lay them upon the surface of the hard ground two or three inches deep and cover them with a box. If you have a large quantity of them the best way for you to do would be to spread them upon the floor, as in a barn loft, and turn them occasionally during the winter, so that there would be no chance of their molding. Soft-maple and elm seed should be planted as soon as it matures; this will be some time during the early part of May or the first of June. This applies to both rock-elm and white elm, but the red-elm seed should be mixed with sand and kept over to be planted the following spring, as it does not germinate until the year after it ripens.

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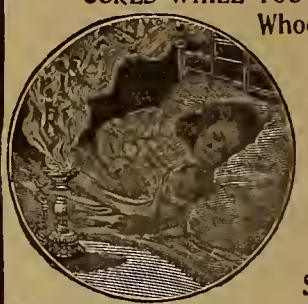
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### Tarred Paper as Winter Protection

TARRED paper (also known as "roofing-paper" or "felt") is cheap and convenient for protecting against cold in winter. A cheap coop may be built with it, and double walls (dead-air space) provided. One plan is to erect a frame, brace it well against the corners, use cheap, half-inch siding for the walls and roof, and cover the outside with tarred paper, well tacked on, finishing with a covering of cheap paint. Another mode is to make a frame of one-by-two-inch shingle-lath, using two-by-four-inch scantling for the corners, and lath the outside, laying the tarred paper over the lath and painting as before. Then paper the coop inside for both methods, using lath to lay the paper on; but the laths may be a foot apart, which will allow of but small expense in that direction. This gives a dead-air space, prevents drafts and renders the coop very warm. The roof may also be of tarred paper laid on boards. While tarred paper is the best kind for the outside, yet a cheaper article for the inside may be found in the ordinary building-paper, which can be procured of any carpenter or dealer in such supplies at a cost of about one third per cent of a square foot, which will enable one to line a fair-sized poultry-house at an expense of about one dollar. It is not as thick as tarred paper, but much tougher and more pliable. It is somewhat waterproof, but can be made more so if given a coating of cheap varnish or linseed-oil. It will last as long as the house, and will be an excellent protection against the severe cold of winter. In the summer it may be removed if preferred.

### Prices and the Cost

High prices for broilers are paid only when the cost is high. Whenever chicks are raised with but little labor the cost is of course a small item, and the consequence is that chicks are shipped by many who only depress the market and cause the oft-repeated assertion that "poultry does not pay." But early chicks pay, however, though they pay only for that which is expended and bestowed upon them by the attendants. It is claimed again that labor is valuable in other directions, and may as well be expended in one pursuit as in another, without devoting it to early chicks. That is true; but unemployed labor is waste, and if in winter a large number of chicks can be grown for market there will be a saving of waste labor, and the wages will be trebled on account of the better prices derived for labor well bestowed. Early chicks are always salable, and it costs more to raise chicks to the weight of two pounds at twenty-five cents a pound in price than it does to raise one to a pound and with double the market price. The real difference, as is plainly apparent, is four times as much as the other. It is the cold season, the extra care, the liability of loss and the constant attendance required that make the buyer pay more, as the cost is really more.

### Perches and Lameness

The ordinary ladder-perch causes the birds to struggle to secure the top position, and much harm frequently results. The birds upon the topmost perch will also be very near the roof. If a sudden frost should come on during the night the cold will strike down on the backs of the birds, resulting in disease. The fowls upon the highest rung will also be in a draft, as the ventilation in a good house is at the top. There is another objection to this form of perch, which is that the fowls are exceedingly liable to injure themselves in flying down from the highest rungs. It is advisable to have all perches the same height and at a distance of not more than two feet from the ground, and there will be fewer lame fowls.

### Selling Fresh Eggs

To get the best prices for eggs one must not buy them to sell, but must have enough hens to supply the demand. All eggs should be collected daily and should not be allowed to remain unsold over twenty-four hours. No stale nest-eggs should be used, and every precaution must be taken that each customer may never be disappointed. When the confidence of customers is secured the matter of good prices will be settled, as the majority of persons are willing to pay an extra price when they know that the eggs purchased are fresh. No one can make a specialty of supplying fresh eggs unless he carefully avoids those eggs found in stolen nests or in out-of-the-way places. The reputation for supplying choice fresh eggs must be made, and no mistakes must occur at any time, as a single bad egg will deteriorate the whole in value. Those who pay extra high prices are not always judges of the quality of eggs, but they have faith and reliance in him who supplies them.

### Leghorns.

The Leghorn fowl is not regarded by some as a first-class table-bird, but the Leghorn has a large proportion of breast meat, and when fat is a fine fowl. The weight of a full-grown cockerel averages about five to six pounds, and a hen one pound less. One great advantage the Leghorn has over many fowls is its great hardiness, for it will thrive well in almost any location. Another point in their favor is the early age at which they attain maturity. They grow very rapidly, and cases are known where pullets have commenced to lay when but three and one half months old. The Leghorn, whether on the farm or with the amateur, is a first-class layer. It is a prolific producer of eggs in the early spring and through the summer, is thoroughly hardy, is an excellent forager and also a non-sitter. It is a very popular variety.

### Inquiries Answered

**To Make Them Lay.**—A. R. K., Mt. Clemens, Mich., writes: "What can I feed my fowls this winter so they will lay more eggs than usual?"

REPLY:—Much depends on what has been done and the mode of management. Sometimes too much food is harmful. Try cut bone, ground dried blood and lean meat.

**Colds.**—C. R. S., Grove City, Pa., writes: "I have some chickens which have a discharge from the nostrils, and seem to snuffle a great deal. What shall I do for them?"

REPLY:—It is possible that there is a cold draft of air coming on them at night. Force one or two drops of camphorated oil into each nostril once a day. It may be done with a small sewing-machine oil-can.

**Keeping Turkey-eggs.**—J. L. C., Salesville, Mont., writes: "Perfect weather here has induced my turkeys to lay. Can I keep the eggs for hatching, by any process, until spring?"

REPLY:—It is doubtful if there is any process which will prove successful in enabling you to keep the eggs for so long a period with satisfactory results in hatching.

**Fowls Dying.**—M. E. R., Plateau, Cal., writes: "My fowls become very sleepy, then cannot stand, and die in twenty-four hours. They have free range on alfalfa and in the woods, and are fed one quart of wheat morning and night to thirty-four hens."

REPLY:—It is difficult to assign a cause without more details. They should not be fed grain if on a good range, as they may become apoplectic. It would be well to look carefully for the large lice on the heads and bodies, as the symptoms indicate such difficulty.

**Brown Leghorns Ailing.**—L. B., Battle Creek, Mich., writes: "I have some Brown Leghorns that will not eat. They are humped up, and fall over dead after running. They have been very closely confined, being fed oats, wheat and some vegetables. Have now given free range."

REPLY:—Brown Leghorns do not thrive so well as some breeds when confined. Examine closely for large lice (not the mites), and vary the food, allowing meat and cut bone; also a mess of ground oats, three parts, and linseed-meal, one part, every other day. The free range should improve them.

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Questions from regular subscribers of FARM AND FIRESIDE relating to matters of general interest will be answered in these columns free of charge. Querists desiring immediate replies, or asking information upon matters of personal interest only, should inclose stamps for return postage. The full name and post-office address of the inquirer should accompany each query, in order that we may answer by mail if necessary. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Queries should not be written on paper containing matters of business, and should be written on one side of the paper only.

**Baking-powder.**—J. H., Knapp Creek, N. Y. Take one pound of pure bicarbonate of soda, and mix and sift thoroughly with two pounds of pure cream of tartar. This can be diluted with starch. The secret of success is in perfect mixing. Fine sieves are used in the process, and the soda and cream of tartar are so intimately mixed that there is not a particle of one without a particle of the other.

**Pruning the Clematis.**—K. M., Gratiot, Ohio, writes: "Please tell me how to treat a clematis. Some tell me to cut the top off every fall, others tell me to let the top remain."

**REPLY:**—There are two classes of the climbing clematis, each containing a number of varieties. Those of the first class bloom in early spring and summer, and flower from year-old ripened wood. They therefore should not be cut back in winter if flowers are desired the following season. Varieties of the second class flower from the young summer growth, and bloom in late summer and in the autumn. These can be thinned and pruned to advantage in winter and spring.

## VETERINARY

CONDUCTED BY DR. H. J. DETMERS

To regular subscribers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two WEEKS before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Veterinary queries should be sent directly to Dr. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

**NOTE.**—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered.

**Garget.**—C. B. McQ., Irouton, Ohio. Frequent and most thorough milking by which all the clots are broken up and milked out constitutes the remedy.

**Cause of Death.**—L. B., Selden, Kan. It was not the rolling over of your cow that killed her or caused her death, but most likely the eating of too much food altogether too rich in indigestible cellulose (woody fiber).

**Lame in the Front Foot.**—L. I. T., Boyne, Mich. Please consult article headed "Spavin, Ring-bone and Navicular Disease" in the FARM AND FIRESIDE of December 1, 1900, and of November 1, 1901.

**Garget.**—A. S., Carrollton, Md. What you describe is a case of garget. Unless it is already too late your cow will recover and again produce normal milk if you have her often and more thoroughly milked, and at the same time have her kept on a clean and dry floor.

**Probably Choked.**—G. W. D., South Prairie, Wash. Your sow, it seems, was choked by too large a piece of solid food getting stuck in the gullet. Since she lived twenty-four hours it is possible that she might have been saved if attended to in time.

**Paraplegia.**—F. M. S., Paxton, Ill. Your very incomplete description indicates paraplegia, or incomplete paralysis in the hind quarters. If the seat is in the spinal cord (genuine paraplegia), as is very likely the case, the prognosis will be very unfavorable and a treatment will be as good as useless.

**Ring-bone.**—B. M., Hastings, Neb. The morbid process and the treatment of ring-bone are the same as of spavin, but the prognosis on the whole is not quite so favorable as that of the latter disease, and in your case the prognosis is rendered still more unfavorable by the fact that your horse has been unsuccessfully treated before. For further information please consult the FARM AND FIRESIDE of November 1, 1901.

**Veterinary Schools.**—R. E. S., Monica, Ill. There are so many veterinary schools—about twice as many as needed—in the United States that it might be unjust to others to pick out a single one as the best. As to terms, etc., I cannot inform you because I am not in possession of the catalogues. Besides this, it is too late in the season to enter any one of them this year. I expect that this answer will bring you quite a number of catalogues, and then you may choose for yourself.

**Lice.**—J. H. R., Mannington, W. Va. I do not know that such a remedy against lice as you describe was recommended three years ago, or at any other time, in the FARM AND FIRESIDE. May it be possible that you mean Persian insect-powder? But the genuine article is neither black nor dark brown, does not stick to the hauds, and has not what

I would call an offensive smell. It is very effective if genuine and not too old. The main point in freeing domestic animals from lice consists in cleaning and also disinfesting the stables or premises in which the animals are housed or sheltered during the winter.

**Diseased Lungs.**—V. W. J., Smithfield, Texas. All that can be learned from your communication is that your cow suffers from diseased lungs, but whether the disease is tuberculosis or not cannot be ascertained from your brief description. This question, however, can very likely be decided by a careful physical examination (auscultation and percussion) of the chest, because your cow, of which you say that she breathes very hard and is falling off in flesh, must be already in an advanced stage of the disease, no matter what the nature of the same may be. A tuberculin test, therefore, will hardly be necessary.

**Desires to Winter a Horse at the Least Expense.**—C. R. M., Calamine, Wis. What you desire you can best accomplish if you put your horse first into the best condition as to flesh and see to it that the same is during the winter as well as possible protected against the inclemency of a Wisconsin winter. By following the above advice you will save a large amount of food, and, besides this, will find your horse in a good and serviceable condition in the spring. On the other hand, if you starve your horse in the fall or subject the same to the inclemencies of the weather you will need an immense amount of food, because a great deal will be consumed by the animal for fuel or to keep warm, and you will have a poor and unserviceable horse in the spring, or perhaps no horse at all.

**Swelled Leg.**—A. R. V. D., Freeport, Pa. First ascertain if there are any small sores, so-called scratches, on the lower part of the leg, especially below the fetlock. If there are, bring them to healing by making twice a day a liberal application of a mixture of liquid subacetate of lead, one part, and olive-oil, three parts, to all of them. This done, or if there are no sores, exercise the horse in the daytime, give the swelled leg a good rubbing either with the hand or with a woolen rag, and then apply a bandage of woolen flannel of sufficient length and about three inches wide. Begin bandaging at the hoof and make every turn as smooth as possible; keep the bandage on until morning, then remove it, give the leg again a good rubbing, the same as in the evening, and exercise the horse during the day. Repeat and continue this treatment every day until the swelling is permanently removed or until you find that no more reduction can be effected.

**Poll-evil.**—S. S., Emporia, Kan. Since the poll-evil of your horse is of long standing, and undoubtedly a complicated affair in consequence of much unsuccessful treatment, it will be impossible to give you from a distance and without any examination of the case such directions for treatment as will meet all the necessary requirements of the case as it is now, especially as the treatment will have to be begun with a more or less complicated surgical operation, to be performed by a good surgeon perfectly familiar with the anatomy of the parts in question. Therefore, if you do not wish to lose your horse, I most decidedly advise you to intrust the treatment to nobody but a competent veterinarian. A poll-evil, like any other fistula, can never be brought to a permanent healing unless first a perfectly free and complete discharge of every particle of pus from every part, bottom or lowest point of every fistulous canal or abscess is secured by a surgical operation providing suitable lower openings. If then the callous or degenerated walls of every fistulous canal or abscess are destroyed by means of suitable caustics—sulphate of copper, for instance—nothing will interfere with the process of healing if only the wounds will be kept clean and aseptic. Any use of blisters and liniments is uncalled for and can only do harm.

**Broken Wind, or Roaring.**—O. M., Sabina, Ohio. Broken wind is the more general term, signifying a chronic, feverless and incurable difficulty of breathing without reference to the cause, while roaring means a difficulty of breathing caused by an obstruction in the respiratory passages and attended at each respiration, especially when the horse is exercised, with a plainly audible roaring, grunting or whistling sound, which becomes the louder and the more distressing the more severe or the longer continued the exercise, so that in severe cases the difficulty of breathing not seldom becomes so great as to threaten to terminate in suffocation. The roaring sound and the distress gradually, and nearly always in a short time, disappear after the exercise is discontinued, and as a rule nothing abnormal can be heard or observed when the horse is, and has been for some time, say half an hour, at perfect rest. Still a close and critical examination, even if made while the horse is at rest, will usually reveal the true condition, and some more or less sharp exercise will always bring on the roaring. Whether or not the roaring can be stopped by a surgical operation depends upon the nature and the seat of the cause; but where indicated the operation should be intrusted only to an expert surgeon. I cannot tell you the cost because there is no fixed price.



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*Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged.*—Dr. Manasseh Cutler.

## Current Comment

**Nemesis** To the highly imaginative and poetic Greek of ancient times that which we call Retribution was pictured as a youthful maiden. Hesiod tells us that she was the daughter of night—Nemesis. She was the companion of Fortune, who carelessly scattered her gifts on mankind. Did one grasp all, then he lost all. Did he snatch happiness from his brother, then Nemesis appeared and in turn swept from him his choicest pleasure. Purity, innocence, high-mindedness fall before the baseness, cunning, envy, hate, intrigue, so the world recks, but Nemesis appears on the scene, and lo, all is made to do honor to the eternal principles that are co-existent with the world's formation. Intriguing Haman builds a gallows for the noble Mordecai, and is himself hanged thereon. Ahasuerus, standing before the door of his workshop as the Lord staggers by bearing his heavy cross, refuses with curses the plea for a drink of water. On Ahasuerus is pronounced the doom that he shall wander forever up and down the earth seeking death, but finding it not. Popular imagination pictures him as yet an outcast from happiness, a wanderer from home. Shylock exacts a whimsical bond of a pound of flesh cut from nearest the heart of the man he hates, the noble Antonio. The wrath that he would call down by due process of law on Antonio, by the same process of law is visited on him by the confiscation of his property. "You take my life," exclaimed the miser, "when you do take the means whereby I live."

Clarence, forgetful of his oath to the House of Lancaster, murders the noble king, and proclaims his brother ruler in his stead. Cast in prison by this same brother at the instigation of another brother, Richard III., he suffers such qualms of conscience that he calls his keeper to watch with him.

"I would not spend another such a night, Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days, So full of dismal terror was the time!"

The Nemesis of conscience was followed quick by the Nemesis of death. The news of the death of Clarence is such a shock to the weak king that he dies soon after in an agony of fear of God's justice not on himself alone, but his House. The head of the faction, Hastings, is murdered at the instigation of Buckingham, and Buckingham's head soon falls in the same basket. Above all this undercurrent of intrigue and avenging Nemesis looms the arch-villain Richard. At last, after swimming through a sea of blood, destroying his enemies by ruthless murder, cutting down those who would be friends, and retaining the false, at last, his will unconquered, his desire and courage to do ill indomitable, yet forced to slumber on the eve of battle, the ghosts of those he had so foully murdered appear to him and frenzy him with their accusations. In his agony of despair he cries:

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale, And every tale condemns me for a villain. Perjury, perjury in the highest degree; Murder, stern murder in the direst degree; All several sins, all used in each degree, Throng to the bar, crying all, 'Guilty! Guilty!' I shall despair. There is no creature loves me. And if I die no soul shall pity me.

By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers Armed in proof."

His spirit frenzied and distraught by the apparitions Nemesis has conjured up, he meets a just defeat and merited death on the field of battle.

George III., rioting in fast living, taxing the colonies to support him in his lewd magnificence, scorning their petitions, ignoring their prayers for justice, is doomed by Nemesis to lose the

brightest jewel in his crown. Tammany, thriving on bribery, corrupting the fountains of justice, exacting tribute from high and low, Tammany, too, has her Nemesis. Here is a man imprisoned; there another who lived on the perquisites of office, forced to perform some useful labor in society. Vice is held up to view in all its hideousness.

Iba Sotaro, a logical-utilitarian, proceeding on the assumption that the rights of the individual are sukk in those of the state, willing to sacrifice his own life that society may be bettered, warns a base politician, Hoshi Toru, that if he does not reform within a year he will remove him by death. The year ends, but not so the corruption of Hoshi Toru. Iba Sotaro kills him in the interest of humanity, and is in turn imprisoned for life. This will mean little to the noble though mistaken Sotaro. His Nemesis will be the ever-recurring fact that the society he would save by the removal of one wicked person suffers by numerous repetitions of his deed done under cover of his name. His crime against high heaven will call to him from every gapping wound of every victim that must of necessity fall. And when the terrible realization of the truth that there is a higher law than that which we can perceive governing the state, Nemesis will indeed find a fearful satisfaction in the heart of the disinterested but mistaken Sotaro. The name of the assassin of our statesman President will be execrated whenever spoken. While we, who by our silence, ignorance, indifference and selfishness have permitted conditions unrebuked to arise that have made this execrable deed possible, have felt, are feeling and will feel yet more, the avenging fury of a stern, unforgetting, unforgiving, unmistakable Nemesis.

**Nemesis and Daily Conduct** The avenging Nemesis comes not alone to those marked by fate as the

high and mighty of the earth. She impartially visits each. We plant our fields and neglect cultivation. Nemesis gives us a harvest of tares. The man who made his talents yield an increase, who partook of the labors of society, received a recompense of yet other talents, while he who used not the talent given him was visited by the just wrath of an unerring Nemesis. A man and woman pass their active days selfishly. They are not helpful factors in society; they display a cross, crabbed disposition in the family; their mental and physical energy is entirely engaged in laying up dollars. They neglect the finer graces of the mind, all forgetful of the evil day that their observation tells them comes to all. They hope to cheat time, fate and the logic of events. Old age comes, and with it Nemesis, hovering over them and taunting their decrepitude with tantalizing possibilities of the "might-have-been." Having yielded no thought to society, society in turn is forgetful of them. Shut off from the active duties of life by the infirmities incident to old age, and equally deprived of the delights of a period of retrospection and self-culture by a lifetime neglect of the mental and spiritual life, they pass their infirm days in remorse and wretchedness. The selfish, crabbed, denying spirit displayed toward their children finds reflection in them when the parents, in the turn of events, become dependent on the love and care of the children. They would drive Nemesis from them, but she is ever present, ever avenging. Pitiable indeed were their condition were it the result of noble, heroic self-sacrifice. Contemptible is it as the result of ignorance that could have been avoided, selfishness that might have been overcome, indifference that was inexcusable. A dishonest man is suspicious of all whom he meets, and is in turn distrusted by his neighbors. A biting, bitter tongue stings itself. Thus throughout life we find "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." "Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap."

**Nemesis and the Farmer** Is it not apparent that all consequences are the logical outcome of contributing causes? A man neglects his business and poverty stares him in the face. He neglects duty's call to defend with his best thought the honor and

integrity of his country. He drifts along day by day, forgetful of aught save the narrow boundaries of his daily life, until at last Nemesis rudely shakes his equanimity and self-satisfaction with the thought that his labor is for another, not himself; that he is not reaping a just recompense for the labor and time consumed. He flies accusingly at Providence. The answer is hurled back that he has no one to accuse but himself; that he himself, by virtue of neglect, indifference and bigoted selfishness, has brought upon himself the conditions of which he complains. Unscrupulous persons have made use of his indifference and neglect to intrench themselves so firmly in the affairs of the state as to levy tribute from him and humanity. In vain he cries "fraud," "guilt," "treason." The cry rebounds on himself. He cannot escape the accusing voice, "Hadst thou done thy duty these things would not have been."

**A Way to Help** While we must suffer the punishment of our own misdeeds we may mitigate the severity and avoid the future penalties by setting about bravely to repair the wrong that has been done. It will take time, thought, unflinching self-sacrifice, an undaunted will and indomitable courage to overcome the evils that have slowly fastened themselves upon us. But men and women are found who are willing to make the sacrifice. They are fighting nobly, each in his own sphere and his own class. Their community of interests is identical; they recognize the interdependence of human action. The city has its civic reform clubs, the country has the grange. Each in its own way is doing a noble work; each is accomplishing such results that warrant them in crying "God is with us." Each could, and would, accomplish yet more if every man and woman anxious for the best interests of his home and country would unite with them. The grange is gathering into its fold these workers. There is room for more. So long as there is a wrong to right, so long as there is an injustice to be overcome, so long will the grange grow in power and availability for service.

You who are hopeful of the best there is in humanity; who desire to help, and not content yourself in useless mutterings; who are determined from this day forth to use the talents God has given you to further the cause of justice and truth and righteousness, put your shoulder to the wheel and push. You will be surprised at the multitude of avenues that will open to you for making this a lovelier, purer place in which to live; and you will joy in the service, because you will be making an atonement for past neglect, and preparing a nobler sphere for yourself.

"Show your faith by your works." The grange is the only national organization through which the farmer can exercise his power. Unite with us. Its cause is yours; its victory will you share in. Help to make it glorious.

**Why is it?** It is a mystery to many why the farmers, who might wield so large an influence in shaping the destinies of our country, do not organize. "Why is it," ask they, "that the farmers, representing such a large per cent of the population and of the wealth of the land, who see on all sides evidences of the power that comes only by organization, why is it that they who have so much to gain by combining their forces do not so unite? Why is it that they submit to discriminations which they all unite in saying are made against them, when by uniting their forces they might overcome them? With power so easily obtained, why do they not avail themselves of it?" These are the questions that come to us not only from the farmers, but from other classes. The grange labors in season and out of season to unite the farmers: Wherever a community displays a desire for a grange, organizers are sent to effect an organization. All are agreed that the concessions that have been granted agriculture are due largely to the grange. It is non-partisan and non-sectarian, so that it does not interfere with any man's predilections in these matters. It is broad and catholic in its declaration of principles. It labors for the best educational and financial interests of the farmer.



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## WHAT AN AMERICAN SAW IN HINDUSTAN

BY ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS

The FIRST time I really came in contact with caste was on the train as we were going "up country." As we stopped at one of the stations a poor beggar came to the car window and asked an alms. He was hungry; I knew that from his appearance. Hastily opening my tiffin-basket I offered him some of my lunch. Never shall I forget the look of utter scorn which he cast upon me. Touch that cooked food! Not he! He would lose caste if he did. He would far rather starve than do that, for if he lost his life while keeping his caste great would be his reward in the happy Bahisht; but if he save his life and lose his caste he would gain nothing, not even his life, and he would receive most terrible punishments from the gods, the worst of which would be that in a subsequent life he would be born a woman. Could any indignity be greater?

Among no other nation was caste ever observed with such strictness or enforced by such severe penalties as among these Hindus. From birth to the funeral-pile it directs every movement. At home or abroad, by day and by night, in eating or drinking, in waking and sleeping, in all the customs of the society in which he moves and in the events determining his entire life, the Hindu is always under its pervading influence.

Indian caste is derived from birth alone. It cannot be transferred from one class to another. It cannot be gained as a reward of merit or bestowed as an honorary title by the most powerful monarch. And what appeared to me utterly remarkable was that the lowest and most degraded, even those who are spurned from the temples, are as great sticklers for this institution of caste as the highest.

Originally there were but four castes—priests, warriors, artisans and slaves. The first, or Brahmins, are supposed to have sprung from the mouth of Brahma; the Kshatriyas from his arms; the Vaisyas from his thighs, and the Sudras from his feet. These original four castes have divided and subdivided and redivided until each little craft and profession constitutes a caste.

The more lucrative the trade, the more jealously is it guarded; the priests have carefully guarded their own claims while circumscribing those of the other classes. They have given a sacred coloring to the system, twining and intertwining into the warp and woof of the whole the religious idea, from which it is impossible for the Hindu to extricate himself. Consequently, the priests as a rule are wealthy.

The Brahman is called "the twice born." One of their sacred books, written after the division of the Hindus into castes, declares, "Whatever exists in the universe is all the property of the Brahman, for the Brahman is entitled to all by his superiority and eminence of birth." "If a man of one birth makes mention in an insulting manner of the name of a Brahman, a red-hot iron ten fingers long should be thrust into his mouth."

There are ten thousand different castes at the present time in India, and the members of one caste must not under any consideration do the work of another caste. Every child must be or do exactly as the father was or did before him, and there can be no deviation from this rule.

Members of one caste are strictly forbidden from marrying those of another caste. This often necessitates the marriage of near relatives, and is the cause of the infant betrothals. Caste system prevented the full development of the marriage ceremony. Little girls, indeed tiny babies, are betrothed to full-grown men; it is all right so long as they belong to the same caste. The advocates of the caste system maintain that these little girls must be betrothed, lest they grow up and marry outside their caste.

We saw the pitiless injustice of this entire system all the time we remained in India. In some of the cities and villages there would be many more bishtis (water-carriers) than could obtain work, yet those out of work in their especial calling were not permitted to do anything else. Frequently several brothers with their families are compelled to live on the pitiful wages (one dollar and fifty cents a month) of one brother, who is fortunate enough to have work. (The sons all bring their brides to their father's house and give their earnings into his keeping.)

Many times there are too many "dhobies" to do the washing for the mohallah, but they must not work in a garden, oh no; not even their own garden, if they have one. They have none, however; none but the farmer class are so fortunate.

One remarkable feature about their rules is that although one would lose caste if he stole, or even touched, cooked food belonging to one of a different station he may take all the uncooked food that he can lay his hands on and it will be all right.

The Hindus improved their arts, sciences and social institutions up to a certain point, and there stopped. Their These betrothals have all the force of opment of their powers, and led to a stationary civilization.

I remember one time when we were traveling in the mountains that we innocently came against the caste requirements. We had started out at midnight, to avoid the intense heat of the sun. The coolies who carried our bundles and "dandis" had eaten nothing until noon the next day, when we all stopped to rest and eat lunch. We selected a delightful spot on the bank of a clear mountain stream. We had English biscuits, Chicago tinned beef, California fruits and India bread, butter, tea and bananas. The coolies had "chupatties," and chupatties alone.

After we had finished our repast we went to call the coolies. They were seated in what we would call an extremely dirty place, evidently a favorite resort of the cattle; in fact, a friendly cow was at that time putting her nose in some of the uncooked pancake-dough. They seemed to feel it a great concession on the part of this sacred animal that she should be so friendly to them. We noticed that these coolies had drawn the magic circle around themselves. As we approached they arose in a mass, and with frantic gestures waved us back. They explained to us afterward that if our shadow had touched that caste circle their food would be polluted and would have had to be entirely thrown away.

In one of the mission schools there is a little girl who was cast out from home because she had eaten a piece of chupatty which had been given her by a woman who belonged to another caste. When found by the Missionary Memsahiba she was sobbing bitterly. The missionary knew her, for she had attended one of the mission schools. She went to the mother and asked her to take her little starving daughter back into her home. The mother, with tears raining down her cheeks, said, "I dare not. Our entire family would be outcasts if I did. You take her and teach her to be a Christian; I hear that there are no caste lines among your people." Piari is a bright child, and is tenderly cared for by the missionary. She will undoubtedly be a missionary to her own people when she is grown.

## Xmas Gift for Men

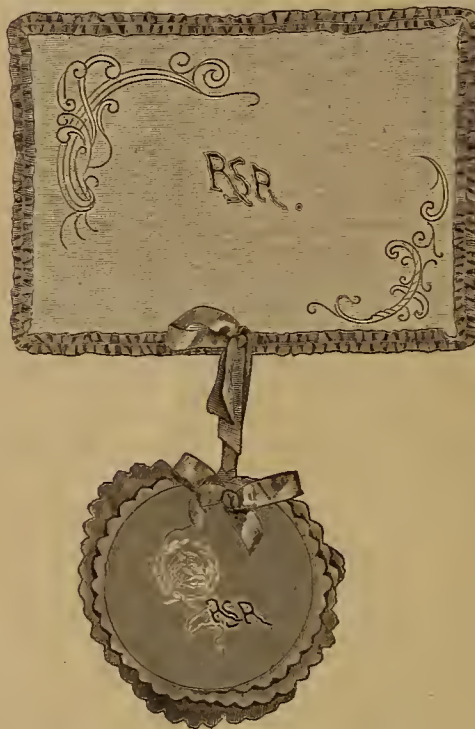
No matter how luxurious a woman's belongings may be, there always seems to be something left which will make an acceptable and appropriate remembrance for her. Some attractive device, while not necessarily handsome, will have at least an air of femininity about it that always appeals to an appreciative and beauty-loving woman.

But alas! how different with a man; one may rack one's brain, spend sleep-

less nights and restless days, saying, "What trifle can I make that will be appreciated by any of the cousins or brothers or friends who, like the poor, are always with me when I make out my Christmas list."

For any one in such a predicament I want to suggest the shaving-case and mat for utensils as shown in the illustration. The cover of the case is made of a circular piece of black cardboard, and being for a Princeton man is decorated with a tiger's head; the initials are in orange and raised gold. The paper for it is cut in a circle one half inch wider than the pasteboard cover, and is of orange and black tissue-paper having pinked edges. The paper is fastened to the cover with a brad, and suspended by orange and black ribbons.

The mat is of rubber cloth, and is fourteen by twenty inches, although the size may be entirely governed by individual taste. It is finished by a double quilting of orange and black



ribbon and decorated with a running scroll design in black and white, which may be omitted if one is not accustomed to using the brush. The initials in the center correspond to that in the shaving-case, and are painted in orange and raised gold. The advantage of the rubber cloth is obvious, for it can be rubbed off with a damp cloth, and remains fresh and new-looking for an indefinite period.

The towels to accompany this little outfit should be three in number, made of the softest quality of bird's-eye, with hemstitched ends, and the initials done in cross-stitch with white cotton or in orange with wash-silk. If one's friends live far enough apart then this suggestion will answer for several of them, as it is sure to be acceptable, shows care and thought in the preparation and is undeniably useful.

ALICE WINWOOD ANTHONY.

## For the Children's Christmas

Among the myriad happy childish faces that greet one's vision during the joyous Christmas time one notes here and there a small, sad countenance that tells the story of its possessor's disappointment even before the small voice pipes, shrilly, "Wese didn't git no Chrismus presents!"

It is hard enough at any time to see a little child sad and unhappy, but it is particularly so at Christmas, when children are specially gay and light-hearted, and merrymaking and festivity are universal. It seems that their little hearts might be gladdened by at least one gift when so many things can be contrived from comparatively simple and inexpensive materials, things, too, that will please any child and help it to spend happily and contentedly many an otherwise sad and lonely hour.

When dolls can be constructed from "corn-cobs" and "clothes-pins" it seems that every mother's tot might have one. For the "corn-cob doll" select five cobs—one large cob, two medium-sized cobs and two pop-corn cobs. Now procure five common wire hair-pins. Push one of the hair-pins into the pith at the larger end of each of the four small cobs, press the points together, and push down firmly until but one fourth of an inch is left, thus forming a strong

wire loop. Now take the two larger cobs and hang them by these loops to the fifth hair-pin, which must now be pushed firmly into the larger end of the largest cob; these form the doll's legs, which move quite naturally. Next make a hole clear through the largest cob, from side to side, about three inches from the top; pass a strong cord through the wire loop of one of the pop-corn cobs, run it through the hole in the body cob into the loop of the pop-corn cob, then back again through the hole, then tie the ends firmly together. This finishes the body of the doll, whose arms and legs swing very naturally. To make the face, draw a piece of muslin (white) over the upper part of the cob, sewing it firmly just above the arms. Paint the features or draw them with ink. Make a pair of trousers, slip them over his legs and fasten firmly about his body. A strip of light-colored print (preferably pink and white) drawn smoothly around him and fastened in the back forms his shirt. Make a loose coat with sleeves, slip it on and fasten only at the neck. Add a bright-colored necktie and you have "Master Cob" completed.

The clothes-pin doll is more simply constructed. Put around the head of a common clothes-pin several bits of white cotton. The eyes, nose and mouth may be stitched on with colored thread or drawn with pen and ink. Make a Mother Hubbard slip of bright calico or Turkey red and tie baby ribbon around the neck and waist. Make a cape with a hood, which may be adorned with lace and baby-ribbon bows or left plain. A white skirt may be added if desired. Or, more simple still, overstretch the edges of a piece of cotton wadding with bright-colored yarn, draw it over the head and down over the whole pin, cutting it off at the bottom to form a skirt or cloak. It may be gotten up simply or artistically, according to one's time and inclination.

There is no reason why Miss Dolly should not be comfortably and luxuriously lodged when charming, dainty beds and cradles can be contrived from boxes, baskets, cocoanut-shells and the like. For the box bedstead secure a strong pasteboard box; the box forms the bed, and the lid to which it is fastened the high back. The mattress should be made exactly like a real one, the sheets and pillow-cases hemstitched and the spread embroidered; the back valance, curtains and lining should be of dotted mull.

For the basket bed procure a nice, smooth, five-pound grape-basket. Remove the handle and replace one third of the way from the top. Line the basket neatly with silkoline or cheese-cloth and wind the handle with a strip of the same and again with narrow ribbon, ending with a bow at each side of the handle. Put a ruffle edged with narrow lace around the outside of the basket, inclose the short end by fastening a canopy of the material used to the handle and the edge of the basket, and fasten lace-edged curtains to the top of the handle, drawing it either side, where they may be tied with ribbon. Now cover a piece of pasteboard to fit the bottom of the basket and the bed is ready for the mattress, pillows and the other necessities.

Box bed No. 2 is rather more pretentious than those already described, and has for a companion-piece a dresser, also manufactured from a box. The bed requires a box about twenty-two inches long, eight inches wide and six inches deep, and a set of small casters should be fastened to each of its four corners. These can be bought very cheaply. It should now be varnished with furniture-varnish to which has been added a small portion of walnut-stain. When dry nail two pieces of lath eighteen inches high to each corner of the head, to be used as a support for the canopy. The mattress should be of gay, striped goods and filled with excelsior; the pillows should follow the same outline. The sheets, pillow-cases, spreads, etc., can be made as plainly or elaborately as one desires, and the curtains may be of cheese-cloth, dotted mull, silkoline, cretonne or whatever suits one best. The dresser is made from a box twelve inches square, with two shelves fitted to it; the top is covered with white marbled oil-cloth, and



the open front and sides with either Turkey-red cloth, cretonne or silkoline, as desired. It would be well, however, to have the bed and dresser trimmings match. A small easel looking-glass, pincushion and bottles of perfumery should be added; also any small toilet article one may desire.

For a fairy cradle take a large cocoanut-shell, thoroughly clean it, then carefully saw it through the middle lengthwise until a little more than half is sawed through, then turn and saw it across the top from side to side, leaving the piece on the top at the end of the cradle for a canopy. Or it may be sawed completely in half lengthwise, one of the halves again sawed through, and one of the pieces glued in place for the canopy. The meat should be thoroughly scraped out and the shell left until perfectly dry, after which cut two neat semicircles of wood from an old cigar-box and glue them fast to the sides of the shell for rockers. Go over all with a thick coat of varnish, and while this is still "sticky" dust the rockers and the entire outside and edges of the cradle very thickly with diamond gold paint. This gives it a brilliant, glittering, golden finish. It should now be set aside for several days to thoroughly dry and harden. Make a piece of wadding to fit the inside of the cradle canopy and all, cover with a piece of rose-colored silk or satin, quilt in small diamonds, edge all around with fine Valenciennes lace and gum it fast to the inside of the cradle and canopy. Make a tiny pillow, and cover with a pillow-slip edged with fine lace; then make two little sheets to match, and a rose-silk counterpane edged with lace, which completes the fairy cradle. If one desires to make it still prettier tiny curtains of rose silk edged with lace may be gummed on top of the canopy and gracefully draped at the sides.

I wonder if the small woman has ever thought of "feathers" as a means of replenishing Miss Dolly's wardrobe? Let me enumerate some of the pretty things that can be contrived: A feather toque, a boa and muff, a feather fan, a plume for Miss Dolly's hat, and bands of feather trimmings for her jacket. For the last the feathers of the guinea-fowl are lovely, making a prettier trimming than chinchilla, which it somewhat resembles. Feathers are always easy to obtain, and especially so during the holidays, when so many fowls are killed. If among these there happens to be white ones, then Miss Dolly may be arrayed most gorgeously, for with a few dyes the white feathers may be made to take on most lovely hues.

MILLIE LOWN HOPE.

#### The Old as Well as the Young

When Mr. Charles Tiffany, the founder of the Tiffany Company, visited the Exposition the newspapers said he was the oldest visitor that had been there, for he was ninety years old. Grandma Simons just laughed, and said, "He registered and I did not, so they don't know that I am ninety-six years old and have been to the Pan-American."

Grandma Simons went to the Centennial in Philadelphia and to the World's Fair in Chicago, and since she lives in the Pan-American city she was very much interested in going to the Exposition soon after it opened. She was taken there in a carriage, then helped into a wheel-chair, and so obtained a good general view of the buildings and grounds, the beautiful fountains and the plants. However, she was not satisfied until she was there of an evening and witnessed the grand illumination.

When the daughter or grandchildren went to the Exposition they tried to bring something home to Grandmother, for her thoughts seemed to be so much upon the Pan-American Exposition, or the memory of the other Fairs which she had attended, calling to mind the dear ones who were with her then. Somehow she seemed daily to in some way come into the enjoyment she had then. Her anticipation was as strong as that of a younger person, though her strength would have failed had she undertaken the participation.

She acknowledged that she could not walk as well as she could when at the other Fairs, but her eyesight was as good. She remembered that she did

not see any fancy work then that she could not equal or excel, and she wondered what the Pan-American had in fancy work. It was hard to impress upon her that needlework was not very prominent in the Pan-American, and that women have risen in thought.

Grandmother could certainly furnish the patchwork quilts, the sofa-pillows and the beautifully embroidered center-pieces for at least one or two county fairs if the work of her needle could be only partially gathered.

A few weeks ago Grandma Simons' daughter brought home to her one of those odd little Mexican vases which one must soak in water, then put the grass-seed outside and watch it grow.

She loves plants so well, and has her own flower-garden, though she can no longer work in it, that all the family thought the vase would please her. But in the vase she had no confidence. "That is just a waste of money," she said. "I don't like to see you throw away your money."

"Not for you?" asked the devoted daughter.

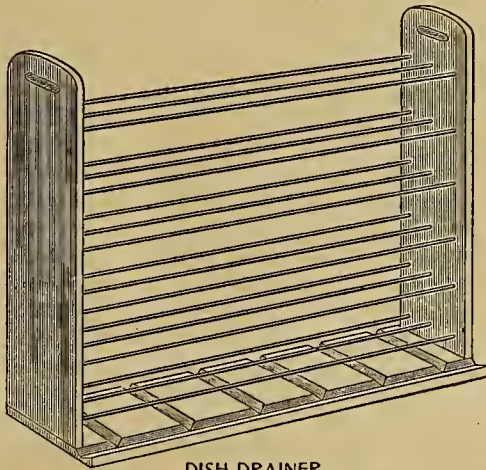
"No, not even for me."

In spite of every one telling her that in the exhibit the vases were covered with long, growing Mexican grasses she had no confidence in the project. However, her daughter followed the directions that came with the vase, soaking it and sticking the seeds outside, and in a short time the tile or crock was about hidden; and it was a curiosity—a pretty bit of green on the porch. Grandmother, with her usual dignity and good nature, now admits her mistake, and says, "If all the things at the Exposition were as much of a success as the little Mexican vase there could have been no fraud."

She was greatly amused at the stories of the many ways in which "power" was applied at the Exposition. Taking the family enthusiasm of bringing word to Grandmother, the youngest grandson came in during the Exposition and said, "You should see the 'moving pictures.'"

"Tell me about them," was Grandmother's first exclamation.

"In the Manufacturer's Building there is an innocent-looking, trumpet-shaped tube that looks like part of a megaphone, and a card labeled 'Moving



DISH-DRAINER

The description of this, by Maida McL., was published in the November 1, 1901, issue.

Pictures' hangs on it. Nearly every one who notices the label goes up to it, shuts one eye and squints close down with the other, expecting to see pictures; but they make the picture, for there is such a force of air that it blows hats from the men's heads and feathers and flowers from the ladies' hats; and so many ladies go now without hats that the ribbons and ornaments on their hair go flying if they are not fastened well. And, Grandma, to-day a lady's wig was blown clear out of her reach, and she was so frightened that she screamed, and somehow her teeth fell out, so she furnished the pictures that time."

"Well, I should think from your tell," said Grandmother, "that there are some things at the Exposition that are 'light as air.'"

Nothing in relation to the Exposition interests Grandma Simons as much as does the "Mission Building." That was the very last place visited by President McKinley before he went to the Temple of Music on that fateful Friday. The pretty, quaint, little Mission Building, modeled after the Spanish mission houses in California, had one part furnished and decorated as a chapel; the stained-glass windows were not old,

though the paintings were from old masters. One window had Elijah, another Solomon, another the Queen of Sheba; one window was allegorical, and had Truth for the name. A wee organ or aeolian was in the high loft, through the arch of which was the exhibit of a large wall-paper manufacturer. The pretty room up-stairs looked into an open court; there were no windows, or at least no glass in the windows, but vines grew over the open places, and flowering plants made a simple but beautiful drapery. After viewing the rare windows in the chapel Mr. Birge invited the President and the gentlemen who had accompanied him in the carriage to go up the private stairway and sit for a few moments in the quaint, foreign-looking room. This the four gentlemen did, and the President settled back in an easy-chair comfortable and happy it seemed. After a few moments it would be time (in less than ten minutes) for them to go to that last reception. One of the gentlemen, feeling that it was a pity to disturb the President so soon, said, "I am sorry we have planned for this last hand-shaking; I am afraid you are tired, as you have done so much in a social way all the days of your being with us."

The President spoke up quickly, "No, do not say you are sorry; I am glad to meet all the people that will come. Instead of dreading it, I look forward to it with great pleasure." And so, with a kindly thought of the multitude that would love to meet the President, and could tell it to their children's children that one of the pleasures of their visit to the great Exposition was being able to shake hands with the President of the United States, he went out of the Mission House to the beautiful Temple of Music, and to what so soon proved his death.

MARY JOSLYN SMITH.

#### Blackheads

These are simply dirty pores! Deny it all one may, the disgusting fact remains that the pores are not kept open by daily washings of the face with warm water and the best soap, aided by brisk, hard rubbing with a soft cloth, followed by brisk, hard rubbing with a towel. Oh, no; women who know that a greasy cloth needs soap and water and plenty of soaking, who know that perspiration is an oily fluid that seeks to escape from the system, to bring to the surface many impurities, and who know that the skin has thousands of tiny sewers whose outlets are these pores, will still cling to an inherited, ignorant whimsy that to keep the skin of the face soft and fine "cold water and no soap" must be used on the face! They "have the face" to say it; and their grimy, coarse-skinned faces attest the fact!

Some of them at fifty discover that something is the matter, but would not properly "wash" even then, but hire some shrewd woman to grease their faces and rub off the dirt and rub out the wrinkles. Every age has its wrinkles, and facial massage is largely "a wrinkle of the present age."

For a face that has accumulated dirt for fifty years a good emollient is to rub with finely bolted, wet Indian meal once a day, after softening the skin well with soapy warm water, then rinse well with warm water. To neglect rinsing the face will give color to the claim that soap and warm water roughen the skin. Here the laundress' common sense fits in to advantage. If she dried the softest muslin without rinsing out the soap it would be harsh and yellow.

Take time to rinse the face well and all will be well. The average person "has no time" to spend fifteen minutes daily bathing, rinsing and rubbing the face, yet will sit hours each month to have it massaged!

The face-sponge also is partially responsible for unclean pores, being too soft in texture to remove the hardened oil-caps to each tiny "candle" that clogs the pores. A cloth is much better, being quite soft enough and yet having a removing force that the sponge lacks entirely.

It is the cold-water face that looks coarse and reminds one of a half-washed kitchen plate. The owner of such a face may be vigorous, but not tempting to look upon.

## THE MOTHERS' COLUMN

Short articles on child-training will appear in this column from time to time, and attention will be given only to articles containing the very best ideas.

THE EDITOR.

#### A Word for "Finicky" Mothers

Repeated controversy concerning promiscuous kissing of children has not seemed to bring about the desired reform. Dainty, pretty children everywhere are pounced upon and kissed by mama's enthusiastic acquaintances and even strangers, and too often mama tamely submits to the outrage for fear of being called "finicky" or "notionary" if she objects. But one mother had the courage to "speak out" this morning in the presence of some of the kissers.

"I suppose I was very abrupt, and perhaps disagreeable," said the mother of two or three pretty children, as they came in from an outing, "but I assure you I could not help it. There is nothing that occurs to me when I am out with the children which annoys me more than to have strangers and even my most valued friends literally pounce upon the babies and cover their faces with kisses.

"Of course, I wouldn't have common sense if I didn't know that they are extra-pretty children. I have heard it ever since they were born, and I certainly ought to have learned it by heart by this time. If I didn't know it any other way I should very soon do so from the marked attention they always receive in public. But I will not allow this promiscuous kissing.

"The woman who annoyed me was a middle-aged person with the most atrocious set of teeth, or rather the remains of them, that I ever saw. Her breath was almost intolerable even at the distance which I stood from her, and I noticed that the baby turned his face in disgust.

"Of course, I hated to tell her that I never permitted strangers to kiss the children. All the same, I did it, and am not sorry. It is largely for this reason that I go out myself when the children are taken for their airing. I find that nurse-girls will not guard them against this danger, and I can't permit them to run the risk of getting all sorts of infections and diseases that I know must come from such a condition of the mouth.

"People really seem to have not the slightest idea that they are guilty of a rudeness in offering to kiss other people's children, but I consider it such notwithstanding the fact that I know I am expected to take it as a compliment; but, I assure you, I prefer such compliments omitted altogether."

P. W. HUMPHREYS.

#### Nature's Method

It is wonderful what advance the science of medicine has made in the past decade. Now consumption is to be treated by Nature's own methods. The patients are to live in tents; these are to be circular in form and are to have an open fire in the center. No matter how cold the weather, it is expected that the consumptives shall live in these tents during the entire time. They will have an abundance of felt blankets, felt sleeping-boots and a jug of hot water, and will be allowed to eat three hearty meals a day. They may have coffee for breakfast and hot chocolate at any time.

This open-air life is expected to effect a cure. The patients will have nothing of the worries of the ordinary life, and only enough of its work to cause them to sleep well at night. And they will be almost sure to sleep well, from the effects of the open air. Such a life quickly fortifies the bodily powers of these patients. It is said that the skin, hair and nails toughen and thicken, and that pulmonary catarrh stops, hemorrhages cease, and that the consumptives are entirely cured.

Nature has her own remedies for the ills to which flesh is heir, and it is our province to search them out. Could we ask her, I believe she would tell us that pure air, healthful food, absence from worry and laughter are her favorite remedies, or preventives, which amount to the same thing. We do not laugh enough. Good, hearty laughter is often of more value than twenty doses of medicine. ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.



Nobody else but me puts his name on lamp chimneys — there's mighty good reason for that.

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If you'll send your address, I'll send you the Index to Lamps and their Chimneys, to tell you what number to get for your lamp.

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**Old Men and Women Do Bless Him.**

Thousands of people come or send every year to Dr. D. M. BYE for his Balm Oil to cure them of cancer and other malignant diseases. Out of this number a great many very old people, whose ages range from seventy to one hundred years, on account of distance and infirmities of age, they send for home treatment. A free book is sent, telling what they say of the treatment. Address Dr. D. M. BYE, Co., Box 325, Indianapolis, Ind. [If not afflicted, cut this out and send it to some suffering one.]

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### Pictures for Christmas



LAST year I both gave and received pictures for Christmas. Let me tell you about them, commencing with my own giving.

I ordered my pictures through a Boston firm, selecting from a catalogue which contained a list of several hundred. They were copies of famous paintings or views of noted places. The pictures were printed on fine paper, were eight inches by five and one half inches and cost me one cent each. I purchased photograph-mounts, nine inches by seven inches, at twenty-five cents a dozen. These I selected in two shades of gray, one light and one very dark.

Each picture was surrounded by a white margin. The width of this varied, some of the engravings being oval in shape. I carefully trimmed away the white paper and mounted the pictures upon the cards, using mucilage for this purpose. The name of both picture and artist was printed on the lower edge of the sheet. This I cut off and placed on the card.

For each friend I selected something which I knew would appeal to her tastes. To a neighbor whose favorite poet is Whittier I gave a view of the Quaker poet's home at Amesbury. For my friend Belle I selected the well-known picture of St. Cecilia seated at the organ. Belle is a dear girl who cheerfully gave up her loved work in a conservatory of music to care for an invalid mother and oversee the work of a farm-house home. Upon the receipt of my little gift she wrote me, "How did you know it was a picture I had always wanted?" My pastor's wife is a sweet-faced Englishwoman whose girlhood home was near Oxford. I sent her a picture of Oxford Cathedral, slipping a bit of holly under the fastenings of the package. Among the Madonnas was one which particularly impressed my niece Maude, who chanced in while I was mounting them. Another lady who came in later lingered over this same picture, saying, "It reminds me of Maude." So the picture was given Maude not for Christmas, but as a little token of love. One I reserved for myself. It is the head of the youthful Christ from Hofmann's "In the Temple With the Doctors," and it occupies a place upon the top of a bookcase.

The pictures given me were kodak-pictures, and were mounted on cards six by five inches. There were two views of my friend's farm-house home, an outdoor view of the wondrous chrysanthemums grown by her, a country road shaded by maples, my friend and her horse, her bay-window filled with plants, a chair containing her two huge cats, and a winter landscape as the background for a child's picture. It was a beautiful gift, and seemed to bring the giver and her home close to me.

When trying to decide upon something to give your friends, remember pictures. Those are best which are your own work and also bits of your own life. If these are impracticable the others have their advantages.

HOPE DARING.

### Christmas Chimes

"Among a hundred different observances the bells are the one link that unites all Christendom into a great worshipful band on the twenty-fifth of December."

England has appropriately been called "the land of bells and bell-ringers." For nearly two centuries it has been the general custom in England to welcome Christmas with melodious bell-music. St. Paul's Cathedral chimes are rhythmical and musical.

In the great Russian city of Moscow, on the grand church festival five hundred bells ring in a magnificent, harmonious chorus. Belgium, Germany and France are also renowned for their beautiful chimes.

America has the famous chimes in Trinity Church, New York City. The historic Old North Church in Boston possesses bells which were hung in 1744 and pealed forth glorious music on the birthday of the king.

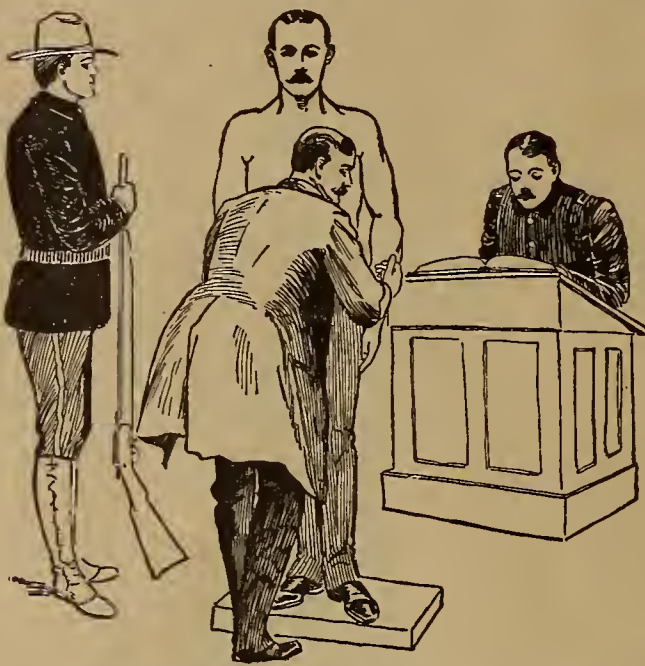
In whatever land they may dwell, a peaceful, sacred message do the bells always carry. **ADELE K. JOHNSON.**

### The United States Standard

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH

The man who seeks to enlist in the United States Army must be physically sound. There is a minimum standard of height, and men under that standard, no matter how healthy, will not be accepted. But aside from height the requirement is a sound physical condition, and this condition depends in chief upon the health of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Many a man has been rejected by the medical examiner who appeared externally to possess all the physical requirements of a good soldier. But the examiner looks below the surface. He knows when the stomach is weak, and he knows also that no man is stronger than his stomach.

Most people look upon indigestion as a discomfort rather than a disease. But



in reality indigestion or dyspepsia is the disease of all diseases. It makes other diseases possible. It involves the blood and the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys—every organ of the body.

### WEAK STOMACH WEAK MAN

That a "weak" stomach causes general physical weakness may easily be understood. Food is the staff of life. The source of all physical strength is food. But before the body can receive strength from what is eaten the food must be digested and assimilated. To convert the food eaten into nutrition is the office of the stomach and the other organs of digestion and nutrition. When the stomach is "weak" the food received into it is only partly digested and assimilated; the body loses its proper supply of nutrition and grows proportionately weak. The capacity of the stomach in its normal health and use equals the nutritive demands of the body. State that normal capacity as equal to 100. When the stomach is "weak" its capacity is reduced proportionately. It may be that ten or twenty per cent of the nutritive values of the food eaten are lost or wasted. That ten or twenty per cent of lost nutrition must then represent a ten or twenty per cent loss of physical strength.

### WHERE STRENGTH COMES FROM

Physical strength comes from food, and from food alone. If a man has enough to eat and eats enough there's no reason why he should not have a perfectly nourished and healthy body. If he is not well nourished, if he is losing weight, then the stomach is weak or diseased, whether he knows it or not. If he knows he has stomach "trouble," then he may be sure that the trouble will not stop with the stomach, but will reach out to other organs of the body dependent on the stomach for nutrition.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has restored lost health and strength to thousands of suffering men and women, because it cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and enables the building up of the body in the only way known to nature, by the assimilation of the nutrition extracted from food. "Golden Medical Discovery" makes the "weak" stomach strong, and so makes the weak man strong by perfect nutrition.

"I had been suffering from indigestion so badly that I could not work more than half the time," writes Mr. Victor L. Hayden, of Blackstone, Nottoway County, Va. "But now I can work

every day and eat anything I want. Why? Because I took Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has put new life and energy in me, restored my health and made a man of me once more. I used to weigh 170, but had gotten down to 144, now am back to 150, and will soon be back at my old weight if nothing happens. Your medicine has done it all. I cannot thank you enough for your advice, and think if it had not been for your medicine I would not have been here many years."

### A CORN-FIELD LESSON

The average person seems entirely unaware of the dependence of the several organs of the body upon the stomach for their health and strength. But if a "weak" stomach makes a weak man that weakness must be distributed among all the parts and organs which, taken as a whole, make up the physical man. The relation of the stomach to the physical organs is like the relation of the corn to the soil in which it grows. If the soil abounds in the nutrition which makes corn, then the stalk is tall, the leaves broad, the ears heavy. If the soil is poor or weak, then the corn is weak, and it is weak all over—in stalk, leaf and ear. Every part of the corn shares in the lack of nutritive elements in the soil. It's so with the stomach. When it is "weak" and there is loss of nutrition, every organ shares that loss—heart, liver, lungs, kidneys, etc.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of organs remote from the stomach when

these diseases have their origin in disease of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. In numerous cases men and women who have taken "Golden Medical Discovery" to cure disease of the stomach have been astonished to find themselves cured of diseases of heart, lungs, liver, kidneys or other organs.

"Words fail to express what I suffered for three years with cold chills, palpitation of heart, shortness of breath and low spirits," writes Mrs. A. C. Jones, of Walterboro, Colleton County, S. C. "I could not sleep, and really thought I would soon die. Had a peculiar roaring through my head all the time. Was so emaciated and weak I could not feed myself. My aunt induced me to try Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I did, only to please her, and six bottles cured me. To-day am sound and well. During the three years I was sick I had five different physicians."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery."

Don't be fooled into trading a substance for a shadow. Any substitute offered as "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery" is a shadow of that medicine. There are cures behind every claim made for the "Discovery," which no "just as good" medicine can show.

### A GUIDE TO HEALTH

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is a safe guide to sound health. It treats of health and disease in a common-sense manner and in plain English. It explains how health may be established and how it is preserved. This great work, containing more than a thousand large pages and over 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send thirty-one one-cent stamps for the cloth-bound volume, or only twenty-one stamps for the book in paper cover. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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**THE CROWELL & KIRKPATRICK CO., Springfield, O.**



## SUNDAY AFTERNOON

### Old Age to the Child

Be kind; your smile can turn to priceless gems  
Sad tears that in the eyes of others start;  
Sweet speech from you can make the angels  
sing;  
Your little hand can fill an empty heart.

Be good; and the whole world shall better be  
For one small goodness gladly given to God.  
Be beautiful; no flower the same as you  
Springs sunward from earth's breast to deck  
the sod.

Love all you can; for I am old and know  
That love alone in all the world abides;  
Song, skill, life, fail, but on the wings of God  
Love through the air we breathe forever  
rides.

—Illustrated Methodist Magazine.

### The Conversion of Constantine

**T**HIS occurred in A.D. 311, and was due to the reported vision of a cross seen by him during the night previous to his successful battle with Maxentius. Associated with Licinius in the government of the Western Empire in A.D. 311 the first edict in behalf of religious toleration in history was issued. It said:

"It seemed to us (the emperors) that amongst those things that are profitable to mankind in general, the reverence paid to the Divinity merited our first and general attention, and that it was proper that the Christians and all others should have liberty to follow that mode of religion which to each of them appeared best, so that God, who is seated in heaven, might be benign and propitious to us and to every one under our government. And, therefore, we judged it a salutary measure, and one highly consonant to right reason, that no man should be denied leave of attaching himself to the rites of Christians or to whatever other religion his mind directed him, and thus the Supreme Divinity, to whose worship we freely devote ourselves, might continue his favor and beneficence to us. And accordingly we give you to know that without regard to any conditions in our former orders concerning the Christians, all who choose that religion are to be permitted, freely and absolutely, to remain in it, and not to be in any way molested or disturbed."

The policy of persecuting Christianity had failed after three centuries of effort, in which all the resources of the empire had been employed; "often declared by imperial edict as hostile to the state, Christianity was now pronounced a necessity, and paganism, the religion of the pagans or country village, was thrown into the background."—C. H. Richardson, in Baltimore Methodist.

### The Reward of Giving

No good deed is ever forgotten. An incident is related of a little girl whose mother was a sick widow and who stopped a young man on the street and begged him to buy her chestnuts. He was poor, but could not withstand her pitiful look. He handed her a coin, and said, "I cannot use your chestnuts, but you are welcome to this." She thanked him and then hurried away. Twenty years passed. The little girl grew to womanhood and became the wife of a banker. Passing the library one day she saw a man with her husband whom she recognized as the man who years before had been kind to her. When he had gone she inquired his errand.

"He came to see if I would give him a vacant position in the bank."

"Will you?"

"I don't know."

"I wish you would," she said, and then told him the story of her poverty and the man's generosity.

The man sat that night beside his sick wife's bed, when a liveried servant brought him a note.

"We shall not starve!" he exclaimed;

"I have the position!" He opened the note and found inclosed a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar check, with the words, "In grateful remembrance of the little silver piece a kind stranger gave the little chestnut-girl twenty years ago."—The Christian Herald.

# Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

To Prove What the Great Kidney Remedy SWAMP-ROOT Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of the Farm and Fireside May Have a Sample Bottle FREE



### TO READERS OF THE FARM AND FIRESIDE:

"About 18 months ago I had a very severe spell of sickness. I was extremely sick for three weeks, and when I was finally able to leave my bed I was left with excruciating pains in my back. My water at times looked very like coffee. I could pass but little at a time, and then only after suffering great pain. My physical condition was such that I had no strength and was all run down. The doctors said my kidneys were not affected, and while I

#### Did Not Know I Had Kidney Trouble,

I somehow felt certain that my kidneys were the cause of my trouble. My sister, Mrs. C. E. Littlefield, of Lynn, advised me to give Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root a trial. I procured a bottle, and inside of three days commenced to get relief. I followed up that bottle with another, and at the completion of this one found I was completely cured. My strength returned and to-day I am as well as ever. My business is that of canvasser, I am on my feet a great deal of the time, and have to use much energy in getting around. My cure is therefore all the more remarkable, and is exceedingly gratifying to me."

117 High Rock St., Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. H. N. Wheeler

### Swamp-Root So Pleasant to Take

"You have no idea how well I feel. I am satisfied that I do not need any more medicine, as I am in as good health as I ever was in my life." So says Mrs. Mary Engelhardt, of 2835 Madison Street, St. Louis, Mo., to a reporter of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"For more than ten years I suffered with what the doctors termed female trouble; also heart trouble, with swelling of the feet and limbs. Last summer I felt so badly that I thought I had not long to live. I consulted doctor after doctor and took their medicines, but felt no better. A friend recommended me to try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and I must say I derived immense benefit almost from the first week. I continued the medicine, taking it regularly, and I am now in splendid health. The pains and aches have all gone. I have recommended Swamp-Root to all my friends, and told them what it has done for me. I will gladly answer any one who desires to write me regarding my case. I most heartily indorse Swamp-Root from every standpoint. There is such a pleasant taste to Swamp-Root, and it goes right to the weak spots and drives them out of the system."

Mrs. Mary Engelhardt

### Made a New Woman of Me

"During three years I was frequently attacked with severe spells of sickness; many of these sick spells kept me in bed, dangerously ill, from three weeks to three months, under the constant care of the best physicians of Kansas City. The doctors never told me I had anything the matter of my kidneys, but I did not know for sure.

"Some doctors pronounced my case gall stones, and said I could not live without a surgical operation, to which I would never consent. A friend suggested I try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. I began to take Swamp-Root regularly, and when I had used only three fifty-cent bottles I felt fine and was able to do more work than I had done in four years. It has made a new woman of me. I have had only one slight attack since I began to take Swamp-Root, and that was caused by being drenched with rain and catching cold. Stomach trouble had bothered me for years and had become chronic. I am now 44 years of age and feel much younger than I did ten years ago. I freely give this testimonial for the benefit of those who have suffered as I have."

Mrs. M. E. Dallam

Proprietress of Criswell House, 211 W. 5th St., Kansas City, Mo.

### Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail

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# HER OWN

BY HOPE DARING

## CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED THE PASSING OF TIME

MARIAN found herself looking eagerly forward to the coming of spring. With her love of nature was a passion, and the fields, the woods and the water had the power to soothe and comfort her. Winter, too, had its lessons for her. She came to know that the fields around her home were as full of potent vitality when covered with snow as when the summer sunshine fell over their grass-covered expanses.

The memory of his old life had passed from Paul's mind. He had forgotten the fear he had had for his father, and the two were always together. Marian continued to teach the child to think tenderly of his mother. This was an easy thing to do, for in many of the tales with which she both entertained and instructed him mother-love played an important part. Even in the stories of plant and animal life, which were Paul's delight, he was taught to see the beauty of the maternal care that cherished from harm, provided with comforts and gave of love and tenderness.

Marian continued to write to Lenore. There was a marked change in the letters she received in reply. The mother's indifference toward her child had vanished. She sent him loving messages. Occasionally she spoke of Frank, but not with the old bitterness.

At last the long winter gave place to spring. The inmates of the farm-house found their duties multiplying. Frank was planning so busy a season that he found it best to engage a boy to aid him. Fern again became a member of the family, for the hutter-making of the preceding summer had proved such a financial success that it was to be carried on on a much larger scale.

Not only was there an improvement in Fern's language and appearance, but she was less self-assertive and more thoughtful of others. Marian found her really companionable. Both rejoiced in the ideal womanhood they saw opening before the girl.

That spring marked a new era in Lenore Marshall's life. The long rest, returning health and the quiet, orderly life of the cottage had gradually restored her to her better self. She looked back upon the past, and realized that she had failed in her duty to her husband. The greater sin had been his: he had neglected his wife and children for the wine-cup. Yet, instead of helping him fight this most insidious of all foes, she had only railed at him.

Perhaps the exquisite neatness, the order, the well-cooked food and the comfort that economy made possible with little means had much to do with this. Lenore was learning the lessons that should have been hers before her wedding-day. But she was also proud. Dependence upon Marian and Mrs. Van Ness had been hard for her. Through the winter the haking business had steadily grown. Lenore worked hard, not only learning from her cousin, but eagerly reading and seeking help in other directions.

In the spring they received from a neighboring city an order for a large amount of baked goods to be sent twice each week. This, added to the work they already had, assured Lenore of means enough to enable her to carry out a plan she contemplated.

She wrote Marian a long letter, which contained a full account of the increase in their business. Lenore went on to say that she could not only support herself, but could assume the care of Paul. Cousin Catherine consented to his coming. Would Marian and his father send her the child as soon as possible?

## CHAPTER VII.

### LENORE'S AWAKENING

IT WAS Marian who took Lenore's letter from the office. Frank was very busy, so she had driven the gentle old horse to Vassar and did the necessary errands.

"A change in my occupation since last year," she thought, with a sigh, as she started for home, Lenore's letter unread on the seat at her side. The epistle was momentarily forgotten, for Marian's mind was back in the past. "I must not let myself think of these things," and she closed her lips resolutely. "I am selfish. Mine is not the only heart that aches. I must think of others. Whatever I have lost, I have little Paul. Thank God for the love of a little child! He is so changed. Paul will always be a sensitive child, but love and right living have wrought a wondrous transformation in him."

She soon came in sight of the house. Paul came running down the road to meet her. Already the warmth of the sun's rays had tanned his round little face, and his eyes sparkled with a child's natural delight in life. "It's glad you've come," he cried, as Marian stopped the horse so he could climb in. "Did you member to bring me something?"

"Yes, dear; here are some oranges," said Marian. "Here we are at the barn, and there is Tom waiting to take the horse."

Marian and Paul went on to the house. After removing her hat, preparing an orange for Paul and chatting with Fern Marian went out on the porch to read Lenore's letter.

Spring came slowly to that Northern land. The leaves on the honeysuckle were still small, but a robin was calling softly in the great maple, and the air was alive with the quickening impulse of coming summer. Marian sat a moment, her hands folded, her warm, Southern nature drinking in the beauty of the scene. She came back with a start to the letter. Opening it, she read Lenore's proposition, and as she turned page after page her heart grew heavy. Give up Paul! Send the child away! It could not be. Yet Lenore was his mother. Had she forfeited her right to him? Could a parent do that?

"I could not disregard the tie of blood," she said to herself, sudden tears dimming her sight. "Have I a right to refuse her? Frank—what will he say?"

"Sat down on a pile of rails, waiting for Frank to read the letter"



"An hour later found her there unconscious"

She knew that a passionate love for his son had grown up in her brother's heart. Could she ask him to give up Paul? Nay, this was not a matter for her to decide. Frank must himself settle the question of Paul's going.

At that moment the child's footsteps were heard on the porch. He came to her side, a pet kitten in his arms.

"The orange was beautiful," he said. "Thank you, Auntie. Is that letter from my mama?"

"Yes, Paul."

"What does she say to me?"

"She says she loves her little boy very much," Marian said, and her voice trembled a little. "She wants to see Paul—oh, so much!"

"Why don't she come home, then?"

"Would you like to go to her, dear? I have told you about the little cottage and the beautiful flower-garden. Would you like to go and live with your mama and Cousin Catherine?"

"And leave you and papa?"

Marian could not trust her voice, so she nodded her head.

"No," Paul spoke decidedly. "Mama better come here to live. What would you and papa do without me?"

Marian drew the child close to her. She sat thus for a few minutes, then rose. "Run away and play now, Paul," she said. "I am going down in the field to ask your papa something."

"Let me go with you. I'll show you where a mother robin is building a nest for her babies."

"Not this time, dear."

Paul knew it was useless to urge the matter, so he ran away. Marian brought her sunbonnet from the house, and then let herself through the gate and went down the lane. She knew where to find her brother. He was repairing a fence which separated a meadow from a field of young corn. He did not hear her, so she stopped and watched him.

The year had changed Frank Marshall. His face was bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind. He carried his head well back, and his eyes met those of the person whom he was addressing with steady directness. Yet it was not a happy face: there were brooding memories in the eyes and a little bitterness in the full lips. Still it was the face of an earnest, thoughtful man—one who was winning his way up from the depths of self-degradation step by step. As if aware of her gaze he looked up. "Ah, Marian! What is it?" he asked.

She advanced and held out Lenore's letter. "There is something here, Frank, which you should know."

"What is it?"

"It is what I told you would come—the full awakening of the mother-love in Lenore's heart. She wants her child."

"Ah!"

It was but a single word, yet Marian shuddered. She retreated a step and sat down upon a pile of rails, waiting for Frank to read the letter.

He went over it slowly, as if weighing each word. Marian watched him with bated breath. Was not this a crucial moment in her brother's life?

Frank replaced the letter in the envelope, then turned to Marian and said, "I will reply to this. She cannot have him—not if she went down on her

the bronze of Frank Marshall's cheek. "I was the more to blame, but it was unwomanly to hate her innocent child for his father's sins."

Marian said no more. Frank wrote to Lenore that evening. It was a cruel letter. There was no apparent anger, no passion. In cold words he reviewed her desertion of her child, her former neglect of him and her later refusal to have aught to do with him. He spoke at length of the change in Paul's nature that Marian's tender care had wrought. Lenore had no legal claim upon him. Her desertion had forfeited that. In conclusion he stated that, with his consent, she should never again see Paul.

Lenore carried the letter to her own room to read. An hour later Mrs. Van Ness found her there unconscious. She had fallen upon the floor, and the fatal letter was tightly clenched in her hand.

"I believe it broke her heart," the widow wrote to Marian. "I never thought I would grow to care for Lenore as I do. At first she was a great trial to me, and I blamed her for most everything. She has changed, and is a sorrowing woman now. No word of blame for Frank has passed her lips. 'My punishment is just,' she says, but the look upon her face brings the tears to my old eyes."

For a few days after the receipt of the letter Lenore sat brooding over her trouble, then she roused herself. "Because happiness is denied me is no reason why usefulness should be," she said to Mrs. Van Ness one morning, as the two sat at the breakfast-table. "Work may help me to forget the pain that always will be mine. Then there is something else."

Her companion looked over, to see tears glittering on Lenore's lashes. "What is it, dear child?" she asked.

"It is you, Cousin Catherine. I appreciate all you have done for me. If I can be nothing to my husband and child, I can take a daughter's place to you."

"Bless your dear heart!" the widow said, hastily wiping her eyes. "I don't know what I would do without you. We two lonely women will keep each other's hearts from growing hard!"

Lenore devoted herself to the business. She took every opportunity to relieve Mrs. Van Ness of care. All the younger woman's desire for dress and society was gone, burned away in the flames of affliction. She read, and spent much time in the flower-garden.

Thus the summer went by. It was a sultry morning late in August when Mrs. Van Ness, who was working among her flowers, was aware that a passer-by had paused. She turned around and found a gentleman staring at the magnificent specimen of Persian lily which she was tying up.

"Pardon me," he said, as he lifted his hat. "The marvelous growth and beauty of that plant is the sole excuse I have to offer for my rudeness."

"I am sure such interest is not rudeness," Mrs. Van Ness said, pleasantly. "Will you not walk in and examine the plant?"

He did so, and the two enthusiastic flower-lovers made a circuit of the little garden. They had nearly finished when the muttering thunder, which had been growing louder and louder, gave warning that a storm was near. The stranger began a somewhat hasty leaving-taking, but before it was concluded the rain began to fall.

"Come up on the porch until the rain is over. It will not be long," Mrs. Van Ness said, as she led the way to where Lenore was sitting. "My cousin, Mrs. Marshall—" The widow stopped, remembering she did not know the gentleman's name.

"I have forgotten to introduce myself. I am Professor Howard, and my summer home is what is known as the old Marshall Plantation. As that is your name, madam, you may be connected with that family who formerly resided there," and he turned to Lenore.

It was the older woman who replied. "Oh, you are the new owner of the dear old place," she said. "I am glad to meet you. We are of that family of Marshalls. I am a cousin of Harvey Marshall, the former owner of the plantation and the father of the present Marshalls, Frank and Marian. Lenore here is the wife of Frank." The good woman's voice trembled as she said this, for she was aware of the equivocal position occupied by Lenore.

Professor Howard tried to speak naturally. "I knew Miss Marian Marshall before her marriage, when she was a teacher at Carter—"

He got no farther, for Mrs. Van Ness interrupted him. "Before her marriage! Why, Professor Howard, you are mistaken! Marian is not married!"

"Not married! I thought—"

"Perhaps her leaving the college gave rise to some rumor. Marian is in Minnesota with her brother, this lady's husband. They are spending a few years on a farm near Red Wing."

Professor Howard rose, then sat down, and both ladies saw that he was trembling.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"I am sure. We hear from Marian every fortnight."

Professor Howard was regaining his composure. A glad, sweet hope was waking in his breast. He had made a mistake before, but this time he would be outspoken. Something in the sweet, motherly face of the elder woman invited his confidence.

"Promise me you will not be too harsh," Marian pleaded. "She loves her child, and, brother, the fault was not all hers."

"You are right." A flush showed through



"I owe you an explanation," he began, "and I will be very frank. A year ago last May I went to South America for research and study. Before going I had an interview with Miss Marshall. I told her that I loved her. I knew this declaration was a surprise to her, so I asked for no immediate reply to the proposal I made for her hand, telling her when I came home I would come to her for my answer. I returned in the autumn and learned that she had severed her connection with Carter College. From Doctor Cartwright I obtained knowledge of her whereabouts. The next day I started for Vassar."

He paused, and no sound broke the silence save the soft fall of the rain. The violence of the storm had now passed, and the sun was peering through the fleecy clouds.

"I learned that Miss Marshall lived on a farm," the Professor resumed. "As the distance was so short I walked. When I was in sight of the house I paused a moment under a group of trees. I saw Marian come out of the door and down the path. At the gate she was joined by a man. As they were on their way to the house she slipped or stumbled and would have fallen had he not caught her. Something she said seemed to touch him. He bent his head and kissed her, and with his arm around her waist they passed out of my sight."

Again he stopped. "Well," Mrs. Van Ness demanded, "what then?"

"I turned and went away without speaking to her. Now it seems foolish to me, but then it was perfectly plain that she was married. I knew she was not a woman to give caresses lightly. I went to New York, and from there wrote her that I had learned of her marriage and was about to go on an expedition to the Far East. I gave her no address. A few days ago I returned, still knowing nothing of my stupid mistake."

"It is not too late to right it," Mrs. Van Ness said, gravely. "If Marian cared for you her heart is still yours. We Marshalls do not love lightly. You must go to her."

The opening of the gate arrested their attention. A boy had entered, and in one hand he carried an envelop.

"A telegram for Mrs. Lenore Marshall," he announced, advancing up the steps.

Lenore rose, the color fading from her face. Taking the envelop from the lad's hand she unfolded the dispatch and read aloud.

"Paul is ill. The doctor gives little hope of his recovery." "F. H. MARSHALL."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE PARTING OF THE CLOUDS

FOR a moment no one spoke. Mrs. Van Ness dismissed the messenger with a gesture. He went and then Lenore moaned. "Dying! My baby! And I cannot go to him, cannot even look upon his dead face!"

Professor Howard looked at his watch. "Is it north you wish to go, Miss Marshall? If the child is the one I saw with Miss Marshall you can take a train in two hours."

"You do not understand!" The mother's voice was the saddest sound to which Verne Howard had ever listened. "I was not a good mother, and he—Paul's father—said I should never again see my child! It was just, but—oh, he is dying!"

The Professor turned to the elder woman. She rose to her feet, her face determined. "Lenore you shall go to your child," she said. "Professor Howard will go with you. Frank would not have sent had he not meant for you to come. Go to your room and pack a satchel with necessities. As soon as I have explained matters to Professor Howard I will come and assist you."

Lenore obeyed, and Mrs. Van Ness turned to the Professor and said, "The story that I must briefly tell you is a sad one. It is the story of a ruined home—ruined because two proud young things failed in their duty to each other and to God."

In a few words as possible she told the story of the married life of Frank and Lenore. Catherine Van Ness was a proud woman, and it grieved her to tell of the dissipation of a Marshall, but she did not spare herself. The poverty of the family, Essie's death, the leaving of Lenore, Marian's brave assumption of the duty of caring for her brother's family, Frank's struggle against his appetite, his appeal to Lenore and her heartless answer, the great change wrought in her, her letter asking for Paul and the father's reply—all these things were told.

"Marian has saved the father and mother from the results of their own acts. She has saved the innocent child from the curse entailed upon him by his parents. Now the rest is in God's hands. Was I too rash in saying you would go with Lenore?"

"No. I owe it to Miss Marshall to right as soon as possible the wrong I unconsciously did her. There may be no hope for me, but I must know. I will go now and send a message to my home. Mrs. Marshall will find me waiting for her at the depot."

The journey was an uneventful one. Lenore was impatient of delay. The greater part of the time she sat in silence. Occasionally, though, her thoughts seemed to overpower her, and she talked of her husband and child. Verne Howard not only learned of the wretched married life of the woman at his side, but he also learned of the nobility and self-sacrifice of the woman whom he loved.

It was four o'clock in the morning when

they left the train at Vassar. Professor Howard procured a carriage, and they started at once for the farm-house. They reached it just as the rising sun was crimsoning the east. No one seemed to have noticed the approach of the conveyance, and Lenore stood by in silence until the Professor had paid the driver.

"Have him wait until we see how they—" She stopped, and pointing with one trembling finger toward the house.

The Professor understood that she feared the reception she might meet. Bidding the man wait, he stepped before her, walked up the path and rapped lightly at the sitting-room door. It was opened by Marian. She was pale and worn, her brown hair was slightly disordered, and she wore a loose lounging-robe of garnet.

One look and Verne Howard forgot the mother behind him. Holding out his hand he said, "Marian, I learned my mistake less than two days ago, and I started at once to come to you. Have I forfeited my right to the answer you promised me?"

She lifted her face to him. The days she was spending fighting for the life of the child she loved made conventional customs of little moment to her. "You have not," she said, simply, and in the limpid depths of her clear gray eyes he read something that made life a joy to him.

Before he could give expression to his thoughts Lenore rushed forward and grasped Marian's arm, and said, "My child! Is he still alive?"

"You, Lenore! I do not understand!" and Marian looked questioningly at both.

"Paul! Tell me of him!"

Marian was again her gentle sympathetic self. "Ah, I forgot. Paul is still alive, but very low. He is sleeping. No, you cannot go to him now," as Lenore would have passed her. "Poor little mother! Come with me—both of you."

She led them to the parlor, where she listened to the Professor's explanation of their coming. Lenore would not hear of breakfast or rest until she had seen her boy. So Marian went, ostensibly to see if there was any change in the little patient, but really to inform her brother of Lenore's arrival.

The sick child lay in her room. The fever had gone, but the pinched little face was as white as the pillow upon which it rested. Frank sat by the bed, but at a motion from his sister he rose and crossed to her side.

"Frank, Lenore is here," Marian said.

He drew back. The message had been sent by him, but at Marian's suggestion. He had refused to believe that Lenore would come, remembering too well the words of his letter.

"Well," he said, tentatively.

"She wishes to see Paul. Remember, Frank, he is her child."

"I remember. I have no objection to her seeing Paul, only she must be careful not to disturb him. Somehow, Marian, these days of suspense have robbed me of much of my old bitterness."

Marian waited to lay her hand for a moment upon him. Then she left the room, to return shortly accompanied by Lenore.

Just inside the door Lenore paused. Her eyes sought not the face of her child, but that of her husband. One moment they stood looking intently one at the other. Then Lenore shrank back, and lifted one hand as if to ward off a blow. Frank bent his head in formal greeting and stepped to one side.

Marian led the mother forward. At last Lenore saw the son whom she had deserted. She bent over him, her form shaken by sobs and tears raining down her cheeks. "Oh, Paul, little Paul!" she moaned.

The child stirred, and Frank came a step nearer. "He must not be disturbed," he said in a whisper. "His life depends upon it. Go now." So there was nothing for Lenore to do but to obey.

All day each one moved as quietly as possible and spoke with hated breath. Paul slept fitfully. When awake he was allowed to see no one save his father and Marian. Late in the afternoon he tried to speak. Mrs. Marple, glancing in at the open door, saw a change on his face, and she turned to Lenore, and said, "I think you had better go in, but do not attract his attention."

Lenore pressed forward but Mrs. Marple's caution was forgotten as she saw the look upon Paul's face. Was it death, that sudden lighting of the eyes?

Frank gently raised him, and the child looked around the room. His gaze rested for a moment on his mother's face, then went on. Lenore was dimly conscious of pain because she was unrecognized. The child's eyes were stayed on Marian's face. "Auntie! Paul loves Auntie and papa," he said.

His long dark lashes fell and were outlined upon his colorless cheek. Lenore thought the end had come. But the breath continued to come regularly, and Frank laid him down, saying, "I think the crisis is past."

Lenore turned and left the room. She was half way across the dining-room when she wavered and fell to the floor. Professor Howard lifted her in his strong arms and carried her into Fern's room. There she was taken in charge by Mrs. Marple.

The doctor came and pronounced Paul past all danger. "All he needs is good care and freedom from excitement," he said, as he was about to leave the house.



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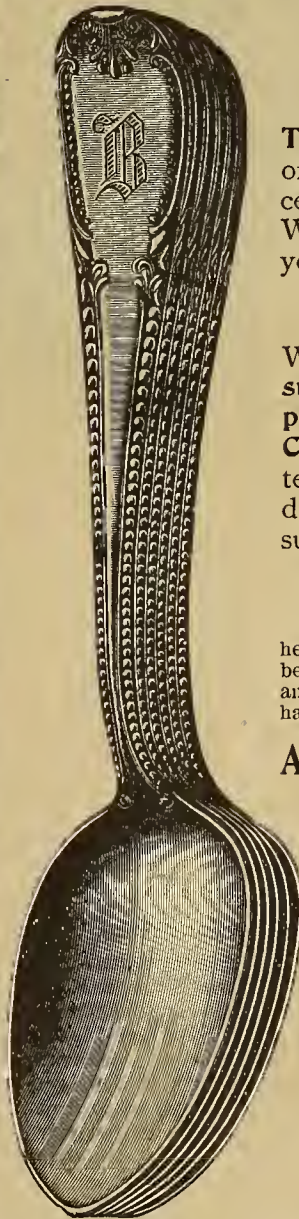
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Late that evening Marian came out on the porch where the Professor was sitting on the steps. He had refused to be considered a guest during Paul's illness and had engaged board at the Marples. There was no moon, but countless stars cast a pale gleam over the quiet scene.

"No, remain seated," Marian said, as he was about to rise. Sitting down upon the step above him she went on, "Please tell me just how you learned of the mistake you made."

He complied with her request, going into the details of his meeting with Mrs. Van Ness and Lenore.

"I never knew until that moment at the gate how well I loved you," he said in conclusion. "Life has been an empty thing to me since. Marian, will you be my wife?"

He reached up and took one of her hands. The slender fingers closed round his, her head dropped lower and he had his answer.

Paul's recovery was slow. It was several days before Marian told him of his mother's arrival, and then he manifested little interest. When Lenore entered the room he shrank from her.

"I like Auntie best," he said, pettishly. "She's Auntie, and you're just a mama I don't know."

It was no small part of Lenore's punishment that her child preferred another to her. There was no jealousy in her heart; she knew too well all Marian had been to Paul, but she had often to turn away to hide her tears.

Frank Marshall treated his wife with studied politeness. His courtesy was unfeeling, but it was the courtesy of one stranger to another. He had taken her at her word.

Two weeks went by. Professor Howard was preparing to return to Kentucky. There was a perfect understanding between him and Marian, although it was not settled when he was to come for her.

"I cannot leave Frank and Paul while they need me," she said. "I had hoped all things were to be made right, but I begin to fear that the gulf between my brother and his wife is not to be bridged."

Professor Howard's fine face grew grave. "If their love is genuine it will be. I do not think a true love ever dies, and it can forgive much. There were sad mistakes in their married life—sad mistakes whose traces will never be removed—yet these two, estranged and each suffering from a sense of wrong, are husband and wife."

The afternoon before the Professor's departure they were all gathered in the parlor. Paul was on the couch, propped up with pillows, and he had been listening eagerly to Professor Howard's stories of his Eastern trip.

"I wish you wasn't going away," the child said, with a long-drawn sigh of satisfaction. "But you'll come back some day, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," the Professor said, while Marian blushed.

"What time to-morrow will we start?" Lenore asked, her large black eyes fixed upon Professor Howard.

Every one started, and Paul cried, testily, "Why, are you going?"

"Yes, dear."

"What for?"

"Why, you see I've made you a nice long visit, and now I must go home." Lenore attempted to speak lightly, but she was very pale.

"Isn't this home? Here's where papa and I live, and I thought papas and mamas lived together. You tell her to stay here, papa."

There was an instant's awful silence, then Professor Howard asked, "Did I ever tell you, Paul, about the two little Indian boys who worked for me when I was in South America? They were fine little fellows."

"No, no; tell me about them," he said, and forgot his vexation over his mother's remark.

When the story was well under way Lenore slipped from the room, and a little later Frank followed her. He found her under the big maple out in the yard. The sun was flooding the west with radiance, and the thin, dark face of Lenore was touched with its golden light. She did not turn at the sound of her husband's footsteps.

"Lenore, this is my home. Stay here with Paul and me," he said.

Her heart bounded at the words, but she forced herself to meet his gaze steadily. "Why do you ask me? Because Paul bade you to?"

"Because you are my wife. Because I love you still," and he opened his arms.

After a little she raised her head from his shoulder to ask, "Can you ever overlook my neglect of Paul? That is the hardest of all for me to remember."

"Ah, Lenore, I have worse memories of my own than that. You have much to forgive. We cannot undo the past. For the sake of the child God has spared to us, and for the sake of the one in heaven, we will begin our life together anew."

Professor Howard went South alone. It was arranged that the Marshalls should all go to Kentucky in November. At Christmas Marian would be married at the home of Mrs. Van Ness. Frank, Lenore and Paul would spend the winter there, but return to the farm in the early spring. For a time at least that was to be their home.

Life was very bright before Marian. All that she had dreamed of had come to her. The new home wherein she looked for so much real happiness was the dear old home of her childhood, and there she would be surrounded by the love of her own.

THE END

### His Word Backed Up by His Looks

This amusing story is told by the president of a New Bedford bank. One day not long ago he and other officers and directors were engaged in a business meeting, held in the directors' room of the bank, and as they believed themselves secure from intrusion they were much surprised to see a poor little waif enter the room—something which any man of business affairs would not dare to do under such circumstances. The little girl, shabbily clothed and plucked-looking, had all unconsciously entered on forbidden ground; but this she didn't realize and at once went to



"He reached up and took one of her hands"

the men seated about the big table, offering them small cakes of soap for sale.

The first director whom she approached shook his head, impatient at the interruption of business, and said, sharply, "I never use it." The tiny peddler, unashamed, went from man to man—all the others, out of pity for her wan little figure, buying of her. As she started to leave the room, after thanking each purchaser, the girl hesitated a moment in front of the director who never used soap, according to his own declaration, and, looking him over from head to foot, said, disdainfully, "Well, yer look it!" and then she swept out like a duchess.—The Boston Herald.

### Franklin's Famous Toast

Franklin was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen when one of them said, "Here are three nationalities represented. I am French, my friend here is English and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each one propose a toast." It was agreed to, and the Englishman's turn came first. He arose, and in the tone of a Briton bold said, "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all the nations of the earth." The Frenchman was rather taken aback at this, but he proposed, "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world." Franklin then arose, with an air of quaint modesty, and said, "Here's to George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they stood still."—Our Youth's Friend.

### When to Marry

"Why should lovers defer their marriage a day longer than the time when, so far as we mortals can discern the future, the prospect of a comfortable home is reasonably assured? It is senseless to wait for the coming of affluent days. Their lives should be united, and each in his way should help to bring about the advent of easier times if they are ever to come. It is as foolish to wait for a larger income than is really required as it is for parents to slave and drudge that their children may enjoy a degree of affluence they have never known. This is the rock upon which the French nation has split. They are a frugal and a thrifty people. It is interesting to know that many of the tasteful, artistic and costly products of France are made almost exclusively for the foreign trade. Two thirds of the best chinaware of Limoges, for example, comes to the United States. A well-to-do Frenchwoman is likely to use a preparation of rice-flour as a cosmetic, leaving the delicate perfumes and other toilet articles of Paris for her American and British sisters who are willing to spend more money for such things. But the rich father unfortunately conceives it to be his duty to leave his children richer than himself; if, on the other hand, he be a poor tiller of the soil, it is disgraceful not to educate his son to a trade or a profession so that the family name may have a higher place in the social scale. This deplorable ambition fixes upon the family a burden almost too great to be borne, and parents deliberately restrict the number of their children. In large districts, particularly in northern France, families of more than two children are rare. Many of the young people, seeing the hard lives their parents lead, defer their own marriage in order to better

their fortunes, till at last even the desire to marry is extinguished. Parents and children of all lands may well heed the lesson in sociology that France is teaching.

"Nearly all our self-made men, leaders in the professions and in business, married young and on very moderate incomes. Many of them assumed, without the slightest trepidation, the responsibility of supporting a wife on one thousand dollars a year or less. These men usually have very pronounced views on the inadequate knowledge of the value of money and how to take care of it possessed by the majority of young men and women. The views of these young persons as to the amount of income upon which they may prudently marry vary, of course, according to the circumstances in which they have lived. Many an intelligent girl who works in New York kitchens has no doubt whatever that she and the steady, industrious fellow she intends to marry will have a comfortable home on an income which averages from twelve to fourteen dollars a week.

"A penniless German school-teacher who came to Philadelphia when a young man, and who in his old age lives in New York on the rentals of apartment-houses bought with three hundred thousand dollars he earned slowly in manufacturing, asserted the other day that ten hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars a year in New York would give to young married couples of refinement a comfortable home, books, music and amusements and everything they might need for the rational enjoyment of life. This gentleman has the German ideas of thrift. There is scarcely any doubt that any man and wife, gifted with his ability to disburse dollars to the very best advantage would be able to realize his idea of comfortable married life on a small income."—Cyrus C. Adams, in Ainslee's.

"I ask not  
When shall the day be done, and rest come on;  
I pray not  
That soon from me the 'curse of toil' be done;  
I seek not  
A sluggard's couch with drowsy curtain drawn.

"But give me  
Time to fight the battle out as best I may;  
And give me  
Strength and place to labor still at evening's gray;  
Then let me  
Sleep as one who toiled afield through all the day."

—From "Ashes and Incense."

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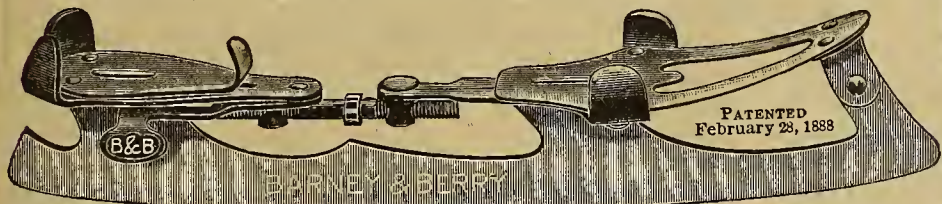
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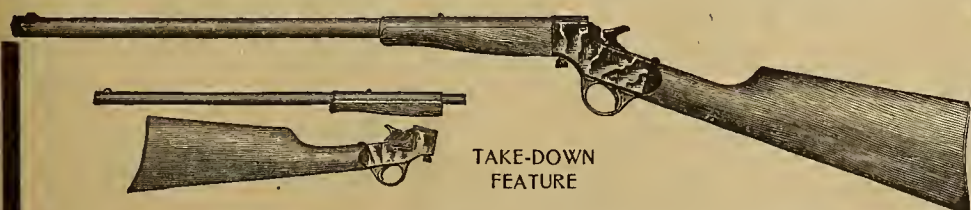
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### The Pocketbook

Late one evening Jean Loqueteux decided that it was time to go home. By that he meant a hench under a chestnut-tree on the place d'Anvers, where he had slept during the last few weeks. Famished, he had only made two cents—two foreign coins at that—at the entrance of the Vaudeville Theater, opening the door of a cab.

"Such hard luck," remarked the poor man, talking to himself. "If I had only two sons to hny a crust of bread in the morning."

Dragging painfully his ill-clad person, hungry, suffering, besides, from illness, he resumed his walk toward the hench under the chestnut-tree, hoping that he would meet a providential man willing to part with ten centimes, the price of his breakfast. Suddenly he stumbled against something in the darkness. Was it worth the trouble to look and see what it could be? Who knows? Providence has little regard for the poor, yet she is kind to them at times. Once he had found a leg of mutton in the mud; maybe this time it was a chop.

"Let me see!" he said, and picked up the object.

"Humph! This time I am deceived! It is no good to cat!"

No one, not even a sergent de ville, could be seen in the street. Jean Loqueteux went under a lamp-post to examine what he had in his hand.

"Well," he said aloud, "this is funny!"

The object was a black pocketbook containing ten thousand francs in government bills, but no letters, no cards, nothing to identify the owner.

"To think," he remarked to himself, "that some people carry ten thousand francs in that way in their pockets. It is enough to make any one sick. And now I have to go to the police-station, out of my way, and I am so tired. Decidedly I have no luck to-night."

And Jean Loqueteux went to the police-station, where he experienced all kinds of trouble trying to see the commissary, on account of his dilapidated appearance. Finally the magistrate consented to receive him.

"Monsieur Commissary," he said, very politely, handing the portefeuille, "I have found this."

"And, naturally, there is nothing in it?"

"Look for yourself, Monsieur Commissary."

This gentleman opened the pocketbook, saw the bills, which he counted at once.

"Ten thousand francs! An enormous amount of money, my friend. You are a brave man, an honest man, a hero! Do you know that?"

Jean Loqueteux remained very quiet, only repeating, "To think that some people carry in that way ten thousand francs in their pockets!"

The commissary was considering the vagrant with more astonishment than admiration.

"And you have found this? There is no use talking, you are a hero! What is your name?"

"Jean Loqueteux."

"What is your profession?"

"I have none."

"Then I suppose you have an income. Where do you live?"

"Alas! Monsieur Commissary, I am a poor beggar. I have no residence."

"What? No residence? This is astonishing. He has no residence," remarked the commissary. Then, addressing Jean Loqueteux, he added, "You have no residence, therefore you are a vagrant. You are a hero, evidently. Yes, you are a hero. But you are also a vagrant, and I am compelled to apply the law. Here is the pocketbook; no doubt about that. You may receive a reward, possibly five francs, if the owner is discovered. But this does not alter the fact that you live in a state of vagrancy. Believe me, it would have been much better for you to find a residence than to find a pocketbook containing ten thousand francs. The law does not compel you to find a pocketbook, but it compels you to have a residence; otherwise—"

"Otherwise?" asked Jean Loqueteux.

"Otherwise I have to lock you up for the night and send you in the morning to the police-court."

The commissary rang the bell and two policemen led the vagrant to a cell.

"Really," said the disheartened Jean Loqueteux, "I have no luck to-day!"—Octave Mirbeau, in *Current Literature*.

### An Humble Sermon

Dar nehber wa'n't no one who couldn't fin' out Sumpin' elns to his home to git husy about. It may be de work doesn't pay as it should, But it's hetter dan loafin' an' heln' no good. So I mixes de whitewash or pushes de spade 'Thout talking too much 'hont de money dat's paid.

Don' was'e all yoh time countin' up de reward, Jes' ten' to yoh bus'nes an' trust in de Lawd.

When Moses, de prophet, led Israel's hand He didn't stah axin' de price o' de land He was leadin' 'em to. Ef dey followed de light He knowed dat de future wah houn' to come right.

De onlies' way to succeed is to stah A-doin' yoh hes' wid yoh han's an' yoh heart. So don' git contrairy an' sing off de chord, Jes' ten' to yoh bus'hess an' trust in de Lawd. —Washington Star.

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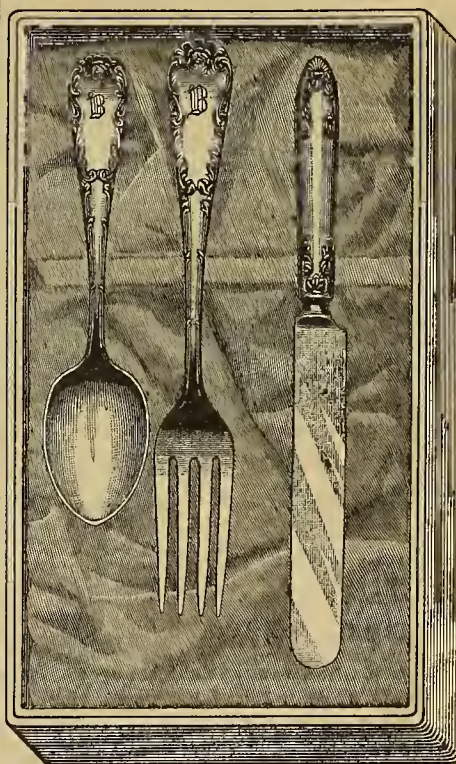
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Farm and Fireside . . . . .	.50	For All Five ONE YEAR
Total all five . . . . .	\$8.50	

**RULES FOR ORDERING** All subscriptions must be new—except to Woman's Home Companion and to Farm and Fireside. The offers are restricted to the periodicals named in these offers. A periodical in one class may be substituted for any other periodical in the same class; but a periodical in one class cannot be substituted for a periodical in some other class. Our club price pays for a full yearly subscription to each periodical in the club. Be sure to read "Important Note" below.

THE PERIODICALS WILL BE SENT TO ONE ADDRESS OR TO DIFFERENT ADDRESSES, AS MAY BE DESIRED		Regular Price	Our Club Price
Everybody's and Woman's Home Companion . . . . .		\$2.00	\$1.50
Farm and Fireside, Everybody's and Woman's Home Companion . . . . .		2.50	1.75
American Boy, Everybody's and Woman's Home Companion . . . . .		3.00	2.00
Home and Flowers, Everybody's, Woman's Home Companion and Farm and Fireside . . . . .		3.50	2.00
Sunday School Times, Everybody's, Woman's Home Companion and Farm and Fireside . . . . .		3.50	2.25
American Boy, Everybody's, Woman's Home Companion and Farm and Fireside . . . . .		3.50	2.25
Public Opinion, Everybody's, Camera, Woman's Home Companion and Farm and Fireside . . . . .		6.50	3.00
Public Opinion, Everybody's, Ev'ry Month and Woman's Home Companion . . . . .		6.00	3.00
World's Work, Everybody's and Woman's Home Companion . . . . .		5.00	3.00
Country Life, Everybody's, American Boy, Woman's Home Comp'n and Farm and Fireside . . . . .		6.50	3.25
World's Work, Everybody's, Little Folks, Woman's Home Comp'n and Farm and Fireside . . . . .		6.50	3.75
Harper's Weekly, Everybody's, Camera, Woman's Home Comp'n and Farm and Fireside . . . . .		7.50	4.00
Country Life, World's Work, Everybody's and Woman's Home Companion . . . . .		8.00	4.00
World's Work, Harper's Weekly, Everybody's and Woman's Home Companion . . . . .		9.00	5.00

## TABLES FOR FORMING NEARLY 1,000 OTHER COMBINATIONS

By the tables below it will be easy to form nearly 1,000 other combinations. For example, the offer which reads, "WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION with Class A, one of C, and one of E . . . \$3.50," means that \$3.50 pays for a yearly subscription to WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, and any one periodical named in Class C, and any one periodical named in Class E. Opposite the name of each periodical is printed the regular yearly subscription price; also the period of issue is indicated by "w" for weekly, "m" for monthly and "sm" for semi-monthly.

CLASS A		CLASS B		CLASS C	
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE (Monthly, \$1.00 a year) John Wanamaker, Publisher EVERYBODY'S must be in every club.		Regular Price		Regular Price	
		Harper's Weekly . . . . .	w \$4.00	World's Work . . . . .	m \$3.00
		The Outlook . . . . .	w 3.00	Literary Digest . . . . .	w 3.00
		Art Interchange . . . . .	m 4.00	Town and Country . . . . .	w 3.00
		Scientific American . . . . .	w 3.00		
CLASS D		CLASS E		CLASS E	
Regular Price		Regular Price		Regular Price	
Public Opinion . . . . .	w \$3.00	Little Folks . . . . .	m 1.00	American Boy . . . . .	m \$1.00
Country Life . . . . .	m 3.00	Recreation . . . . .	m 1.00	Ev'ry Month . . . . .	m 1.00
		The Sunday School Times . . . . .	w 1.00	FARM AND FIRESIDE sm	\$ .50
				Book News . . . . .	m .50
				The Camera . . . . .	m 1.00
				Home and Flowers . . . . .	m 1.00

Positively no modifications of the following combinations will be allowed

SEE RULES FOR ORDERING ABOVE

READ IMPORTANT NOTE BELOW

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION		Club Price	WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION		Club Price
with Class A, one of B, and two of E . . . . .		\$4.50	with Class A, and one of Class E . . . . .		\$2.00
with Class A, one of B, and one of D . . . . .		4.50	with Class A, and three of Class F . . . . .		2.25
with Class A, two of C, and one of F . . . . .		4.75	with Class A, one of E, and one of F . . . . .		2.25
with Class A, one of B, one of D, and one of F . . . . .		4.75	with Class A, one of E, and two of F . . . . .		2.50
with Class A, one of B, one of D, and one of E . . . . .		5.00	with Class A, and two of Class E . . . . .		2.50
with Class A, two of C, and one of E . . . . .		5.00	with Class A, two of E, and one of F . . . . .		2.75
with Class A, one of C, and two of D . . . . .		5.00	with Class A, and three of Class E . . . . .		3.00
with Class A, one of B, one of C . . . . .		5.00	with Class A, and one of C . . . . .		3.00
with Class A, one of B, one of D, one of E . . . . .		5.00	with Class A, one of D, and one E . . . . .		3.00
with Class A, one of B, one of C, and one of F . . . . .		5.25	with Class A, one of D, and two of F . . . . .		3.00
with Class A, two of C, and one of D . . . . .		5.50	with Class A, and two of Class D . . . . .		3.50
with Class A, one of B, and two of D . . . . .		5.50	with Class A, one of D, and two of E . . . . .		3.50
with Class A, and two of Class B . . . . .		5.50	with Class A, one of C, and one of E . . . . .		3.50
with Class A, one of B, one of C, and one of E . . . . .		5.50	with Class A, one of C, and two of F . . . . .		3.50
with Class A, two of B, and one of F . . . . .		5.75	with Class A, one of C, one of E, one of F . . . . .		3.75
with Class A, and three of Class C . . . . .		6.00	with Class A, two of D, and one of F . . . . .		3.75
with Class A, two of B, and one of E . . . . .		6.00	with Class A, two of D, and one of E . . . . .		4.00
with Class A, one of B, one of C, one of D . . . . .		6.00	with Class A, one of C, and two of E . . . . .		4.00
with Class A, one of B, and two of C . . . . .		6.50	with Class A, one of C, and one of D . . . . .		4.00
with Class A, two of B, and one of D . . . . .		6.50	with Class A, one of B, and one of E . . . . .		4.00
with Class A, two of B, and one of C . . . . .		7.00	with Class A, one of B, and two of F . . . . .		4.00
with Class A, three of Class B . . . . .		7.50	with Class A, one of B, one of E, and one of F . . . . .		4.25
with Class A . . . . .		1.50	with Class A, one of C, one of D, and one of F . . . . .		4.25
with Class A, and one of Class F . . . . .		1.75	with Class A, and two of Class C . . . . .		4.50
with Class A, and two of Class F . . . . .		2.00	with Class A, one of C, one of D, and one of E . . . . .		4.50

**IMPORTANT NOTE**—Not more than five periodicals can be formed into one combination. The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and EVERYBODY'S must be included in each combination named above. However, one subscriber may order one or more combinations, in which case the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE will be sent to the same address for a number of years equal to the number of combinations ordered, or each yearly subscription will be sent to a different address, as may be desired. Remember that all subscriptions must be new, except to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, which may be either new names or renewals.

Any of the above Combinations may be counted in a Club-Raiser's Club the same as One Yearly Subscription to Woman's Home Companion. Paid-in-advance subscribers to Woman's Home Companion may accept any of the above combination offers and their time will be extended one year.

Address all Orders to **FARM AND FIRESIDE, Springfield, Ohio**







# NEW ARCHARENA GAME-BOARD

## FIFTY-FIVE DISTINCT GAMES

GIVEN FOR SENDING FIFTEEN YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS  
Or For Nine Yearly Subscriptions and \$1.00 Cash

An attractive game-board is a genuine blessing in any family, because it provides so much enjoyment that there can be no temptation to seek amusement away from home or in hurtful companionship. This new 1902 Archarena Board

### STANDS AT THE HEAD

of all game-boards for popularity. It has the two new games, Carromola and Crokinola, the best games ever invented. It also has Billiardette, twenty-five new top games, and "Flags of the Nations."

The board is twenty-nine inches square, and on the carrom side is of polished maple and is finished in elegant marquetry, imitation of inlaid wood, a feature never before found in a popular-priced game-board. The carrom side has a felt cushion for deadening the sound. The rim is imitation mahogany, as is also the crokinole panel. On the crokinole side are found a great variety of flags in colors for the game "Flags of the Nations."

The hardwood rings furnished with this board are so resilient that the most difficult rebound shots may be made with them. Among the games which may be played on this board are:

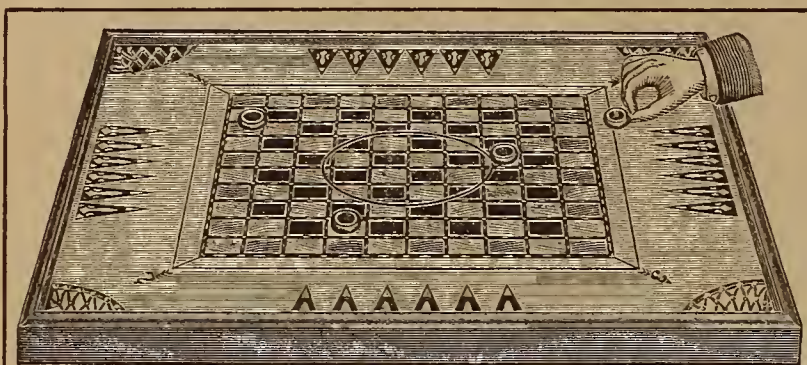
CROKINOLE	AMERICAN NINE-PINS	COCKED HAT AND FEATHER
CROKINOLA	PYRAMID CHECKERS	FIVE-POCKET CARROMS
CARROMOLA	BACKGAMMON	WALK-AROUND CARROMS
CHECKERS	DITCH-CARROMS	FIVE-PIN CUBAN CARROMS
FIVE BACK	COCKED-HAT	HAWK AND SPARROWS
FORTY-SIX	BILLIARDETTE	FLAGS OF THE NATIONS

Besides all these there are twenty-five top games and twelve others, making a GRAND TOTAL OF FIFTY-FIVE GAMES, all different, each intensely interesting and each one complete.

We Will Send the Farm and Fireside One Year and the Archarena Game-Board for \$2.75

(To Club-Raisers:—When the subscriber pays you this special price you are entitled either to the regular cash commission or to count the name in a club)

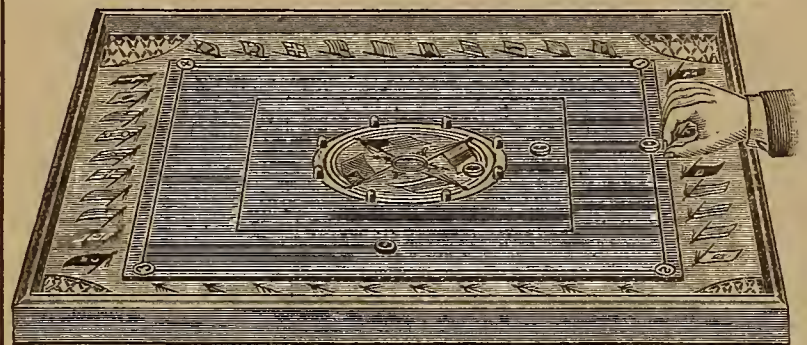
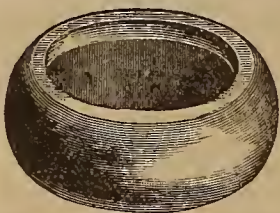
**SPECIAL.**—Given for selling one hundred copies of the Farm and Fireside at five cents each, or for selling fifty copies of the Woman's Home Companion at ten cents each.



CARROM SIDE

Each board is supplied with an outfit consisting of

TWENTY-NINE HARDWOOD RINGS  
TEN TEN-PINS THREE SPINNING-TOPS  
TWO SPINNERS ONE CUSHION-BACK  
TWO CUES AND ONE BOOK OF RULES  
all in a substantial cardboard box.



CROKINOLE SIDE

**SHIPPING DIRECTIONS.**—The board weighs, packed, about twenty pounds, and will be sent by express or freight, as ordered, direct from the factory in Michigan, receiver to pay charges in all cases. Order as No. 222.

# POPULAR CROWN COMBINATION GAME-BOARD

GIVEN FOR SENDING FIFTEEN YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS  
Or For Nine Yearly Subscriptions and \$1.00 Cash

This is the same immensely popular board which we have given with such great success for two years past. We have sent out thousands of these boards and have hundreds of letters from pleased patrons. Shipping directions same as above. Order as No. 103.

We Will Send the Farm and Fireside One Year and The Crown Combination Game-Board for \$2.50

(To Club-Raisers:—When the subscriber pays you this special price you are entitled to either the regular cash commission or to count the name in a club)

**SPECIAL.**—Given for selling one hundred copies of the Farm and Fireside at five cents each, or for selling fifty copies of the Woman's Home Companion at ten cents each.

# Our New Stem-Wind, Stem-Set Watch

## Elegantly Engraved Front and Back

GIVEN FOR SENDING SIX YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS

Or for Four Yearly Subscriptions and 60 Cents Cash  
Or for Two Yearly Subscriptions and \$1.00 Cash

We here offer a low-priced watch with a fancy case made by the same class of machinery, engravers and finishers used by the makers of the highest-grade watch-cases. Ten years ago such a watch as is here offered for any reasonable price was impossible. By making a contract for a large number of these watches we have gotten a price which enables us to make an offer of

### AN ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE WATCH

at a price that places it within the reach of all. The watch is the regular sixteen-size and fills the following

#### DESCRIPTION

FANCY ENGRAVED CASE	PLAIN CENTER BAND	ELEGANT NICKEL CASE
SNAP BACK	ROMAN DIAL	STEM-WIND
MEDIUM SIZE	OXIDIZED MOVEMENT-PLATE	STEM-SET
		OPEN-FACE

### Guarantee in Every Watch



**MOVEMENT** Regular sixteen-size and only three eighths of an inch in thickness. Lantern-pinions (smallest ever made). American lever escapement, polished spring. Weight, complete with case, only three ounces; quick train, two hundred and forty beats a minute. Short wind; runs thirty to thirty-six hours with one winding. Heavy bevel crystal. Bezel snaps on. Tested, timed and regulated. Guaranteed.

### OUR GUARANTY

In every watch will be found a printed guarantee by which the manufacturers agree that if without misuse the watch fails to keep good time for one year they will, upon its return, and five cents for postage, repair it free of charge. We back this guarantee. Sent post-paid. Order as No. 370.

We Will Send the Farm and Fireside One Year and This Watch for \$1.50

(To Club-Raisers:—When the subscriber pays you this special price you are entitled either to the regular cash commission or to count the name in a club)

ADDRESS FARM AND FIRESIDE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



# First-Grade Silver Tableware

GIVEN FOR YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS

For years we have offered this same quality of high-grade ware to our subscribers, and it is now being used in thousands of homes with the greatest satisfaction. Having had a special set of new dies made for our exclusive use we are this year able to offer the same first-class quality of ware as before, with the additional attraction that it is an exact reproduction of a most popular SOLID SILVER PATTERN. It is impossible to describe the beauty of this new pattern, and the illustrations fall far short of conveying a full idea of its attractiveness. In finish it is perfect and will render complete satisfaction.

## OUR OWN SOLID SILVER PATTERN

**Nickel-Silver Base** The base of this ware is solid nickel-silver, which is white all the way through, positively will not change color or rust, and will wear for a lifetime. It is the highest grade known, being full twenty-five per cent nickel.

**Coin-Silver Plate** On top of this nickel-silver base is plated the full STANDARD amount of pure coin-silver. This combination makes a ware which we guarantee to give satisfaction. Test it, and if not found exactly as described return it to us and we will refund the money.

**Full Size** The ware is all full size, the illustrations on this page being just two thirds actual size.

**Knives** The base of the table-knives is fine steel highly polished. This is first plated with nickel-silver and then with twelve pennyweights of pure coin-silver. Ask your dealer what twelve-pennyweight knives are worth.

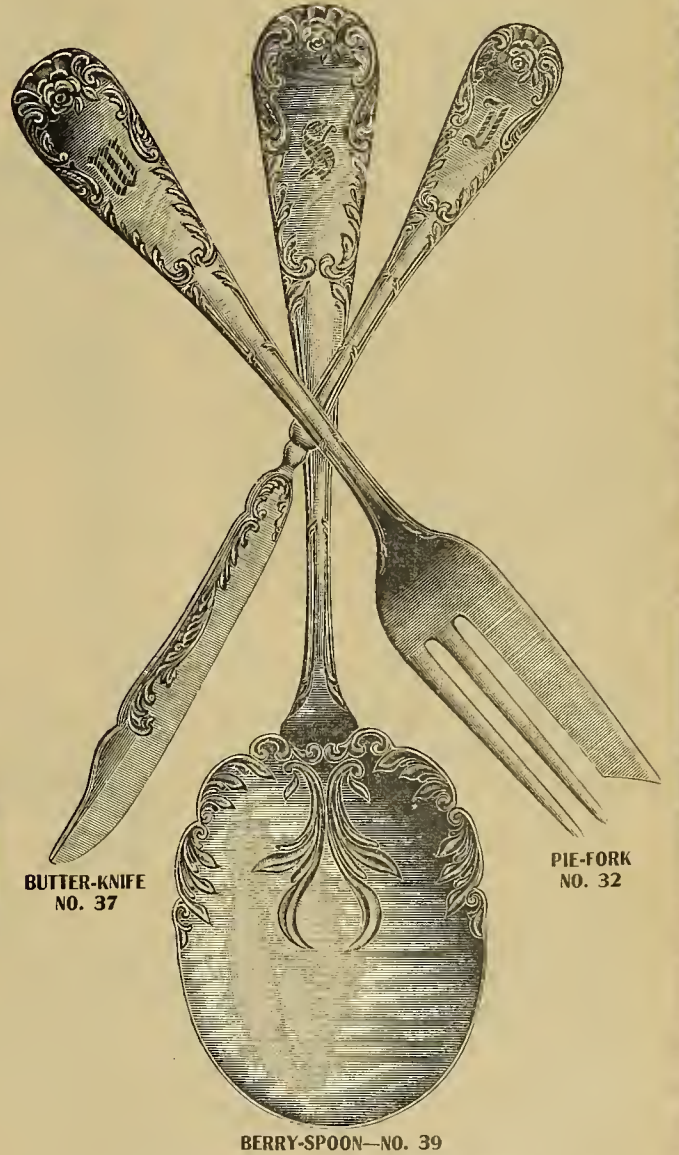
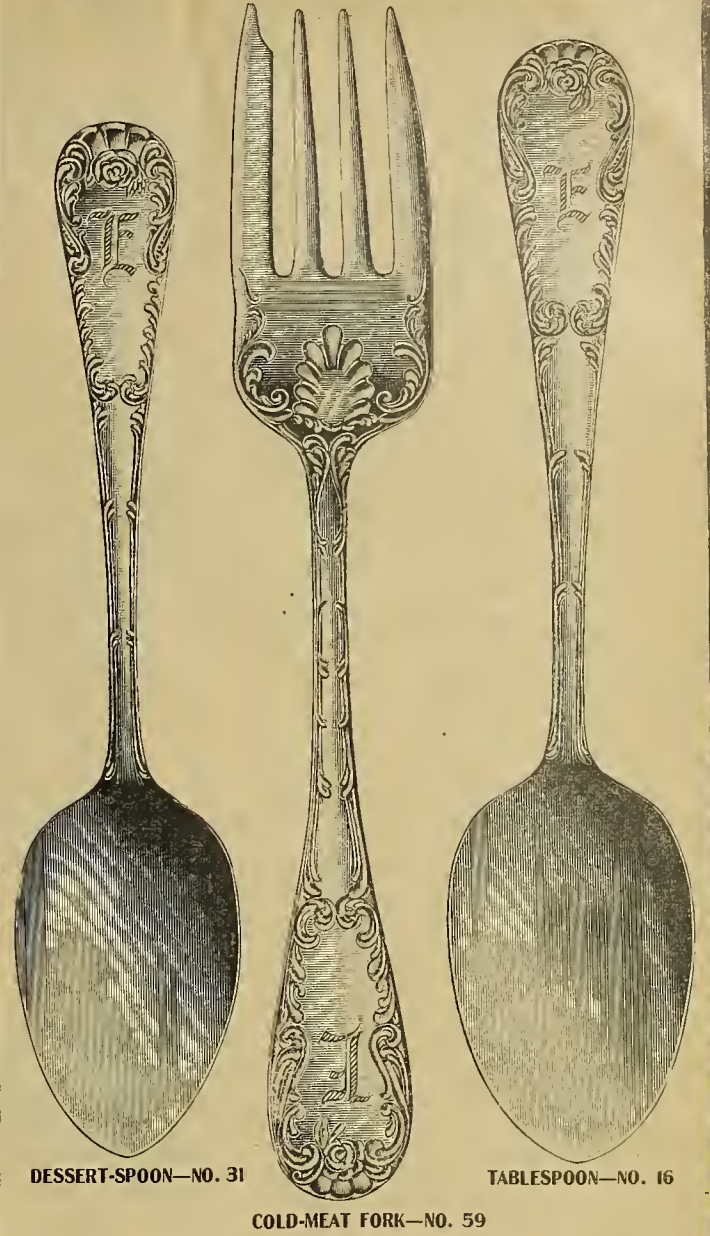
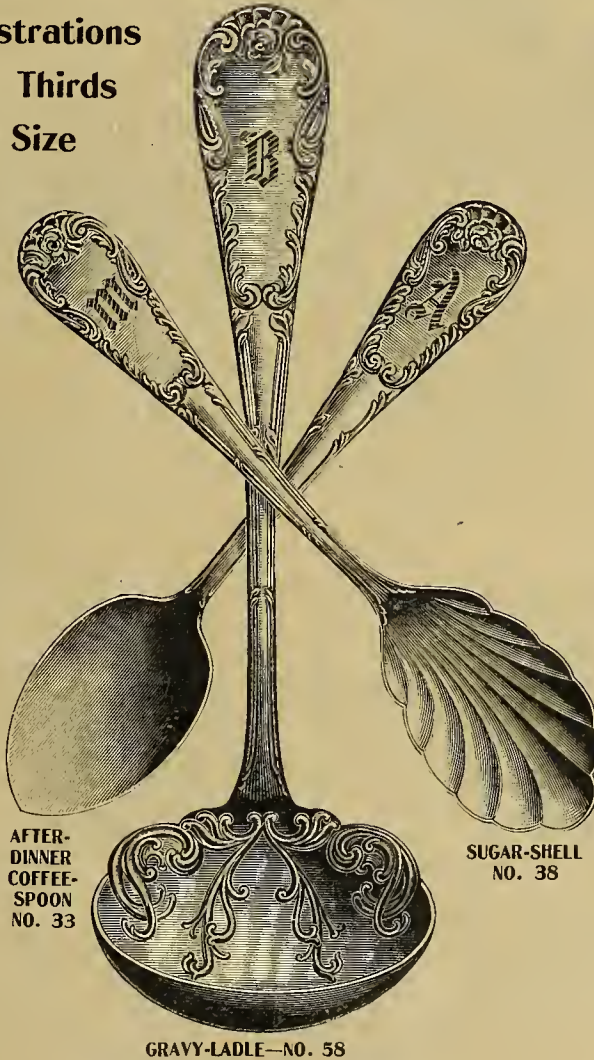
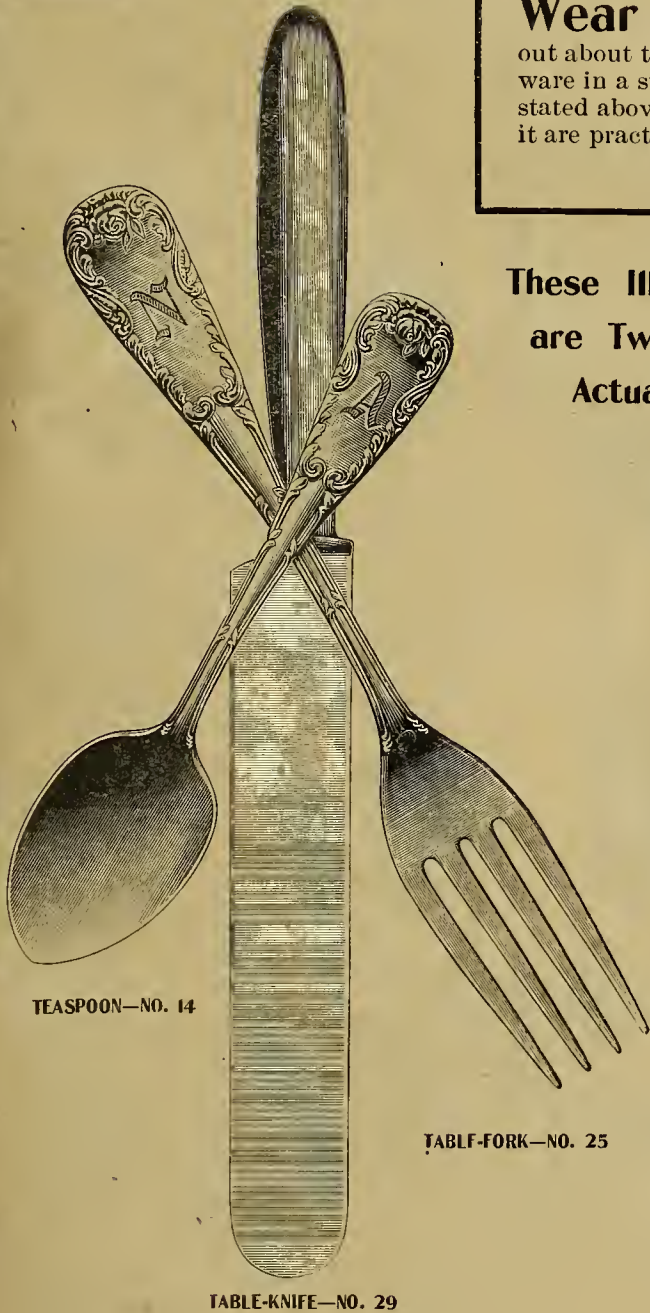
**Initial Letter** Each piece of this ware (except the knives) engraved free of charge with an initial letter in Old English. Only one letter on a piece.

**Guarantee** We absolutely guarantee every piece of this ware to be exactly as it is described and to give full and entire satisfaction or your money cheerfully and promptly refunded.

**NOTE.**—Postage or expressage on this ware is fully prepaid by us. Order by numbers as shown in connection with the cuts. Carefully indicate what initial letter is wanted.

**Wear Tells the Quality** The fact that we have sent out about two hundred thousand pieces of this quality of ware in a single year, all under our iron-clad guarantee, as stated above, and that complaints of any sort concerning it are practically unknown, is the best proof of its quality.

These Illustrations  
are Two Thirds  
Actual Size



### SILVERWARE GIVEN FOR SECURING YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FARM AND FIRESIDE

- Set of 6 Teaspoons given for three yearly subscriptions
- Set of 6 Forks given for six yearly subscriptions
- Set of 6 Tablespoons given for six yearly subscriptions
- Set of 6 Knives given for twelve yearly subscriptions
- Set of 6 After-Dinner Coffee-Spoons given for three yearly subscriptions
- Set of 6 Dessert-Spoons given for six yearly subscriptions
- Set of 6 Dessert-Forks given for six yearly subscriptions
- One Cold-Meat Fork given for three yearly subscriptions
- One Berry-Spoon given for three yearly subscriptions
- One Pie-Knife given for three yearly subscriptions
- One Gravy-Ladle given for three yearly subscriptions
- One Child's Set (Knife, Fork and Spoon) given for three yearly subscriptions
- Sugar-Shell and Butter-Knife (both) given for three yearly subscriptions

(All silverware is sent charges prepaid by us)

### WE WILL SEND THE FARM AND FIRESIDE ONE YEAR AND THE SILVERWARE AT THESE PRICES

- The Farm and Fireside 1 year and a Set of 6 Teaspoons for - \$ .75
- The Farm and Fireside 1 Year and a Set of 6 Forks for - 1.25
- The Farm and Fireside 1 year and a Set of 6 Tablespoons for - 1.25
- The Farm and Fireside 1 Year and a Set of 6 Knives for - 1.75
- The Farm and Fireside 1 Year and a Set of 6 Coffee-Spoons for .75
- The Farm and Fireside 1 Year and a Set of 6 Dessert-Spoons for - 1.00
- The Farm and Fireside 1 Year and a Set of 6 Dessert-Forks for 1.00
- The Farm and Fireside 1 Year and a Cold-Meat Fork for - .75
- The Farm and Fireside 1 year and Berry-Spoon for - .75
- The Farm and Fireside 1 year and Pie-Knife for - .75
- The Farm and Fireside 1 year and Gravy-Ladle for - .75
- The Farm and Fireside 1 Year and Child's Set (Knife, Fork and Spoon) .75
- The Farm and Fireside 1 year and Butter-Knife and Sugar-Shell (both) .60

(To Club-Raisers:—When the subscriber pays you this special price you are entitled either to the regular cash commission or to count the name in a club)

ADDRESS FARM AND FIRESIDE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO



## SELECTIONS

## Another Creamery Fraud

OH, IT is so much cheaper not to read and keep posted on this dairy question! Here is proof of it:

The farmers in Adams County, Indiana, have been buying some of these new, cheap, so-called cream-separators. The machines were left in the house, the agents taking a receipt for the apparatus, "just to indicate where it was left." These receipts now turn up as promissory notes for sixty-eight dollars each. The gentlemanly agents sold the paper before they left the county, and the Monroeville bank is collecting them at this time. The grafters proposed to leave the separators on trial and promised to take all butter at twenty-two cents a pound. Riches loomed up before the farmers, and they bit. The sum taken out of Adams County was more than three thousand dollars.

Three thousand dollars would have paid for a great deal of sound, dairy education in the form of a good dairy paper. These farmers would have been posted on the fraud and lots of valuable things besides. But they prefer to pay their money for a fraud other than for useful knowledge, and they have got what they paid for.—Hoard's Dairyman.

## RECENT PUBLICATIONS

## CATALOGUES RECEIVED

R. E. Dietz Company, 60 Laight Street, New York. Illustrated catalogue of Dietz new steel signal-lamps.

W. E. Caldwell Company, Louisville, Ky. Illustrated catalogue of tanks, towers and tubs, both wood and steel.

The Tiffin Wagon Company, Tiffin, Ohio. Illustrated catalogue of brick-machines, corn-shellers and farm-wagons.

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works, Fitchburg, Mass. Illustrated catalogue of bicycles; also illustrated catalogue of firearms.

Hygienic Blanket Company, Hubbardstown, Mass. Circulars describing health stable horse-blankets and square street-blankets.

O. E. Thompson & Sons, Ypsilanti, Mich. Illustrated catalogue of Thompson's wheelbarrow grass-seeders and Banner root-cutters.

Osgood Scale Company, Binghamton, N. Y. Handsome catalogue illustrating and describing the complete line of the "Osgood" U. S. Standard scales.

Thomas Meehan & Sons, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa. Illustrated catalogue of choice ornamental stock for lawn or avenue planting, telling how to plant and prune it.

Deere & Co., Moline, Ill. "From Forge to Farm; the Story of a Plow." A handsome pamphlet illustrating and describing the making of the celebrated John Deere steel plows.

Buffalo Forge Company, Buffalo, N. Y. Illustrated catalogue of Buffalo fans for mechanical forced draft. Illustrated catalogue of Buffalo fans for mechanical induced draft.

Rife Hydraulic Engine Manufacturing Company, 126 Liberty Street, New York. Descriptive catalogue of the Rife hydraulic engine, a simple and effective machine for elevating water.

The McSherry Manufacturing Company, Middletown, Ohio. Illustrated circular describing the "McSherry New Model" transplanter, a machine for setting out tobacco, cabbage, tomato, sweet-potato and kindred plants.

## BOOKS NOTICED

GEOFFREY STRONG. By Laura E. Richards. Price 75 cents. Dana Estes & Co., Boston, Mass.

KANSAS ZEPHYRS. A book of Western poems by Ed. Blair. Price \$1. Published by the American Thresherman, Madison, Wis.

A YEAR-BOOK OF FAMOUS LYRICS. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Small 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50. Dana Estes & Co., Boston, Mass.

TOLD BY TWO. A romance of Bermuda. By Marie St. Felix. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Published by M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago, Ill.

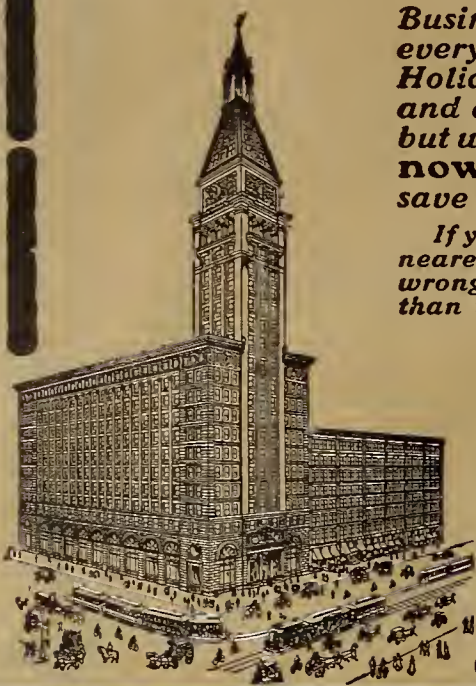
AN IDYL OF THE SOUTH. An Epic Poem in Two Parts. By Albery A. Whitman. Price, \$1. The Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York.

REYNARD THE FOX. Small quarto, cloth, with over 125 original illustrations by J. J. Morra. Price \$1.50. Dana Estes & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

HORSE SENSE. A practical treatise on the breeding, care and management of horses. By J. C. Curryer, M.D. Illustrated. Cloth-bound; 226 pages. Price \$1. Published by the Farm, Stock and Home Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

TURKEY CULTURE. Illustrated pamphlet giving the experience of the most successful turkey-raisers in the United States. Price 50 cents. Published by the Excelsior Wire and Poultry Supply Company, 28 Vesey Street, New York City.

## At the House that Ward Built



Business is brisk. Fall orders are coming in heavy and everybody is busy. Have you given any thought yet to your Holiday purchases? We want our patrons to "come early and avoid the rush." We can take care of everybody nicely, but why wait until the last moment. Look over our catalogue now and see what you'll need in the next 30 days. You can save 30 to 50 per cent by ordering all your supplies of us.

If you haven't our catalogue and don't know how to get it, ask your nearest neighbor. If he doesn't know try the next. Something is wrong in your community if you can't find out without asking more than three people.

DO YOU NEED GROCERIES, HARDWARE OR DRY GOODS NOW?

Christmas goods can be shipped at the same time, thus saving freight charges. Order blanks or any information desired will be promptly sent free of charge. Address

**Montgomery Ward & Co.**

Michigan Avenue and Madison Street

Chicago

The House That Tells the Truth and Sticks to It

## MAKING SAUSAGE



is easy work for the owner of an Enterprise Food Chopper. You could chop a whole hog without getting tired. More than pays for itself in one week's work. Makes fine mince meats, hash, sausage meat, Hamburg steak, &c.

## The Enterprise Meat &amp; Food Chopper

is useful every day in the year in every kitchen. Uses up left-over meats and vegetables. Sold at all hardware, house furnishing and department stores. 35 styles and sizes, hand and power. Send 4 cents. Never gets out of order; can be cleaned instantly. for the "Enterprising Housekeeper"—contains 200 receipts. THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. OF PA., Philadelphia, Pa.



## Every Animal on the Farm

looks better, keeps healthier, grows faster, costs less, brings a better price, for having cooked feed from a

## HEESEN Feed Cooker

Hogs take on weight at once, cows give more and better milk, steers fatten up, horses grow sleek and willing, sheep weather better, flocks heavier, market easily, hens lay more eggs, poultry is heavier—very soon after beginning cooked food. Write for booklet, description and prices.

HEESEN BROS. & CO.  
Box 808, Tecumseh, Mich.

## Go take a look at an ELLWOOD STEEL WIRE FENCE

Examine it thoroughly and you will buy it, we are sure of that. Best steel wires, heavily galvanized. Six styles, all sizes.

To the eye of a practical man it is the perfect woven steel fence. Sold everywhere. Guaranteed. If your dealer hasn't it, write to

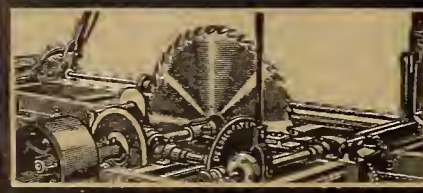
AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Denver.



## Artistic Monuments

COST NO MORE THAN PLAIN ONES in White Bronze

Marble is entirely out of date. Granite soon gets moss-grown, discolored, requires constant expense and care, and eventually crumbles back to Mother Earth. Besides, it is very expensive. White Bronze is strictly everlasting. It cannot crumble with the action of frost. Moss growth is an impossibility. It is more artistic than any stone. Then why not investigate it? It has been adopted for nearly one hundred public monuments. We have designs from \$4.00 to \$4,000.00. Write at once for free designs and information. It puts you under no obligations. We deal direct and deliver everywhere. The Monumental Bronze Co., 347 HOWARD AVENUE, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



## Farmers' \$125 Saw Mill

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## General Farming in Japan—By Jessie Ackermann

**T**WENTY-SEVEN hundred years before Christ the Emperor of China introduced a system of agriculture into his country. The soil had always been cultivated in an interior way, but this enterprising ruler saw the need of other methods, and made every effort to enforce their general adoption. In order to impress the matter upon the peasants he plowed a small plot of land and sowed it with the five most important cereals. For this he was deified after his death and made god of the crops. For more than four thousand years the rulers of the empire have followed his example in the matter of plowing and sowing.

The new methods became general, and every farmer tried to outdo the other in devising the most complete arts whereby the earth would be induced to put forth her greatest yield.

When these new modes of cultivation had been well established, and every hillside and valley were smiling ready for harvest, the islands of Japan became known to China and they at once sent their missionary priest over to this country. They brought with them the entire civilization of China—their arts, sciences, philosophy, industries, and among the latter their well-tested methods of enriching the soil.

Japan took readily to all the missionaries had to offer. It is one of the

characteristics of the Japanese that they have always been in search of the best, and twice in the history of the empire they have adopted and adjusted themselves to a foreign civilization. First when China sent hers, and second when Japan sent to the Occident in search of higher things.

The Japanese farmer had many disadvantages that made the process of better cultivation very difficult. The entire country is of volcanic formation, and only one twelfth of the land is sufficiently flat to admit of farming. Added to this the soil itself is naturally of a very poor quality and requires special treatment both by way of enriching and irrigation. The greatest advantage of the farmer is the fact that he has divided the land into very small sections. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that extreme poverty makes it impossible for a farmer to possess more than a good-sized potato-patch. At any rate, the smallness of the farms has its advantages, and the toil of the farmer of to-day is not to be mentioned when compared with that of his ancestors, who took the virgin soil in all its poverty and lavished no end of energy and strength to bring it up to its present producing capacity. Yes, the farmer of to-day has entered into a rich heritage of hills already terraced and plains finely irrigated, representing the patient, steady toil of many centuries.

The present success of cultivation is

said to be due to a fine system of irrigation, most extensive manuring and, by no means least, rotation of crops. As there are very few cows or horses stable manure figures very little in enriching the soil, but other sources of supply are sought. In some sections of the coast-land there is found a peculiar kind of small fish. They are caught by the millions, and as they produce great quantities of oil they are pressed in large vats to secure the train-oil, and the refuse is used for fertilizing the ground. At seasons of the year when this is being used it is almost impossible to travel over the country, as the fumes arising are so nauseous. It is a marvel how the farmers themselves are able to endure it. The use of this, however, is confined to certain districts.

In many sections the hillsides are stripped of all kinds of vegetation, and in the autumn all the dead leaves are gathered. This is thrown upon the small patches and the water turned on, leaving the matter to decay upon the surface. The fertilizer upon which the farmer chiefly depends is cesspool manure, taken from the dwellings in the great cities, and indeed in the small places. There are large companies whose business it is to provide means whereby this manure may reach the most remote regions. Small ships heavily laden find their way through every watercourse of the land. This failing, men cart it miles and miles until the destination is reached. Every

farm has one or more pits dug in the earth, and the bottom and sides lined with bricks. Into this the manure is turned, and if the season for using it is not at hand it is covered over with rice-straw to be utilized later.

The land yields two crops each season. In the early springtime the ground is prepared for millet, barley and wheat; oats and foreign rye are quite unknown.

The first turning of the soil on a well-conducted plot is done by a crude plow harnessed to a bullock or horse, usually the former. A crooked piece of wood forms the central feature of this ancient structure. To one end is attached a sharp blade and to the other a cross-beam, used for the double purpose of tethering the bullock, which is harnessed with indescribable rope trappings, and also furnishing a means by which the farmer may guide the plow. After this sort of plowing the soil is loosened by a long-handled spade and the process of planting begins.

Almost everything in Japan is planted in rows. This being the case, the last process of dealing with the soil leaves it arranged in small hills and furrows. Upon the former—that is, the small hills—the grain is sown by hand, the furrows frequently being planted with peas, beans or rows of rape-seed. As all harvesting is done by hand this does not interfere with the operation later.

The staple article of the country be-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 5]



SOWING JAPANESE RYE AND FERTILIZING THE SOIL



## FARM AND FIRESIDE

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THE following are condensed extracts from the comprehensive report of the Secretary of Agriculture for 1901:

**ANIMAL INDUSTRY.**—The grand total of animals and animal products exported during the year exceeded \$250,000,000 in value. This vast foreign market is only preserved to our producers by the indefatigable efforts of the Department and the rigid inspection exercised through the Bureau of Animal Industry. This bureau inspected for export 385,000 cattle, 228,000 sheep and 48,000 horses and mules, and nearly 1,000 vessels carrying live stock. Imported animals were also inspected to the number of 342,000, and where necessary quarantined. The Secretary suggests that with the enormous interests our stock-raisers have at stake, and inspection or quarantine affording, after all, a relative, not an absolute, guarantee or protection, it might be well for this country to follow the example of Great Britain and exclude live stock from other countries entirely. The meat-inspection service involved the inspection at the time of slaughter of nearly 37,000,000 animals. Of the more than 5,000,000 cattle inspected the condemned carcasses were about one fourth of one per cent; of the 6,500,000 sheep, one tenth of one per cent, and of 24,000,000 hogs, one third of one per cent. In the control of indigenous diseases 1,500,000 inspections were made and over 45,000 cars disinfected in the Texas-fever service alone. In the repression of scabies in sheep nearly 8,000,000 animals were inspected and over 1,000,000 dipped under the supervision of the Department inspectors. In combating the disease known as "black-leg" the bureau distributed over 1,500,000 doses of vaccine, the result being to reduce losses in affected herds to less than one per cent where formerly it was in most cases about ten per cent. To aid in detecting tuberculosis in cattle and glanders in horses over 44,000 doses of tuberculin and 7,000 doses of mallein have been supplied.

**PLANT INDUSTRY.**—Great activity has characterized the introduction of valuable seeds and plants from abroad,

with most satisfactory results. The development of the rice industry in Louisiana and Texas since the introduction by the Department of the Japanese rice, during the past three years, has been remarkable. At the same time our imports of this product have decreased from 154,000,000 to 73,000,000 pounds. The United States imports yearly nearly \$800,000 worth of macaroni. Macaroni wheats have been introduced in the past two years very successfully into the Dakotas and also into Kansas and Nebraska. Fully ninety per cent of the date-palms introduced in recent years from Africa are now growing vigorously in Arizona and southern California. This year a collection of the choicest varieties in Egypt have been obtained. Progress is reported in the introduction of Egyptian cotton.

**EXPERIMENT STATIONS.**—The Secretary reports as the result of a broad inquiry made through the Office of Experiment Stations that by far the largest part of the work of the stations has direct relation to the important agricultural interests of the communities in which they are located.

The work of the stations is becoming better understood by the farmers, and a broader, deeper foundation of scientific inquiry is being laid each year. Co-operation between this Department and the stations continues to increase, and the value of these co-operative methods to the agricultural interest are very generally acknowledged. As a result of the practical confidence so attained, Congress and the state legislatures have shown a disposition to be liberal with this Department and with the stations. The movement for the separation of the office of director of the stations from that of the president of the college has advanced, and at present there are but eleven states and territories in which the college president exercises the functions of director of the station.

**AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.**—An increase in college-extension work in agriculture is noted and stress is laid on the movement for the establishment of secondary schools of agriculture and the introduction of the elements of agriculture into the rural schools as hopeful signs of progress in agricultural education. The Secretary suggests that his Department, already giving aid to rural schools in various ways, should take a still more active part in encouraging this work. He recommends encouragement by distributing seeds and plants to establish school gardens, by furnishing schools with collections of specimens of insects, of plant diseases and other illustrative material, and by supplying the teachers with such publications of the Department as may be useful to them.

**IRRIGATION.**—The Secretary devotes a great deal of space to a discussion of irrigation investigations. These have been conducted through the Office of Experiment Stations, and embrace (1) studies of irrigation laws and the social and industrial institutions of irrigated agriculture, and (2) investigations of the methods by which water is conserved, distributed and used.

In reference to the first subject the Secretary states that the character of the titles to water finally recognized will do more than all other influences combined to determine whether the Western farmers ought to be tenants or proprietors. Naturally this makes the disposal of the water resources of the West a matter of vital importance not only to the persons directly interested, but to the country at large. Every consideration which justified the general government in the control, the survey and the disposal of public lands applies equally to the orderly and just establishment of titles to water by public authority, either state or national. He points out the confusion and trouble and almost endless litigation frequently attending the settlement of this question, and declares it to be absolutely necessary that some simple and final method of determining and protecting rights to streams should be provided. In the meantime the conditions, as they exist in arid states, are being carefully studied by the Department.

Attention is directed to the growth of irrigation in the humid regions, and the remarkable fact is stated that in Louisiana more money has been expended on pumping plants in the past two years

than in any arid state. By irrigation, rice-growing in Louisiana and Texas has raised the price of land originally worth \$5 to \$10 an acre to \$50 and even \$100 an acre.

He winds up the discussion of this subject by presenting the following conclusions:

(1) That private enterprise will have to be supplemented by public aid in the construction of certain classes of irrigation works if we are to secure the largest development of Western agriculture.

(2) That reservoirs located in the channels of running streams should be public works.

(3) That the first step taken toward national aid for irrigation should be the passage of enlightened codes of water laws by the states to be benefited.

(4) That the land laws should be modified by repealing the desert act, and by requiring cultivation as well as residence on a homestead.

(5) That the non-irrigable grazing-lands should be leased in small tracts so as to unite the irrigable and the pasture-lands.

**PUBLIC ROADS.**—In establishing an Office of Public Road Inquiries the object was to promote the improvement of public roads throughout the country. Efforts were first directed to ascertain the condition of the roads, the state of public opinion in regard to their improvement, the obstacles in the way and the best methods to be employed in securing better roads—such has been the work of this office up to the present. For spreading information and awakening interest nothing has been found so effectual as the "object-lesson" or sample roads which, during the past year, have been built in nine states under the advice and supervision of the office. In building these sample roads machines have been loaned by manufacturers and carried free by the railroad companies, while the local community furnishes material and labor.

**AGRICULTURAL EXPORTS.**—The highest record previously attained in the export of agricultural products—in 1898—was surpassed by over \$90,000,000 in the fiscal year of 1901, when a value of over \$950,000,000 was reached. Of the merchandise sent abroad during the year sixty-five per cent originated on the farm. Of foreign customers for our agricultural products the United Kingdom stands first, taking over fifty per cent. The next most important markets are afforded by Germany, France, the Netherlands and Belgium, in the order named. The Section of Foreign Markets has begun the preparation of a most comprehensive report on the character of our agricultural importations received by the United Kingdom from countries other than the United States. The importance of this report is evidenced by the fact that, large as were our exports to the United Kingdom, they comprised only one third of the foreign farm produce purchased by that country. Special statistics have been compiled by the Section of Foreign Markets relative to our trade in farm products with our new insular possessions. Our agricultural exports to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines during the year comprised about fifty-three per cent of the domestic merchandise sent to these islands. Our imports of agricultural products from these islands exceeded our exports by just \$30,000,000.

## THE ON-LOOKER 2

THE other day it was my privilege to look over some of the work that is being done at one of our best agricultural experiment stations. Here are scientists at work upon problems in agriculture, using that word in its broadest significance, and the value of their work has recognition far and wide. These men are very practical, studying the questions that most puzzle the farmers of their state. Looking over the experiment plats, the stables and the live stock, the opportunities for learning helpful facts that were enjoyed by the farmers near by appealed to me as a rare privilege. Here were tests of plants, fertilizers and methods of tillage such as one needs to make on his own land, and the results are absolutely free, the United States defraying the expense.

Within a day it occurred that a large number of neighboring farmers were met, and the surprising fact developed that only about half of them were keeping tab on any of these experiments or had visited the station at all. The other half were unappreciative of the work and were not turning it to account in their farming. It seemed to me queer enough that a man would overlook at his very door that which another cheerfully travels hundreds of miles to acquire. And this apathy toward this experimental work could not be attributed wholly to mental indolence. Some of these men were fairly awake to their need of a better and wider knowledge of their business. Other state stations have a similar experience in respect to those they wish to serve.

In a city of historic interest a friend of mine stopped a resident with a query as to the location of a spot known by reputation to all readers of history. The reply was, "I am ashamed to admit that I do not know. I was born and reared here, and I know that the point you are seeking is here—have known it all my life—but somehow I have never gone to see it." The incident is not unusual. This gentleman probably has traveled long distances to see the sights of other regions, but the sight-seeing of his own historic locality he has left to be done by strangers and by those of his fellows more consistent than he. It is the strange that attracts. The importance of persons and things increases as distance increases. We magnify that which we do not possess or cannot attain, and better things at hand are rated less highly.

At the expense of some time, money and physical exertion I recently spent a Sabbath where I might hear a sermon by one of America's noted preachers. I wish to comment upon the experience with becoming modesty, but cannot convey any accurate impression of the sermon without rating it as an ecclesiastical "gold brick" palmed off upon us for some unassigned reason. It may be that some brilliant secular address of the week had taken the time usually given the preparation; there may have been some temporary physical infirmity; there may have been unusual reason—but the fodder placed in the rack for us had a nutritive ratio not narrower than one to thirty, if I may express it in scientific terms.

Self-examination places the experience in a possibly different light. Distance had loaned enchantment. A brilliant address twice a year and a single short series of eloquent sermons annually may be enough to make reputation, and coming in between meals with an expectation whetted by the exaggerating influences of distance, the performance seemed even poorer than it actually was. But it is the lesson of it all that interests. We undervalue that to which we are accustomed, we envy another his opportunities and possessions, and we magnify the unattainable. The best use of that at hand, and full appreciation of it, goes with rational living, and that which is nearest us may have greater possibilities of profit for us than all the gilded features of other paths through this life. "Home-ly," in the original significance of that word, is one of the finest adjectives of our language.

Conceit, with self as an object, is unpleasant, I admit, and I give plenty of room to the boaster that passes by. But I like the man who is fine enough and sane enough to see all the virtues of his country, his community, his farm, his children and his wife. With these his life deals. Faith in those nearest to us ennobles us. The counsel of an intelligent neighbor is usually safer than that of the most brilliant stranger. The well-thumbed books of the little home library bring better truth than the big town library, whose book goes back to its shelves in a week. In the daily sacrifices of home-life are revealed the choicest graces of the human heart—if familiarity does not blind us. Our neighborhood, our friends, our farm, our advisers, our family—these can yield to us the best the wide world can give if we will that this be so.

O—L.



## RURAL AFFAIRS

**Tree Trimmings** A few weeks ago I had an opportunity to see some more of Niagara County's peach orchards along the shore of Lake Ontario, and I found every tree there with low head, the branches starting from about two feet above the ground. To have the trees grow in this way it is only necessary to cut them to short whips when first setting out, and then afterward attend closely to the trimming annually and severely. In this way we can get trees the fruit of which may be picked while the picker stands on the ground. Usually the tendency of the peach-tree is to grow upward and to set its fruit mostly out of reach from the ground. Growers seldom have the courage to cut the ends of limbs far enough back, with peach as well as other trees. More thorough work in this respect will result in better, more compact heads and better fruit. It is not true that the fruit should grow way out on the ends of slender limbs and twigs. For the Burbank plum, which has an annoyingly spreading habit of growth, we will need a higher head. Even then the limbs grow out so nearly in a horizontal direction that when loaded with fruit they will hang down to the ground. This is overdoing a good thing, for while the fruit is easily gathered the low-hanging limbs interfere with the proper cultivation. Here again severe heading back is the remedy. Mr. Lutts has attempted, with some success, to grow what he calls a "second story" on his Burbanks. He cuts the lower limbs very short, allows a branch to grow up from the end of each and then to spread out again in a horizontal direction. In this way he has made some fairly good, compact heads and opened a way for proper cultivation.

Severe treatment will also have to be given to our apple and pear trees. The San Jose scale is still with us notwithstanding our rather thorough spraying with clear crude petroleum in early spring. The apple-trees are too large and have too much wood for us to hope that we can reach and cover with the oily liquid every portion of every limb. The only help seems to be in cutting back every branch and limb fully one half, possibly more, thus giving a chance to coat everything with petroleum that is left on. The result will be practically a new head free from scale. The trimming will be done in mild days during winter, just as we get the time, and the spraying is to follow in March, when the buds begin to swell. A barrel of petroleum reaches quite a ways, and although the operators get well smeared with oil, yet the spraying-machines work beautifully, and we can throw a fine spray without fear of clogging the nozzle. Of course, we use the Vermorel nozzle as giving the finest spray. As I use an ordinary spray-pump (mounted on a barrel) I have to spray with the clear petroleum, without water, and consequently it may be rather expensive when I have to pay about seven cents a gallon for the crude petroleum; but it may result in all the better work and the surer destruction of the scale. My earlier hopes that the petroleum spray might have a tendency to prevent attacks of blight and scabs, by destroying fungus spores which had found lodgment on any place that happened to be hit by the spray, have not been realized. But in the sprayed orchards I have been singularly free from insect enemies that usually come during spring and summer, especially tent-caterpillars and webworms.

**English Gooseberries** The New York State Experiment Station (Geneva) had about one hundred and fifty varieties of gooseberries on exhibit at the Pan-American during July and August—a remarkable show, indeed. Among them were a large number of English sorts, all evidently free from mildew, for the berries (although not of the size of English exhibition fruit, which is said to reach that of a hen's egg) were large and clean. The station in growing English

gooseberries resorts to spraying with liver-of-sulphur solution, which as yet seems to be the most certain and satisfactory preventive of mildew on gooseberry-bushes. I have had to use this same remedy for the past two seasons, although my Columbus gooseberries have been remarkably healthy and free from mildew before that. Some younger bushes of the English sorts did not show a trace of disease at any time during the season. In growing the magnificent Columbus, however, I have struck another snag, the same which has made Mr. James J. H. Gregory, the well-known seedsman of Massachusetts, disgusted with the English gooseberry. He says in the New York "Tribune" (now "Tribune Farmer"):

"When my crop was nearly matured we had three days of continuous hot weather, the thermometer being well up into the nineties, with the result that when visiting my plantation on the third day I found about every gooseberry had been sun-scalded, and nearly every specimen was on the ground, there being as many as three or four quarts under individual bushes. Of the bushels expected not a single cent's worth was salable. The year following I resolved to give them a little healthy neglect, hoping that the shading of the ground and the fruit itself by new growth might serve as a mulch to hide the black soil from the direct rays of the sun, and so keep it comparatively cool, while the taller ones might afford like protection to the fruit. At about the same date as the year previous we had a repetition of the same very hot weather, followed by a like result, about every fruit being sun-scalded and spoiled. Had I a location on my farm where the bushes would have been slightly shaded I should have removed my plantation there and have given them one more trial; as it was, appetite for experimenting with the English gooseberry, with the result of utter failure two years out of three, was perfectly satisfied. I have no more time to waste in attempts to naturalize these obdurate foreigners."

I would like to know how the New York State Experiment Station has fared during these last two seasons, with its spells of excessive heat right at the time when the gooseberries were beginning to ripen. I lost a portion of my Columbus—in fact, all that were fully exposed to the direct rays of the sun—by sun-scald, but there were enough hanging on the under side of the branches where the sun did not reach them directly to give me a large crop of sound fruit. The ground underneath my bushes is deeply covered with coal-ashes and appears almost white in color. This may have some influence in the prevention of sun-scald. At any rate, I am not ready to give up growing English gooseberries, especially the Columbus, with its large and abundant fruit. Overproductiveness, in spite of the severest annual trimming (less than one third of the wood being left), has seemed really a fault of the Columbus under my system of management. The crop is decidedly profitable even with the drawback of sun-scald. Hereafter I shall remove all berries from the bushes that are fully exposed to the direct rays of the sun when about two thirds grown. I like the unripe berry for sauce much better than the ripe or nearly ripe ones. They will sell, too, and may thus be marketed before there is any danger of sun-scald, while their removal will give all the better chances to the berries that are left on the under side of the branches. The "American Cultivator," commenting on Mr. Gregory's experience, says: "If a gardener like Mr. Gregory could not succeed with English gooseberries the farmer would do well to let them alone." Not necessarily. A few of these large gooseberry-bushes on a place will be an object of interest and a source of pleasure, and a failure or two in one place or in even two seasons in succession are no proof that success is beyond reach or even difficult. We will keep on trying. On the other hand, it will be well to have also a few bushes of native gooseberries, especially the Downing, which while small compared with some English sorts is of especially fine quality. T. GREINER.

## SALIENT FARM NOTES

**Catalpa Posts** There is something in the soil in this locality that destroys a fence-post in a very short time. I have seen good white-oak posts eaten off in five years; in fact, they seem to last little, if any, longer than elm or cottonwood. To-day I took up a Catalpa speciosa post five inches in diameter which had been set seven years, and found that about half an inch of the outside had been eaten away, but the rest of it was as sound as when it was set. The post had seasoned about a year before it was set, and to look at it one would suppose that it would not last more than a year, but to-day it looks as if it might stand twice seven more years. A neighbor set a lot of catalpa posts about the same size as this one, and most of them rotted off in four years; but they were cut down and set in the ground immediately. Six years ago I cut down a tree and used it for a post in a cheap shed without seasoning it, and in five years it rotted about an inch deep all around. At the same time I cut another about the same size, six inches through, and used it as a dividing pole between two stalls something over a year, then as a temporary post something over a year, and it has lain on the ground exposed to the weather ever since and it is perfectly sound yet.

When seasoned catalpa is light and almost as soft as seasoned cottonwood, and to look at it one would think it of very little value, especially for fence-posts; but experience and observation have satisfied me that it is worth for this purpose about four times as much as white oak. It is strong, and when seasoned nails can be driven into it as easily as into cedar, and they will stay in. I have never seen it tested with Osage orange, but I am satisfied it will last about as long when used for posts, while it has a decided advantage over Osage in the fact that nails can easily be driven into it when seasoned, while Osage will turn anything but a short, thick, pointed stub, and will very often split where the nail is driven in. I feel sure that it will pay any farmer to plant Catalpa speciosa for posts, poles and all such purposes. It does not grow any faster at the start than Osage, but it soon outstrips the latter.

In planting catalpa one must plant intelligently or he is sure to be disappointed. When set singly it grows crooked and almost scraggy, and it will be years before it will make even short posts. To make a good, upright growth it must be planted in groves and rather thickly. I have seen it planted eight feet apart, and the growth was not at all satisfactory, being altogether too branchy and crooked. I have also seen it planted four feet apart in rows six feet apart, and the growth was upright and rapid while the trees were young, and when properly thinned out when they reached pole size those left standing made a satisfactory growth afterward.

**Automobiles** Men who are very much interested in breeding road-horses delight to poke several kinds of fun at the automobile, declaring that they are, and always will be, mere toys for the wealthy, a sort of a fad for those who are able to have what the masses cannot afford. They picture the farmer starting out with his automobile for a ride or a trip to the village, and running into a mud-hole and having to call on some man with a team to pull him out. They tell about the man with his shimmering carriage and pair of high-stepping bays slashing along the road taking his family to church or to a picnic and cutting a wide swath as he goes, throwing dust into the faces of the bicycle-riders and filling with envy all who see him pass; but the mud-holes are not mentioned. Let him "slash" through a mud-puddle and the shimmer is gone from his carriage, and his spanking bays and glittering harness are in order for three or four hours' labor. No man that I know who owns a fine carriage ever takes it out when the roads are muddy. That would spoil it. He goes in the old wagon instead. If the fine carriage, spanking bays and glittering harness can be used only when the roads are dry and good, what's the matter with the automobile? FRED GRUNDY.

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## OUR FARM

### Farm Theory and Practice

**THE FARM BARN.**—A satisfactory barn contributes greatly to the comfort of a farmer. It takes away much of that sense of helplessness that knocks the joy and the profit out of farming. No one can plan to the best advantage, feed to the best advantage and store field products without loss unless he has plenty of room under roof. There are no more safe and thorough farmers than the "Pennsylvania Germans," and they make a good barn a prior consideration to a good house, knowing that if the barn is fitted for storing crops without loss, and for converting them into higher-priced animal products economically, the money for a good house will come as a matter of course. Frankly I think that they carry this idea a little too far, denying themselves in many instances for the sake of the live stock and the gain therefrom. But in time the costly barn provides ample means for the home. On the other hand, very many put the spare money into the home, where it cannot earn anything toward the building of the needed barn. Middle ground between these two extremes is probably nearest right. There may be unjustifiable expenditure in barns just as well as in houses.

The desirable barn for a farm is the one that will give the largest net profit in money and comfort on the money invested. Such an investment is the exception rather than the rule, as must be the case with buildings of all sorts, I presume, so long as we are not experts along that line; but there are some very common defects that should be apparent without experience with them and for which there is no excuse.

**GETTING CAPACITY.**—Ample storage room pays cash returns on a farm, and that is gotten cheaply by increasing the height of proposed buildings. There is enough area of roofs on the farms of this country to protect twice as much hay, wheat, stover, straw, etc., as can now be stored under them, without having the height too great for convenience. When the work of storing was done by hand labor low roofs may have been all right, but to-day we use horse-power in the unloading of wagons, for the sake of cheapness and speed, and with slings or other devices the hay, wheat or other stuff can be swung up as high as wanted. The deep bay gains in capacity rapidly as each foot is added to the height, the extra weight packing wonderfully. Counting the cost, as the most of us must do, the extra capacity secured by increasing height is cheaply gotten.

**THE BANK BARN.**—In respect to cheapness and convenience much may be said in favor of the old-fashioned bank barn. One roof covers a great number of cubic feet of space, and that is the big factor in cheap housing; the feed is directly above the live stock, saving labor in handling, but the stable is usually too dark and too damp. A better barn is the bank barn without the bank excepting at the driveway. Then are secured the advantages of the old-style barn without its disadvantages. There is no moisture to collect, an abundance of windows can let in the light, and ventilation can be made good. The stable that is really a cellar, with three sides made of stone wall set in the side of a hill, may be warm, but it has no other virtues.

**THE BARN AND STABLE FLOOR.**—There is a common type of barn in some regions that deserves to be abandoned. It is the one framed upon sills setting a foot or more off the ground, and having a plank floor, upon which are the stalls, driveway, etc. It is not easy to understand why such an arrangement commends itself to so many farmers. The best part of the manure is wasted, the floor is cold until refuse fill the space up to the floor, when sills rot and rats are harbored, and about two feet of the possible capacity of the barn is lost. The live stock should be kept close to the ground, both to save manure and to retain warmth. Where box-stalls are used a tight clay floor

with plenty of bedding is the cheapest possible one, and fairly good. If stalls are used, some boards bedded in the clay for the fore feet is a pretty good makeshift, but the economical and satisfactory floor is the cement one. The latter can be put in at the cost of a plank floor including joists and sills, and it pays a big interest every year in saving manure. The floor should be only a few inches higher than the ground outside, the posts of each bent setting on foundation rock and being connected with nailing girths. A two-inch block the size of the foot of the posts should be placed between the foot of the post and the rock, and by renewal of this block whenever any decay appears the framework of such a building lasts indefinitely.

**ROOFING MATERIAL.**—The supply of shingles is small. Even if a lasting shingle can be secured with reasonable certainty the cost is as great as that of slate. Good tin thoroughly painted on the under side to prevent rusting has given good satisfaction, but in many instances roofs of this material have given away from rust caused in part by the sweating of stored hay and wheat. Personally I like the slate roof when made right. There is good and poor slate. Any one visiting the quarries can readily see why this is so. Many firms are engaged in the business of furnishing slate, some of them working in first-class material, and others quarrying slate that cannot stand exposure to action of the weather for a long term of years. Then, too, out of any quarry there comes some slate that should be cast aside. The best guaranty is the reputation of the firm doing the business, or for the builder the reputation of the local dealer that supplies him. The best slate is the highest in price, but the cheapest in the long run. The sheathing should be sized, so that the slate can be laid without strain upon any piece, and paper should go under the slate. Such a roof should last as long as any man lives, and longer.

**VENTILATION.**—No stable should be built without close siding, and if the air does not come whistling through the cracks some reasonable means of ventilation should be provided. I know of no better way of admitting pure air than by tubes of tin or wood that are brought into the stable from the outside at the floor and are extended up near to the floor above to make some draft and to mix the cool air with the warm air, that tends to rise. This prevents bad drafts, is inexpensive and convenient. The impure air should be removed by tubing extending from near the floor to the ventilator above. While building it is best to make the ventilation as nearly right as possible. DAVID.

### From Clover Leaf Farm Window

I have been drawing wood to-day, November 15th. All this month we have had very cold, raw nights, and the air has been sharp and frosty during the day. It makes me think of the long winter which stands so near the door. I always make it a point to have wood enough on hand to carry us through the winter and the summer following. It never has seemed to me that the way some people have of living from hand to mouth, so far as the wood-pile is concerned, was a good one. Seasoned wood is so much more satisfactory. It burns better, keeps a steadier fire and affords more heat. Then, too, the loss of temper on the part of the women-folks which goes along with green wood exceeds any other annoyance, in my mind.

**KILLING THE BIRDS.**—But what I set out to say was that all through the day the rattle of firearms has resounded in the woods. A fellow went through the fields near me while I was putting on one load. Over his shoulder was a shot-gun. It was only a moment after that when the sharp report of his gun rang out. These are times of peace with us of southern central New York, too, but they are very sad and fearful days for the birds. The law governing the shooting of game is now "off" with us, and the little feathered friends must keep close under cover or run the risk of being shot. Poor little birds! Why must they be sacrificed in this way to

make a good dinner for some epicure? We of Clover Leaf Farm never shoot these timid friends of the farmer. In all the thirteen years we have lived on the farm not a single bird has come to his death through us. I have a shot-gun, but its principal use is to free the place of wood-chucks. The birds make their nests in the trees near the house and seem to fear nothing.

**WHY DO WE KILL THE BIRDS?**—Of all friends of the farmer I know of none more useful than the birds. Take it in such a time as we have recently had, when the maple-trees have been suffering so terribly from worms. Not content with destroying the lovely maples, the very king of our forests, the pests attacked the apple-trees and stripped them of their leaves almost in a night. Where were the birds? Ask the sportsmen who tramp our fields almost night and day all through the autumn season, firing away at every little creature they can see. It has come to a pass when there is a worm or similar enemy for every single plant that grows on our farms, in field, forest or garden. And the horde is constantly increasing. Careful investigation proves conclusively that there are some birds which eat the tent-caterpillar, while others eat the eggs voraciously, thus destroying millions of worms prematurely and preventing untold destruction of trees and plants. Even the old crow, an outlaw by all, farmers as well as hunters, is now believed to do more good to plants by killing insects than all the injury he works to the corn-fields.

**GAME LAWS.**—Most of our states now have game laws, which protect the birds. In this respect there has been a marked change within the past few years. It is not very long ago that some states had bounty laws, which provided for the destruction of certain birds. These "scalp acts" have long been repealed, but wherever protective laws are in effect they are indifferently enforced. There seems to be a sort of silent consent that the birds shall be given over to make a few days of so-called pleasure for sportsmen from the cities and towns. Where there is a desire on the part of the owners of the lands over which these hunters roam to protest against the wholesale slaughter, fear of damage through vicious men who resent the "trespass" notices posted keeps them from doing anything in their own behalf. So the killing goes on.

**TRESPASS LAWS.**—It would seem as if the birds which nest and feed on our farms should be allowed to do so unmolested by intruders. On the contrary, it seems to be taken for granted that strangers may roam at will all over our farms, shooting whatever they may happen to find. Not only so, but they may leave fences down, so that cattle may destroy fields of grain. This has been repeatedly done. We are powerless to secure the passage of laws to guard against this. In some states the attempt has been made to get a more stringent trespass law, but the sportsmen have always been strong enough to defeat such legislation.

What can we do, then? Nothing except try as well as we can to show how much good the birds do, and create a tender heart on the part of the public toward the birds. The time will come when it will be considered a criminal offense to shoot any of our insect-eating birds. The amount of damage done every year to the crops of this country by worms which might be exterminated by the birds cannot be estimated. Unless something more stringent is done in behalf of the birds this damage will go on increasing, until at last we will be compelled in self-defense to enact laws, then see that they are enforced. E. L. VINCENT.

### Preserving Cow-peas

A correspondent of the Louisiana "Planter" says the best way to preserve the cow-pea from the ravages of insects is to put say fifty bushels of the peas in a tight box or bin, spread clean sacks over them, sprinkle a pint of gasolene on the sacks and then cover these with other sacks and close the box tightly. After twenty-six hours open and air the box. W. M. K.

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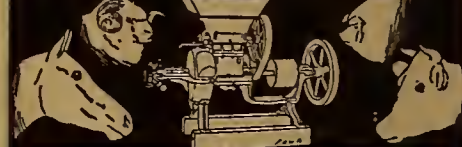
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## General Farming in Japan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

ing rice less attention has been given to preserving the quality of these grains, and they seem greatly inferior in size to that of our country. In May these grains ear, and are harvested in June, after which the rice, being already sprouted in the seed-beds, is transplanted, blossoming in September and harvested in October. For these early crops the soil is not so freely manured as are the plants. After they have well sprouted the farmer uncovers the pit, in which the manure is in a liquid state, and with two great buckets attached to a pole carried over his shoulders he makes his way to the field. His wife, daughter or some farm-hand follows, and with a long-handled dipper distributes the contents of the buckets upon the growing plants or upon the seed. The entire work is done by hand,

letter-carrier is prepared to bring the daily paper and letters to the very door of the farmer. Once in a lifetime the letter comes, but few indeed are the papers. Truly the world is a sealed book to them. Still the government opened an agricultural college on the north island, where they may be able to introduce modern methods; but centuries no doubt will pass before the farmer will be willing to give up any of the awful burden of toil he now bears, by relegating it to machinery or beast. A modern harvester or any other modern implement of agriculture would fairly terrify him, and he would at once call upon all the gods to deliver him from so awful a fate.

The crude manner of the preparation of the soil is of little moment when compared with the harvesting. The sickle is scarcely larger than a curved bread-knife, and upon this the farmer depends

## Breeding and Feeding the Jersey Cow

In handling the Jersey we should not address ourselves solely to the production and sale of milk and butter, but rather be ambitious to breed and perfect the highest type of the dairy-cow, and thus permanently benefit the breeding industry; be breeders as well as dairy-men. To attain success as breeders we must have a clear conception of what we consider the best type of cow, and then breed to that standard.

A haphazard way of breeding results necessarily in a lot of ungainly, uneven cows of doubtful utility, while a thoughtful blending of choice dairy blood and the mating of selected individuals is generally productive of happy results. Though the laws of heredity are not fully understood by any one, yet it is accepted that "like" produces like, and upon this rock we must build our foundation. The average dairyman does not always realize the far-reaching effect for good or evil of the sire chosen to head the herd; "the best is the cheapest."

In buying a sire get a choice individual from a long line of better ancestry, and pay particular attention to his dam, for her temperament and characteristics will be strongly pressed upon his offspring. The foundation cows of the herd should be registered. The reason for this is apparent. In a registered animal you have the individual before you by which to judge, and, more important still, an authentic history of the whole line of ancestry; on the contrary, the grade, though perchance a profitable milker, being of mixed blood will not hand down with any degree of certainty her own qualities, as the tendency is to throw back to the inferior blood.

Another requisite in the foundation cows is soundness of dairy type, whether the form of a cow as a true indication of milking capacity has not been definitely settled. It may be safely claimed, however, that if she is a heavy, persistent milker she has the true dairy type; but, after all the scales and churn are the only reliable test. I cannot pass this point without saying that a fat Jersey cow in milk should be regarded with suspicion. While the Jersey adjusts herself readily to climatic and other conditions she has never proven quite satisfactory to the dairyman who believes in scant rations and no shelter; this is one reason why she is not popular with some people.

The next question is how, when and what to feed at the different stages of development from calfhood to mature cow in milk; haphazard feeding eats up the profits and often kills the animal. The value of a ration is determined by results accomplished, and not by first cost.

In young dairy stock a vigorous growth of bone and muscle is wanted, and not fat. Then why feed fat-producing foods of any kind? The following simple plan has been adopted at "Marion Farm." The calf is left with its dam three or four days; it is then fed sweet, warm skim-milk three times daily for about two months, at which time it is turned on pasture. If the pasture is good no grain whatever is fed, either in or out of the milk, and whole milk is never fed; the amount of milk for each calf must be determined by the herdsman, as no two are fed alike. Sweet, bright hay is always relished by the calves and heifers.

The heifer should be bred at from eighteen to twenty-four months old, according to size and ruggedness of constitution. Thirty to forty days before calving give her a stall and a small grain feed of bran, ground corn or oats, with clover hay, and increase this gradually until all that she will eat is given. It is at this time that the milk habit is strongly fixed, and a heavy ration is advisable. Have the heifer "come in," if possible, during the flush pastures of May and June. This brings us up to the feeding of the herd in milk. If the selected herd of cows can make money as they did at the Pan-American Exposition, where every ounce of feed was bought and high-priced labor employed, what a large profit should our cows return when we raise our feed, or most of it, and employ comparatively cheap labor, or in some cases none at all?—Geo. V. Safarans, in the Jersey Bulletin.



COAT WORN IN THE FIELD IN RAINY WEATHER

and the ground is gone over in this fashion several times during the growth of this early crop.

Great quantities of beans are raised in all parts of Japan. This wholesome vegetable figures largely in the manufacture of sweets. In fact, the chief confections of the country, of which great quantities are consumed, are made almost wholly of beans, and bean-flour is used for a sort of "pudding," which is their only pastry. When molded into balls it is dipped into cake-batter and baked. Beans are never used as a vegetable when green, but are always dried. When they are ripe the plant is pulled up and either hung on the sunny side of the house to dry or the pods are pulled off and spread upon mats on the housetops if there is not room upon the ground. They are removed from the pods by hand and sent to market in sacks. Peas, also used freely, are treated in a similar manner.

Harvesting is so primitive that it is a wonder how the task is accomplished. With all the progress Japan has made the rural districts are as untouched as they were when the country was a sealed book to the outside world. The

for gathering everything that is not uprooted. Usually upon one knee or bending far over he grasps a handful of spears, and thrusting in the sickle cuts them down close to the ground, and turning around places them carefully across the furrows, where they dry in the sunshine; or, fastening a handful together with a straw, they are thrown over poles extending from tree to tree, ears downward, until they are perfectly dried.

I almost expected to hear that they picked each grain out of the ear by hand, but I saw them flaying it off over a bamboo rack, the heads falling upon the matted ground.

Half of the population of the entire empire are sons and daughters of soil-toilers, and fifty-eight per cent of the national revenue is derived from the land. If added to this is considered the sum derived from the manufacture of sake, which is a pure product of the soil, the amount is increased to the high proportion of eighty per cent, making the peasant farmer, with his general farming and primitive methods, the most important factor in the financial prosperity of the nation.

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## Notes From Garden and Field

**THREE BUSH FRUITS.**—J. W. S., a reader in New Haven County, Conn., asks whether there is such a thing as a "tree raspberry" of the red sort, or of any other. Such a tree raspberry is offered in his vicinity by agents of a New York State nursery firm at one dollar a dozen. Most of our readers have probably heard of the "tree blackberry" so extensively advertised by an Eastern seedsman and nurseryman. This tree blackberry is a rather vigorous-growing sort of our cultivated blackberries, suckering and branching out and otherwise of the same general habit of growth which characterizes all other blackberries, but not particularly superior to other good sorts in point of quality, size of fruit or in productiveness. I should not wonder if the new "tree raspberry" presents a similar case. At least I have never seen nor heard of a real tree raspberry. We have sorts which are remarkably vigorous of growth, making stalks nearly an inch in diameter at the base under favorable conditions, and branching out freely. Among such sorts we have the older Shaffer's Colossal, the newer Mammoth Columbian and the still newer Cardinal. All these sorts bear dark purple, rather unattractive-colored berries of largest size and in great abundance—berries, too, which, although not popular in our markets, are splendid for canning. But the bushes are not "trees" by any means, nor do they have anything in common in their habits of growth with a tree. In their general appearance and habits they seem to be intermediate between the blackcaps and the red raspberries. As the originator or disseminator of the Mammoth Columbian grew them the bushes were so large and tall that the berries had to be picked from step-ladders. The extraordinary size of the bushes was probably due to the soil and treatment just as much as to the inherent character of the variety. I have had the Shaffer, and at present have on the place both the Mammoth Columbian and the Cardinal. All three are very similar, and a superficial observer might easily mistake one for either one of the others. However, they surely make large bushes and produce a lot of fruit. Some years ago, while calling on my neighbor the late John Burdette, originator of the "Long John" strawberry, I was shown a bush of an ordinary blackcap raspberry which had sprung up on his place as a chance seedling, and grown more than fifteen feet high and perhaps a dozen feet in diameter, so that the berries had to be picked from step-ladders, and in quantity sufficient for the table. Among the new things introduced during the fall of 1901 is a new climbing currant offered now at one dollar a plant. Great claims are made for it, but I do not feel justified in buying more than a single plant. The name of the introducer, however—Mr. Fay, of Fay's Prolific currant fame—seems to be some guarantee that the new fruit is really promising.

**STORING VEGETABLES.**—A reader in Waupaca, Wis., asks how to store carrots and beets to keep over winter without sprouting. These roots will not sprout when kept cool—that is, near or within a few degrees above the freezing-point. A dark, cool cellar will do very well, and the roots may be stored in it in boxes or barrels. If the cellar is very dry the roots may have to be covered with soil, sand or sods, so as to prevent wilting. Winter radishes are usually stored in smaller bulk, and therefore are more liable to wilt. They should be put in sand in boxes or barrels. The same may be said of horse-radish, and possibly of parsnips and salsify stored for winter's use. Sweet-potatoes may be stored in a warmer room in sand. In the storage of cabbages we have to guard against wilting and rotting. The cellar or pit in which they are kept should neither be too dry nor too warm. If only a few cabbages are to be put in a cellar where liable to wilt, a good plan is to wrap a few thicknesses of newspaper around each head, and hang the cabbages up, suspended from the beam by

their roots. I have filled the outside cellarway with cabbages, and believe they will keep well in that place until the real winter weather sets in and there would be danger from freezing hard. For a while I may be able to keep them by opening the inner cellar door on them when it gets too cold outside, thus letting some of the warmer cellar air into the cellarway, at the same time covering the outer cellar door with snow, litter or in other ways. Frequent examination will be necessary in order to remove rotting specimens.

**PROPAGATING DAHLIAS AND RAMBLER ROSES.**—The same correspondent inquires about wintering and propagating dahlias and Rambler roses. Dahlia roots are to be taken up in the fall as soon as the plants are killed by frost. Remove most of the soil from them, allow them to dry for a few hours in the air, and then store in the cellar or some other cool place where they are safe from frost. If the cellar is very dry or not proof against frost put the roots in a barrel or box and cover completely with dry sand, sawdust or tan-bark. They should not be exposed to frost nor to loss of vitality by drying or shriveling. The only method of propagation which the amateur can practice safely is by division of the roots. The eyes are on the crown, to which the tubers are attached, and each division must at least have one good eye, otherwise the roots would not grow. Before attempting to divide a large clump put it in a warm and moist place and let the eyes get a start, so you can tell all the better how to make the divisions. The best time to plant dahlias is after danger from late spring frosts is over, unless whole large roots are planted, which may be done a week or two earlier. The Rambler rose is probably most easily propagated by layering, in the same way as grapevines are layered. The branch to be used for layering may be bent over into a depression near its base, and then covered with a few inches of soil, and, if needed, pegged down to hold it in place; the outer end may then be used for another arch, being bent down into another depression and there covered, and so forth, forming a number of layers of the same branch. Or, to facilitate rooting, the branch may be cut half through from the under side, where each layer is to be rooted. New, ripe wood of such roses may also be used for making long cuttings, these to be planted out in frames.

**SUCCESS WITH ONIONS.**—H. L., of Millersburg, Ohio, says: "I must thank you for your articles on Gibraltar and Prizetaker onions. I bought this year a package of the Gibraltar onion, sowed in a hotbed, and transplanted, and gathered three bushels of the finest onions I ever saw. The Prizetaker did not do so well. I shall try onions on a larger scale in 1902." I can only urge my friends once more, and as emphatically as ever, to make a trial with these fine, sweet Spanish onions, and of the new (transplanting) method of growing them. If done with reasonable care such trial will surely prove highly satisfactory. I grow the Gibraltar for early sales and for table pleasures during the earlier part of the fall and winter. The Prizetaker onions, large, but not reaching the extraordinary size of the Giblaltars, are far better keepers, and I must have them to be on hand during the latter part of the winter and up to spring. So I want both kinds, and I believe so will you when you have learned all their good points.

**HAND FERTILIZER-DRILLS.**—As a new tool of the season there was sent out last spring or summer a new hand fertilizer-drill, calculated to distribute fertilizer at each side of the row of closely planted vegetables, either sowed at the same time or already growing. The seed-sowing device can be attached to it or taken off at will. Of course, the machine works all right either way. The fertilizer is deposited in a ribbon on each side of the row and slightly covered with soil. In earlier life I have often advocated the application of a second dressing of fertilizer between the rows of half-grown onions, and wished for a machine that would allow me to make the application so as to spread the fertilizer along each side of

each row, or possibly even in the center between the rows, the supposition being that the roots at this time reach far enough out to get at all the plant-food that may be placed anywhere between the narrow rows. But even at this time I am much in doubt about the real value of a hand fertilizer-sowing device, and whether it would not be best to make all applications, even for the close-planted garden vegetables, as in the case of corn, potatoes, beans, cabbages, etc., at the time of preparing the soil for planting. Nitrate of soda here again makes the only exception, as this may be put on by hand, broadcast and in small quantities, possibly repeatedly, during the earlier stages of the growing crops.

**FISH-GUANO.**—A reader in Carrollton, Wash., asks me how to make fish-guano, as there is a fish-hatchery in his neighborhood, where lots of fish are going to waste. I have before this told of a neighbor of mine who got the heaviest crop of tomatoes that I ever saw on a piece of land heavily manured with fish compost. Fish and fish waste make a most excellent compost. The best material to make it with undoubtedly is dried muck. If you have none, ordinary loam may be used, or even coarse stable manure. I would also add potash in some form. If unleached wood-ashes can be had, no better form need be looked for. In some well-drained spot put down a foundation of dried or reasonably dry muck, say not less than six inches deep. Upon this place a layer of fish or fish waste several inches deep. Upon this put another layer of muck, then another of fish waste, and so on. The ashes may be mixed with the muck or sprinkled between the layers. Make the whole heap high enough so that the rains cannot do more than just keep the whole moist. Coarse stable manure may be mixed in or put on top. If ashes are not available use a reasonable quantity of kainit or muriate of potash. Wood-ashes have a tendency to release ammonia, but plenty of muck will prevent waste. When the fish, after a few weeks' time, begins to be well decayed the whole should be spaded or forked over, which operation may be repeated until the resulting compost is an even and inoffensive mass, being then ready for application. It is an excellent manure for almost every garden or field crop. T. GREINER.

## Orchard and Small Fruits

CONDUCTED BY SAMUEL B. GREEN

### Best Grafting-wax

Take one pound of tallow or raw linseed-oil, two pounds of beeswax and four pounds of resin. Slowly melt all together, stir well, and when partially cooled pour into pans which have been moistened or oiled to keep the wax from clinging too tightly to them. When thoroughly cold break into convenient pieces. For use it should be melted and applied carefully over all exposed cuts and open cracks around the grafts. A small paint-brush is the most convenient for this purpose. It can be applied safely much warmer than can be borne by the hand, but care should be used not to have it very closely approaching the boiling-point of water. LUTHER BURBANK.

### Inquiries Answered

**Fertilizer for Orchards.**—F. D. B., Troy, Mo. The common bone-dust is one of the best fertilizers for orchards, but in addition it is desirable to use some potash, as bone-dust is lacking in this element. The potash could be used in the form of hard-wood ashes, which should be applied at the rate of about forty pounds an acre, or as kainit at the rate of about two hundred pounds an acre. Four hundred pounds of bone-dust an acre is the amount generally used.

**Blighted Quinces.**—S. B. C., Quicksburg, Va. Quince-trees are quite apt to blight after they begin to bear. The best treatment for them is to spray the foliage with Bordeaux mixture, beginning as soon as the leaves have developed, and repeating at intervals of one to four weeks until the first of August. In very wet weather it would be a good plan to give extra treatments. This has been found very satisfactory by most quince-growers. The cause of quince-blight is a

small parasitic plant that works in the quince-leaves and breaks down their tissues.

**Icneumon-fly.**—M. I. G., Chelsea, Mass. The wasp-like insect which you found in the borers' holes on elm street-trees is not the insect that did the injury to the trees, but on the contrary is a parasite that destroys the borers. It lays its eggs on the borer, and these hatch and eat into and live inside the borer, probably in the fatty tissue surrounding the luteal tubes, and so weaken it that it dies about the time the parasite matures. This insect is known as an icneumon-fly.

**Pecans.**—I. E. T., Wilsouville, Ala. The land most suitable for pecans is that which is well drained, but moist and porous. Such soil is generally found along river-bottoms or in near-by places on slightly elevated land. Sandy soil is poorly adapted to them. It is best to have the soil cultivated around the trees; but if they are well mulched and on good soil this would not be absolutely necessary. The trees should be set out when about three years old from seed, by which time they have got a top big enough to be seen, and until such time they are best handled in nursery rows.

**Woolly-aphis.**—P. J., Missouri. One of the best remedies for woolly-aphis on the roots of apple-trees is tobacco-water. This should be made from tobacco-stems, and when used should be about the color of strong tea. You can get an infusion of this kind very quickly by using scalding water. If it stands for more than a day in warm weather it is apt to spoil. In using it for woolly-aphis the soil should be stripped off the main roots near the trunk and the roots well saturated with it. It is also a good remedy for plant-lice generally. The oyster-shell bark-louse and many other of our scale insects can be completely removed from the trees by the use of whitewash. I do not know in just what way the whitewash acts to kill the scale, but it is well known that when the whitewash peels off the scale comes with it. This is an old remedy and has always been found satisfactory for this insect pest.

**Huckleberries.**—G. Z., Ulrichsville, Ohio. If huckleberries have been found growing in your vicinity on land similar to that which you wish to use for them I think that you will have good success if you transplant them, but otherwise the chances are that you will fail, as this plant is not generally transplanted easily, and very few have ever been successful in working up profitable plantings of it. However, it is worth trying, as the cost is small. The same is also true of the blueberry, which has frequently been tried in cultivation, but has generally failed. However, when the wild fields on which it grows frequently are given a little attention in the way of removing the shrubs and trees which would crowd the blueberry-plants, they are greatly improved. The berries bring about seven cents a quart in the principal markets, but the price is variable. They should be shipped in quart strawberry-boxes.

**Poplar Cuttings.**—E. H., Abraham, Col. The best time to put in poplar cuttings is probably in the early spring, but they may be very successfully planted in the autumn. When set out in the autumn they should be covered with soil during the winter. In making up cuttings of this kind I prefer to have the wood from one half to three fourths of an inch in diameter and about fourteen inches long. In putting them in the ground I like to have them slanting (at an angle of forty-five degrees) and not more than one inch of the cutting above ground. Cuttings that are put in slanting will generally do better than those that are put in straight, for the reason that they settle with the soil. It is best to make cuttings of either willow or poplar when the tree is not growing, but they may be made even after the buds have swollen or the leaves are coming out in the spring, and occasionally I have even made cuttings of the old wood in July and have had them do very well indeed. They need plenty of moisture, and you are not liable to irrigate them too much.

**Box-elder Bug.**—J. C., Wisconsin. The box-elder bug is a beetle which is generally noticed in the autumn by its gathering in groups upon the trunks of the trees. When crushed they give a reddish stain. This insect comes from eggs, which are laid in the spring in various places. The young live on the under side of the box-elder leaves by sucking the juices of the tree. Where they are very numerous they may seriously check the growth of the trees. In the autumn after the tree has stopped growing the beetles collect together near the trees and soon distribute themselves in various protected places for the winter, frequently entering houses for this purpose, where they often become a nuisance, although harmless, in such places. The only practical remedy for destroying them while they are on the tree is spraying the trees with whale-oil soap or kerosene emulsion. But this requires a more expensive apparatus than individuals can be expected to have, and the work of keeping this pest in check should be undertaken by towns and villages. Individuals, however, may destroy very many of them when they are gathered together previous to their scattering for the winter. This may be done by scalding them with boiling water when they are gathered on the trunks of trees, or when on sidewalks or similar places by spraying with kerosene-oil.





## THE POULTRY YARD

CONDUCTED BY  
P. H. JACOBS HAMMONTON N. J.



### Incubators or Hens

**N**OW THAT incubators are so low in price the question is frequently asked, "Will they pay?" To give a satisfactory reply to such an inquiry demands entering into many details, but it may be safely claimed that so highly have they been brought to a condition of efficiency more depends upon the man than upon the machine.

This is the season of the year to begin hatching with incubators. Some may affirm that hens are better, but hens seldom sit in winter, while the machine will perform the work at any time. When comparing the incubator with the hen, therefore, do not overlook that fact. The hen is an important factor and a necessary adjunct, but she controls the matter of sitting, fixes the time and place, and sometimes will not sit at all.

There are thousands of incubators in use, and the demand is growing. The best incubator has not yet been discovered, as some excel in certain respects and some in others, but all have advantages of their own. No incubator now on the market can remain unless it gives satisfaction, as competition is very close. Do not expect to get the best at the lowest cost. A good article cannot be made and sold at less than the cost, and the manufacturer is entitled to some profit. Many of the incubators now offered have been on the market for years, and are therefore standard. The makers have reputations to support, and aim to make the machines better every year.

Some incubators fail, especially on the first hatch, due to the fact that mistakes are made by inexperienced operators. Then there are the eggs to be considered. When eggs are placed under a hen they are carefully selected, perhaps a hundred eggs being examined to secure a dozen that are supposed to be as perfect as possible. Now, just try that plan with the incubator and follow directions. The result will be that the incubator will make no failure. If an incubator hatches out only a few chicks it gives proof in so doing that it can, and does, hatch. If any eggs do not hatch, then the first duty should be not to inquire regarding the incubator, but of the eggs, as it is in the eggs that the difficulties exist.

It requires about a dozen hens to hatch a hundred chicks, and if the season is cold the hens will lose about one half or more of the chicks. A little one-hundred-egg incubator will hatch out more chicks at one time than will a dozen hens, and they can be raised on less space and with greater ease than with hens, for in the winter season a dozen hens (if that many sitters can be found at one time) will entail much labor and anxiety, while the hens will then also be non-producers, losing time by doing the work of the brooder. The hen can do good service in summer when given the care of chicks, but she is out of her place at such work in the winter season.

### Fine Materials

Always cut the material into short lengths, no matter what it may be; but it should also be cut for the reason that it permits the use of many kinds of cheap material. There is no use in appropriating hay for nests when straw will answer, if cut. Sawdust is also excellent, and so is dry dirt, but the materials in the nests should be changed frequently. In making a nest sprinkle freely with a solution of carbolic acid or put tobacco refuse in it. Use plenty of material and have the nest-boxes removable, so as to be easily cleaned.

### Feeding When Fattening

A fowl should be fattened quickly; but a great mistake made by many is that when fattening poultry they allow the food to be before the birds all day, supposing they will eat more. When this plan is followed the birds do

not consume as much food as when allowed three meals a day. If not kept fully supplied they are hungry by the next meal, and will eat a much larger quantity than they would otherwise. This same fact applies to all animals, and both fowls and animals will be kept in better health if they are given nothing between meals. When birds are first put into yards to be fattened they should have no food for twenty-four hours, so as to thoroughly empty the crop and to give them a good appetite, thus enabling them to eat well under the changed conditions of life. The best food for fattening by this method is ground oats mixed with skim-milk, though wheat and corn may also be allowed.

### Root-slicers and Hand-plows

Within the past few years farmers and poultrymen have had within their reach appliances for slicing turnips, carrots, potatoes, or even for cutting cabbages. These contrivances cut the roots to thin slices, and the fowls easily and readily pick them to pieces. Such foods when sprinkled with bran or corn-meal make fine messes for the fowls. Where the fowls are kept in yards one of the most convenient implements for cleaning the yards, by turning under the top soil, is a hand-plow. It is usually an attachment to the ordinary hand wheel-hoe, and will be found very useful in yards where an ordinary plow with horse-power cannot be used.

### Bulky and Animal Foods

All kinds of domestic poultry require to be fed partly on grass or other herbage, and partly on animal food in some other form. It is a mistaken idea, entertained by many, that poultry can provide for themselves. This they can do if proper substances are placed within their reach, and they will then show a fair example of industry in hunting or scratching it up. Hens need a variety of food. In the winter they should be supplied with fresh meat of some kind. In summer this is not necessary if they are not kept in too great numbers, and are permitted to run at large, as they can obtain worms, bugs, etc.

### Ventilation

A great many poultrymen give extra attention to ventilation. They believe in an abundance of fresh air. As the poultry-houses are not usually plastered it will be found more difficult to keep the fresh air out during cold weather than to get it in; hence, the best course is to avoid cold drafts of air (sometimes known as "ventilation"), and you will get more eggs and have fewer sick hens.

### Inquiries Answered

**Soft-shell Eggs.**—J. P. M., Fairmont, W. Va., writes: "My hens lay eggs with soft shells. They are well fed, are given bone and ground oyster-shells, and have warm quarters."

**REPLY:**—When hens lay eggs with soft shells, double-yolk eggs or eggs of abnormal size the indications are that the hens are excessively fat and overfed.

**Redcaps.**—R. L. E., Beverly, N. J., writes: "I understand that there is a breed known as Redcaps, which are claimed to be extraordinary layers. Are they extensively bred?"

**REPLY:**—The Redcaps belong to the Hamburg family, and are favorites in England. They are excellent layers, being also non-sitters, but are not widely distributed in this country, as they are not so well adapted to the changeable climate of America as some breeds.

**Overhead Drafts.**—J. R. M., Erie, Pa., writes: "My pullets stand in groups and appear to be drowsy. Their eyes are greatly swollen and their heads greatly inflamed. They appear to be partially blind, and are sick a few days and then die. They are fed grain once a day, have a clean, dry house with low roosts, and have the run of the farm and plenty of greens."

**REPLY:**—The difficulty is probably due to overhead ventilation or exposure to drafts of air on them at night. Anoint with vaseline, and keep them on straw, no roosts.

# MORE LYING AS TO PARIS SEPARATOR AWARDS

Cornered and beaten in its misrepresentation as to the Buffalo separator awards, one of our desperate would-be competitors now reverts to its lying misrepresentation as to the Paris Exposition awards in 1900.

The following official statements speak for themselves:

STOCKHOLM, December 5, 1900.

By request the undersigned hereby testifies that Aktiebolaget Separator [the European De Laval organization] was awarded the GRAND PRIX on its exhibition of cream separators by the International Jury.

(Signed) HENNING ELMQUIST,  
Secretary Royal Paris Committee.

STOCKHOLM, April 2, 1901.

We hereby positively certify that Aktiebolaget Separator of Stockholm [the De Laval European organization] were awarded the GRAND PRIX for their Alpha-De Laval separators at last year's Paris Exposition.

(Signed) THE SWEDISH PARIS COMMITTEE.  
(Signature legalized through the Anglo-American Telegraph Co.)

U. S. CONSULATE GENERAL,  
STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.

From evidence this day furnished me I am able to certify that the Separator Company, Ltd. [Aktiebolaget Separator] of this city did receive the "GRAND PRIX" for their Alpha-De Laval separator at the Paris Exposition, in the year 1900, as per announcement in the "Journal Officiel," Paris, of Aug. 18th, 1900, this day presented at this office.

In witness whereof I have hereunder set my hand and affixed my seal of office on this 17th day of April, 1901.

(Signed) CARL P. GERELL,  
U. S. Consul General.

[OFFICIAL SEAL]

Any assertion by any one and however made that the De Laval separators did not receive the Grand Prize at Paris is simply and wholly a vicious lie, and is particularly aggravating in the case of the concern now insinuating such a thing, because its manager was in Paris at the time the separator awards were originally announced and begged and pleaded through the American Government representatives that its own third-grade award (on "U. S." cream separators) be changed to a second-grade one, which out of special courtesy the French authorities finally conceded.

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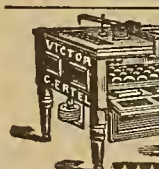
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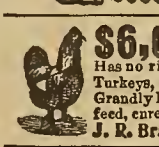
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## VETERINARY

CONDUCTED BY DR. H. J. DETMERS

To regular subscribers of the FARM AND FIRESIDE answers will be given through these columns free of charge. Where an immediate reply by mail is desired the applicant should inclose a fee of one dollar, otherwise no attention will be paid to such a request. Inquiries should always contain the writer's full address. Queries must be received at least two weeks before the date of the issue in which the answer is expected. Veterinary queries should be sent directly to DR. H. J. DETMERS, 1315 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE.—Parties who desire an answer to their inquiries in this column must give their name and address, not necessarily for publication, but for other good reasons. Anonymous inquiries are not answered.

**Warts.**—G. M., Newcastle, Del. Please consult the FARM AND FIRESIDE of June 1, 1901.

**Probably a Case of Epizootic Ophthalmia.**—E. A. D., Pittsburg, Kan. What you describe appears to me like a case of epizootic, or infectious, ophthalmia of cattle, a rather frequent disease of late in your latitude, especially during the latter part of summer, and your calf, according to your statements, became affected in the middle or fore part of August. If the cornea of the affected eye, or eyes, has not become perforated and the eye "run out," and your calf is kept in clean and well-ventilated quarters, the prospect of an ultimate recovery of the eyesight is good, or at least very fair without any special treatment; but if the cornea becomes perforated, and the anterior chamber of the eye has been opened, the eyesight is lost.

**Lame in the Hind Leg.**—W. L., Tres Pinos, Cal. In the first place, your lame mare must have perfect rest, and it is not by any means sufficient that she is not worked every day. If you are sure that the lameness is due to, or caused by, a straining of the flexor tendons of the lame hind leg—a comparatively rare occurrence—you may apply a counterirritant; for instance, rub in along the course of the tendons once every four or five days a little oil of cantharides, prepared by heating one part of cantharides and four parts of olive-oil in a water bath for one hour, and then straining the oil to be used through a piece of flannel or of muslin. But may it not be, after all, that you have to deal with a case of spavin? If so, please consult the FARM AND FIRESIDE of November 1, 1901.

**Lice.**—M. W. S., White Rock, S. D. Lice on horses and cattle will succumb to one, or at any rate to two, thoroughly applied wash of either a tobacco decoction or a five-percent solution of creolin (Pearson's) in water. If two washes are deemed necessary they should be made about five days apart; but no wash, even if repeated ten times, will do any permanent good unless the premises at the same time are also thoroughly cleaned and disinfected or freed from lice and nits. This is probably what you neglected and the cause of your failure. As soon as the animals have been freed from the lice liberal feeding should be resorted to, for it is a well-known fact that lice, as well as most other parasites, feel the more comfortable and propagate the more rapidly, the poorer and the more reduced their host, while they do not seem to feel at home and are not thrifty on a well-fed and well-cared-for animal. To parasites and their host applies the old saying, "To whom that has shall be given, and from whom that has not shall be taken away the little he may have."

**Collar-boil.**—L. S. A., Vicksburg, Mich. Collar-boils are caused by severe bruising or a concentration of considerable pressure upon one point, and are produced by an ill-fitting collar. At first an effusion of exudates in the bruised tissues takes place, and if the exudates are neither removed nor absorbed they finally become organized, and the original collar-boil is changed into a fibroid tumor, which can be removed only by a surgical operation. Your veterinarian evidently expected that the same place would be subjected to renewed bruising, and that the latter, as it usually does, would cause another effusion of exudates, which would have rendered the operation simple and easy. He perhaps also hoped when he saw the horse that an absorption of the exudates might yet be possible. If the former collar-boil, now a fibroid tumor, is not too large, and is situated immediately beneath the skin, it may be removed by a very simple operation, consisting in making with a sharp knife an incision about three-fourths of an inch wide from forward backward and slightly from below upward into the center of the tumor, and then in forcing through this cut a suitable crystal of sulphate of copper—say, according to the size of the tumor, of three-fourths of an inch to one inch in length and of about three eighths of an inch to one half inch in width and a trifle less in thickness—right into the center of the tumor, where it may be left until it melts away. After this all that needs to be done is to keep the wound clean until a healing has taken place, when the animal may be worked in a breast-collar. After the wound has healed it will be several months until it will be safe to use a perfectly fitting neck-collar. If the tumor is deep-seated or very large the operation is much more complicated and difficult, and must be left to an expert surgeon.

**Requires Examination.**—W. S., Loretta, S. D. You write and say: "My mare has a thick white discharge from the nose when working. It stops almost as soon as she quits work. She breathes very hard, almost snorting at times. There is no odor to the discharge. The mare is very short of breath,

almost unable to travel. She is in fair condition, and eats well." In the above I have copied everything of a diagnostic value in your description. Although there is nothing in it upon which a positive or definite diagnosis can be based, the above extract indicates—not with absolute certainty, but with a considerable degree of probability—two things; namely, first, that the discharge very likely is the product of a mucous membrane (is catarrhal), and, secondly, that the source of the same, or the seat of its production, will have to be looked for, and will probably be found, in one of the air-sacs or guttural pouches, as this would fully explain every symptom you have mentioned, particularly the marked increase of the discharge when the mare is working, the cessation, or perhaps conspicuous decrease, of the same when she is at rest, and the great difficulty of breathing, which, you say, is very loud and almost snorting. Still there are several other possibilities; for instance, the presence of a morbid growth somewhere in the respiratory passages, including the nasal cavities. I therefore say that your case requires an examination, to be made by a competent veterinarian. Whatever the result of the latter may be, the prognosis is none too favorable. If the seat of the trouble is in one of the air-sacs a cure may be effected by a surgical operation if performed by an expert surgeon, and if the trouble is caused by a morbid growth the prospect of effecting a cure depends altogether upon the accessibility and the nature of the morbid growth. If the latter is not of a malignant character, and is sufficiently accessible to make a perfect extirpation possible, it will be advisable to have the necessary surgical operation performed; but if the morbid growth is inaccessible or of a malignant nature a cure must be looked upon as out of the question.—You ask if there is any danger of glanders. Your description, so far as it goes, does not indicate the presence of glanders, neither does it exclude the possible existence of that disease. Glanders, if fully developed, presents, among minor symptoms, three that are characteristic and of the highest diagnostic value. I will briefly describe them: (1) A frequently one-sided, usually more or less sticky discharge from the nose. This discharge is seldom very abundant, except in a very advanced stage of the disease; it shows a tendency to adhere to, and dry up on, the borders of the nostril, or nostrils, shows sometimes an admixture of blood, and becomes fetid only after either bone or cartilage have been invaded by the glanders process. In the beginning of the disease the discharge is often thin and watery, while afterward it usually contains an admixture of pus, so that when thrown into a bucketful of water a part of it will slud down to the bottom. Its color varies, but is seldom pure. (2) A swelling of the submaxillary lymphatic glands. This swelling is entirely different from the diffused and more or less painful swelling observed in distemper or strangles, and does not show the inflammatory character of the latter. In glanders the swelled glands present themselves as a solid, more or less knotty and circumscribed substance beneath the skin and close to the median border of the jaw-bone. These swelled glands, except perhaps in the beginning, become painful only if they have been repeatedly pinched, have been otherwise interfered with, and have thus become inflamed, or are ready to break and to become converted into a farcy ulcer. These swellings, however, are present only if the glanders process has developed within the province of the lymphatics, tributary to the submaxillary lymphatic glands; and where the discharge from the nose is one-sided the swelling of the glands is as a rule also limited to the same side of the head. (3) Of far greater diagnostic value than the two symptoms just described is the third one. It consists in the presence of chancrous-looking ulcers on the cartilaginous septum (partition) of the nasal cavities. It is, indeed, so characteristic that its presence alone will justify the diagnosis. These ulcers plainly show by their concave, uneven and unclean-looking centers that a destruction of tissue has been effected by a malignant morbid process. Their borders are elevated (swelled) and irregular, and the surrounding mucous membrane appears to be slightly inflamed. After the ulcerative process has been going on for some length of time it will penetrate the mucous membrane and attack the cartilage, and in extreme cases will cause a perforation of the same. This will happen in a comparatively short time if there is also an ulcer on the opposite side of the septum. In such a case the hole in the septum may soon grow to a large size. As soon as the glanders process extends to the cartilage of the septum and effects its destruction the discharge from the nose will assume an offensive odor. Unfortunately, for a prompt diagnosis, these ulcers cannot in all cases be observed, not so much because they are not in existence, but because their seat is too high to be seen. In such a case they can often be seen if the nasal cavity is illuminated by throwing the rays of the sun or of an artificial light into it by means of a small looking-glass, for only in comparatively rare cases, except perhaps in the very first stages, the ulcers are entirely absent in the nasal cavity. In such cases either the mallein test has to be applied or the diagnosis must be secured by inoculating a worthless mule, horse or guinea-pig with the nasal discharge,

## SEPARATOR AWARDS

AT

## BUFFALO EXPOSITION

AND OTHER

## INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITIONS

The United States Separator awarded Gold Medal at Buffalo and excelled all others in separating the cream from the milk of the ten dairy herds in the Model Dairy at the Pan-American Exposition. The DeLaval Separator left 25 per cent. more fat in the skim-milk than the United States.

The United States Separator received medal and highest prize at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893.

At the Paris Exposition the United States Separator received a Gold Medal.

The DeLaval Company received no prize there. In their attempt to get around this, they advertise that the award they claim was the award given to the "Société Anonyme Separator," which they claim

"is the French translation of 'Separator Corporate Company,' the name of their European organization."

The "Société Anonyme Separator" exhibited a Butter Radiator. Their circulars read as follows:

"Le Radiateur produit directement du beurre pasteurisé."

The English translation is "The Radiator produces pasteurized butter direct from the milk." In this country this machine is called a "Butter Accumulator" or a "Butter Extractor."

The DeLaval Separators, like those sold by the DeLaval Company in this country, were exhibited at Paris in the name of the Aktiebolaget Separator. They had a very large exhibit, over 100 machines in two places. But regardless of these large exhibits, the official list of awards distributed at Paris contained no award whatever to the DeLaval Company or their European Company, the Aktiebolaget Separator. The name of the separator on the circulars they distributed at Paris is the Alfa-Laval.

The claim of the DeLaval Company that the award given to the "Société Anonyme Separator" was an award to them is an admission that none was given in their name or their European Company, the Aktiebolaget Separator.

The award which they now claim was on a machine making pasteurized butter direct from the milk, and not a cream separator.

We ask all readers who, in their opinion, is the guilty party making "All sorts of lying and unscrupulous misrepresentations."

For further information about separator awards, we refer to the official published lists.

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## THE GRANGE

Conducted by Mrs. Mary E. Lee, New  
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Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged.—Dr. Manasseh Cutler.

### Current Comment

#### Lecturer's Topic for the Fourth Quarter—The Home

We have purposely saved the discussion of this topic for the Christmas number. Of so much importance is it, and so directly does it bear not only on the happiness of our rural communities, but on the welfare of the nation, that the highest, best thought must be given it. Trite sayings, and true, are these: "The homes of a nation are a true index of its character." "Let me make the homes and I care not who makes the laws." "Tell me the home-life of a child and I will tell you his future life." The home cradles all endeavor. From it emanate the streams of good and ill. In it are found all the vices, all the graces and humanities of life. Within its walls Thebes, Marathon, Waterloo, Bunker Hill, Gettysburg, are refought; the Reformation and the Renaissance are born again; Madonnas are painted, Apollos sculptured, cathedrals built; Burke, Demosthenes, Webster, Wendell Phillips, thunder anew their divine interpretation of the realities of life; Plato, Homer, Virgil, Goethe, Shakespeare, are reincarnated; so, also, are Nero, Beatrice Cenci, Richard III., Benedict Arnold. Not a hope or despair, not a divine inspiration or villainous thought of any age or country but is reproduced with striking fidelity in the mind of the present. Not in one mind only, but in all minds.

When the time is ripe, when the fullness of days is past, the labors ended, from some humble home where truth, honor, chastity and reverence are enshrined will issue forth one of God's ministers of truth. And he will gather up the threads spun by each child of man and weave them into a web of wondrous luster and brilliancy. Then each will say, "I have a part in it. See the thread I spun." Even as he speaks the golden filament loses itself in the luminous splendor of the web of life, and a glad, new feeling of humility, of self-sacrifice, of kinship with God's creatures, thrills and permeates him. Blessed is the home so honored by this birth. Thrice blessed are they who can look into the eyes of the new-born babe and read therein prophecies of future service to mankind.

Far otherwise the home where by example, perhaps by precept, the child is taught, envy, deception, suspicion, lying and a light regard for the benevolences of life! From him but little may be hoped, little realized. Men see in him reflections of their own evil movements, of temptation and partial yielding. They shrink from him as from a leper. If he makes no effort to put himself in tune with Nature's harmonies he ends as he began, a stunted, dwarfed life, cheated of the choicest blessings Nature can bestow.

**Prevention Versus Cure** There is another phase of this question of home culture brought in these troublous days close to our attention. We pride ourselves on our reforms, on our corrective laws, on our self-sacrifices; we pat ourselves benignantly on the back as we tell how we delved to accomplish this reform, and schemed to thwart that nefarious plot. But we pat with a hand that grows less and less sanguine, as the feverish heat of battle gives place to the lassitude of spent energy. How came these evils? By whom were they planned and executed? What were we doing while the fair honor of our town or city or state was being destroyed? Where were our civic honor and intelligence while our treasures were being looted in the guise of fees, "miscellaneous" purchases and double prices for treble the amount of goods needed; while new offices and clerkships were created to satisfy the demands of spoilsmen, who consider the state lawful plunder;

while the courts were corrupted, juries bribed, witnesses perjuring themselves with open effrontery; while blackmail was being levied on honest citizens; while vice in its most hideous forms was licensed; while robbery was not only legalized, but honored as an institution of great worth; while seeds of discord and anarchy were sown; while the character of honest, painstaking officials was impugned?

Aye, but we will not find ourselves guiltless when we confront the question in this new light; and our self-laudation for reforms accomplished will give place to shame and self-condemnation for crimes permitted. All this hurrah about reform is but an abject confession of neglect and indifference.

We look to the child of to-day, who to-morrow will control the destinies of the world, for the undoing of our mistakes. Our patching and darning have been clumsy and only partially effective. But the youth, with his abounding zeal, high purpose, noble resolve and faith in his own might, will rectify our mistakes. (Alas! how prone we are to bequeath to our legatees duties and sacrifices we ourselves should perform.) But what are we doing to prepare him for his high destiny? What seeds are we sowing that shall grow, and blossom, and ripen into virtuous deeds for humanity?

What preparation are we giving him to fight his battles and ours? Have the centuries taught us no lessons we are bound to respect and hand down to him as a rich heritage? Have painting and sculpture, philosophy, religion, history, biography, poetry, fiction and the boundless world of art and letters no beneficent gifts to aid him? Are we but as children born into a new world to drift helplessly without one helpful hand? Be not deceived. The days of inspiration had no Calvary. 'Twas not Moses alone beheld the burning bush. God has chosen heralds and prophets from all ages and climes as messengers of his will. He was indifferent as to agents. The lesson was the point, and it was taught in divers ways—here painted on canvas, carved in marble, expressed in some grand strain of music or burst of oratory, in a majestic cathedral or a heaven-sent law; there in the patient watches of the night, in the discoveries of science, and the adaptation of such discoveries to the welfare of man. And we are heirs to all the aspiration and endeavor of the past expressed in so enduring form. Modern ingenuity and skill, blessed realization of a holy impulse, have placed within reach of the poorest the hoarded treasures of the centuries. "In the Norse heaven of our forefathers," says Emerson, "Thor's house has five hundred and forty floors; and man's house has five hundred and forty floors." It is a high and solemn obligation that each parent owes his child that these halls shall be crowded with his just heritage.

Education of the hand, heart and brain must cure our ills. The most lasting lessons, the impressions of which are the deepest, are not learned in the school-room from books. The child learns by observation and association. In the home, doing the chores, on the way to school, on the playground, whatsoever goeth to make up the waking life of a boy or girl, the lessons that shall influence them for all time are taught. Even the night's dreams, the darkness peopled with horrid forms, or the sweet dreams of innocence, even they have their lessons. All book-learning and the various experiences of after-life are but means to interpret the impressions of childhood and to give man a just notion of his place in Nature. The pictures on the walls, the books on the shelves and the people with whom he associates all go to determine his after-life. If the pictures are common, if they depict scenes that are indifferent or do not serve as an incentive to nobler living, all the after-polish cannot eradicate the blemish. On the contrary, if they are the outpourings of a heart seeking expression for the mighty truths that convulsed it, even though the child can only look in open-eyed wonder, yet the impression on his childish mind is indelibly stamped. Trust the years to paint in lasting colors the impression so made. I would as soon think of sending a

child to school on a cold, raw morning in summer attire as to send him into the world to fight its battles without the constant influence of inspired painters. I would be cheating him of some of God's dearest messages; that he has sent century after century to prepare this child for living in this age, did I deprive him of a Murillo, Rembrandt, Titian, Raphael, Reynolds, prints from the highest, chastest forms of Greek and Roman sculpture, and photographs of eminent men and women who have made this a lovelier place in which to live. I would deny myself many pleasures to supply him with books that are helpful and inspiring. As he grew older I would read with him Goethe's "Faust" and Shakespeare's "Richard III." that he might know of the archvillains of humanity. The insidious villainy, well-laid plots and "inductions dangerous" would challenge his admiration, no doubt; but I would trust to the early impressions and habits, the experience of effects of right and wrong doing, and that impulse, present in varying degrees in every man to approach perfection, to lead him into a life of high morality. And because of these, and that the true must always outweigh the false, and that there is far more of good than ill, he would become strong through his temptations overcome.

Oh, the wondrous power of character-building, in good pictures and good books! And they cost so little.

It is a comforting thought that the ages, with all their dark and bloody deeds, have not served to efface the noble and good. The names that the centuries have delighted to perpetuate, and that all men honor and venerate, are those who have contributed to the welfare of the world. Their name is legion, while those who have darkened history's pages are well-nigh forgotten, and when spoken of 'tis as infamous, degraded men, whose example is to be shunned. The most enduring forms of art and letters serve but to eternize the true and beautiful.

#### Emerson's Notion of a Country Home

"A man should live in or near a large town, because, let his own genius be what it may, it will repel quite as much of agreeable and valuable talent as it draws, and in a city the total attraction of all the citizens is sure to conquer, first or last, every repulsion, and drag the most imperturbable hermit within its walls some day in the year. In town he can find the swimming-school, the gymnasium, the dancing-master, the shooting-gallery, opera, theater and panorama, the chemist's shop, the museum of natural history, the gallery of fine arts, the national orators in their turn, foreign travelers, the libraries and his club. In the country he can find solitude and reading, manly labor, cheap living and his old shoes—moors for game, hills for geology and groves for devotion. Aubrey writes: 'I have heard Thomas Hobbes say that in the Earl of Devon's house, in Derbyshire, there was a good library and books enough for him, and his lordship stored the library with what books he thought fit to be bought. But the want of good conversation was a very great inconvenience, and though he conceived he could order his thinking as well as another, yet he found a great defect. In the country, in long time, for want of good conversation, one's understanding and invention contract a moss on them like an old paling in an orchard.'"

**MERRY CHRISTMAS.** "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." What are you doing to bring about this beneficent state? Falling out with your neighbors and jangling with your family? Better not. The present gain can never compensate for ultimate cost.

**CHARLES F. THWING**, in the November number of the "Forum," writes: "The library is the laboratory of laboratories; it is the workshop, providing tools; it is the heart, giving inspiring force; and it is the brain, offering thought and the material of scholarship. 'Why do you go to that college?' a student was asked. 'Because it has the best library,' was the prompt and worthy answer. And yet there are those who believe a library useless in their community!

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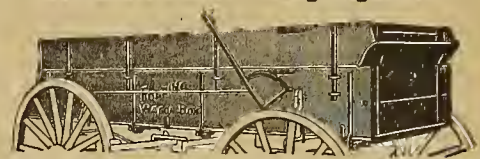
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## PREMIUM CHRISTMAS GIFTS

BY HILDA RICHMOND

"W<sup>OULD</sup> you like to see the Christmas gifts I am going to give away the day after to-morrow?" asked my friend.

"But you told me as long ago as last summer that you would not have a cent to spend for Christmas this year," I said.

"I didn't spend a cent for these things. Yes, I did, too. Fifty cents would more than cover what I spent for postage and money-orders, and surely that is cheap enough for all these things," she replied, as she proceeded to display her treasures. "This berry-spoon is for Aunt Amie. She always remembers the children, so I wanted to give her something pretty, and this one just like it is for Cousin Josie."

"They are lovely, and if you find any more like them for nothing please direct me to the spot."

"Johnnie has always been crazy for a gun, and now that he is twelve I feel that he may be trusted," went on my friend, holding up a neat little rifle that would delight any boy's heart. "He will have plenty of fun shooting at sparrows, if he never kills one."

"What a beautiful picture there in the corner!" I exclaimed, as I saw the neat frame and delicate coloring.

"Yes, they are beautiful. There are three of them just alike—one for each of my girls. They are copies of famous paintings, and I am sure the children will be delighted. I had them framed in the style so fashionable now. This set of teaspoons is for Harriet Bruce. She is to be married on Christmas, so one present does for both occasions."

"I hear you are to have a wedding in your family soon," I said.

"Yes; James is to marry Sara Lee shortly after the holidays. Here is my present for Sara. It is really a wedding present, but I shall give it to her at Christmas, so in planning what she will need for her new home she will not get duplicates," and she brought out a complete set of spoons, knives and forks, butter-knife and other necessary pieces in a chamois case.

"You certainly selected a sensible, as well as beautiful, gift for your son and his wife. You could almost give them a silver shower with that amount."

"These nut-picks are for Dora, and the fruit-knives for Margaret. Nellie has both picks and knives, so this salad-fork is for her."

"I am devoured with curiosity to know how you got all these things for nothing. Do tell me?"

"Have patience," laughed Mrs. Barnes. "I am coming to that presently. I did not steal nor beg them. These books are for the boys in my Sunday-school class. The magazine is for my husband, and so are the gloves. I guess that almost finishes my list except this pile of small articles, most of which I made. I see you will not wait any longer, so I'll show these after while. I call this my premium Christmas. When I found last summer that money would be very scarce in this family all winter I set about finding a way to earn enough to buy my Christmas gifts. Fortunately I hit upon what proved to be a most successful plan, and this is the result. I saw in a good farm paper a liberal offer for new subscribers, and I made up my mind to try it. When I think over the past few months it seems very odd that I ever picked up sufficient courage to ask any one to subscribe, for at church entertainments they always put me at something that required little talking on account of my timidity. I was never trusted to sell tickets and solicit donations, but always worked at something less difficult. I got my first subscriber very easily, though, and after the ice was broken it was plain sailing. It is really astonishing how many people will say a good word for you and direct others to you. I expected to

have to call on each person in his home to get a subscription, but I soon learned that at the grange, the literary club and in town were capital places to meet my old friends and make new ones."

"I never would have the courage to ask any one to subscribe," I said, emphatically.

"That's just what I always said, but it's nonsense. Of course, lots of people refused to subscribe, but not one was ever rude to me, and no sensible person would be offended at a courteous refusal. I have plenty of sample copies, which I find are the most effective agents, after all. Each member of the family finds something interesting in the pages, and the moderate price brings it within the reach of all."

"But I never saw a premium list with so large a list of articles as you have here. You have suitable gifts for the whole family, and your friends, too."

"Well, in a few cases I sold the premiums I received and bought other gifts. I do not count that spending my

means, How shall I have a hat to match every dress without spending a great amount of money? I solved it this fall in a way that, so far as I know, is new. Mother asked me why I didn't have different trimmings, which were removable, and I set to work to do it. The result is I have three "hats"—one trimmed with pink silk and black velvet and ostrich-feathers; another with blue and black silk and feathers, and still another with simply a fold of black silk covered with maroon veiling and ornamented at the side with a buckle.

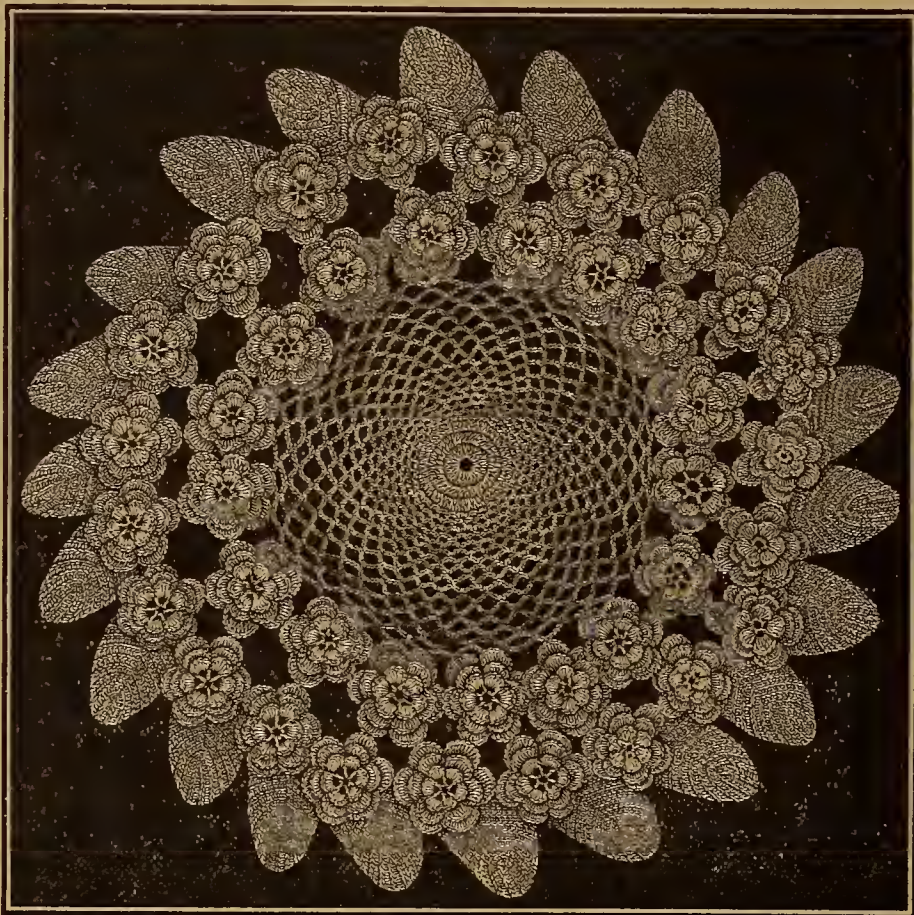
Now for the way it was done. First fit a strip of crinoline around the crown of the hat, and also one to fit the brim, if desired. Have this pinned together on the front or side where the thickest of the trimming is to be; then sew all your trimming securely—not to the hat, but to this band of crinoline while it is pinned to the hat, so as to be sure and get it in good shape—and make a knot or bow or something to cover the joining. After your trimmings are prepared in this way it is but a moment's work to remove one style and pin on another, thus with a little extra expense having a hat to match each dress.

M. E. W.

### Directions for Making a Rose Mat

First row—Ch 6, and join; 6 d c with ch of 4 between each, join.

Second row—In each space make 11 d c, and join all together. Make thirteen



own money, however, as it was really an exchange. Mrs. Green wanted a picture like the ones you admired, and gave me a fair price for it. With the money I bought those skates for Charles, and some other things that will please him better than any picture. These handkerchiefs, pincushions and other little articles represent a set of spoons like the ones for Harriet. I would not tell you how I got all these things, but you live too far away to encroach on my subscription territory. I feel sure that next year you will be trying my plan."

"It's hard to tell," I said, doubtfully. "Your pretty display tempts me very much. I wonder if I could get one or two subscribers."

"Of course you can," said my friend, heartily. "You will find it very pleasant work, but don't be easily discouraged. I always intend to give premium Christmas gifts."

### Economical Millinery

Having read an article in the FARM AND FIRESIDE for October 15th on millinery I thought I would give the readers a little of the experience of one who has done her own millinery-work for some years.

It certainly is not in good taste to wear a bright red hat with a blue dress, but I think a young woman looks too somber with her hat all black. Then comes the problem for one of limited

rows, making thirty-four loops in the last row.

To make the roses—Ch 4, and join; then 4 st and d c, making six of these in this. Make 1 s c, 1 d c and six, throwing thread twice, 1 d c and 1 s c, making six leaves. Then crochet a ch of 6 and catch in each of the petals for second row, adding two stitches in each petal. Make three rows of leaves, join the petals to two rows of the mat, using seventeen roses for the first row.

To make the leaves—14 st and s c, making three in one on the end and always taking the outer stitch. Make seven rows, and sew on to the lower part of the petals of roses in two places.

Use pink and shaded moss-green luster cotton for the mat.

### Useful and Inexpensive Brushes

When picking a hen or large chicken save the wing-feathers and with them make brushes which are very useful for many purposes. String the feathers from one wing on a length of twine by pushing a darning-needle threaded with twine through the shaft of each feather. Do not crowd the feathers, and when all are on the string bunch them together, making the feathers all lay the same way, and tightly wrap the remainder of the string around the bunch several times and then tie the two ends together.

Here are a few ways in which these

brushes may be used: To apply the paste to wall-paper—we home folks papered two rooms this spring, and I preferred the feathers to a bristle-brush; to get the dust from crevices and corners when cleaning house—they will do good work in places where the dust-cloth or light feather-duster would be helpless; to apply polish to a stove; to brush flour, meal or crumbs from the kitchen table; or where dust accumulates on shelves, as it is sometimes allowed to do, much less will fly about the room when it is gently removed with one of these brushes instead of a feather-duster.

Keep a brush near the heating-stove—you can wrap the ends of the feathers with a ribbon and tie in a bow if you like—and you will find it very convenient for keeping the hearth free from ashes and brushing up the litter if any is made when the fire is kindled or replenished. But most highly do I value the feather-brush I use on the kitchen stove. This brush is kept on a shelf near the stove, and if some drops of water dim the brightness of the hearth, or if the kettle overflows or grease flies from the skillet, a few passes with this little brush immediately restores the luster. The latter two require to be rubbed with a little water on the spots.

Take a small hickory stick a foot or more in length and split at one end. In this crack, which should extend up several inches, put a sewed bunch of feathers having a piece of twine attached. Drive a tack near the end of the split in the stick, draw the split ends of the stick together, keeping the bunch of feathers between them, and wind the twine around them many times and fasten securely to the tack. This long-handled brush enables one to clean out the ashes in the kitchen stove without having the hand accidentally come in contact with the sooty inside. In making a brush never mix the feathers from both left and right wings, as the feathers point in different directions and cannot be made to do otherwise.

L. B. L.

### The Children's Christmas

There is much amusement to be had with the fruits and nuts with which children are so liberally supplied at Christmas time. From the shells of the English walnuts some really pretty things can be made. To the half of a walnut-shell that has been neatly cleaned glue cardboard rockers; line neatly with silk or crinkled tissue-paper, gild the outside, also the rockers, and when dry place a tiny doll inside. Cute little boats may be made by gluing oars and sails, made from toothpicks, to halves of walnut-shells. A shallow baking-tin filled half full of water, with a few stones placed here and there for rocks, is the miniature ocean. Tiny dolls dressed like sailors should be placed within the boats. Whole shells gilded and brouzed are very pretty suspended with bright-colored baby ribbon.

Paint or draw eyes, nose and mouth upon one side of English walnuts, gum on tissue-paper frilled bonnets and caps, and the result will be a very venerable company of "grandmamas and aunties." Cut different expressions upon chocolate-drops and you have amusing caricatures of "Topsy" and her dusky compatriots.

A prune, with cloves stuck in for legs and tail, and an acacia-bud for a nose, makes a most realistic bug. A lemon, with toothpicks for legs, a tiny curl of cotton yarn for a tail, shoe-buttons for eyes, and the rind slit on each side for ears, makes a funny-looking pig. Tiny turtles are most naturally imitated with raisins and cloves; stick two in each side for the legs, a fifth in one end for the head, and the head of the clove pressed into the other end for the tail. Tiny pegs inserted in pecan-nuts for legs, ears and tail, the mouth and eyes being cut in, will furnish the small person with a fine drove of pigs.

Pretty baskets can be fashioned from orange-skins. Dig out carefully and cut away one half of the skin except the strip which is to serve as a bail. The edges of the orange and bail should be finely notched. They make unique receptacles for orange or lemon straws, which are prepared by cutting the rind



of either fruit in long strips the width of a straw and stewing gently until tender in water that will just cover it. Make a syrup of sugar and water or sugar and the juice of the oranges by allowing one half cupful of sugar to the peel from two oranges, letting the syrup come to a boil, adding the peel, and stewing gently thirty minutes. When this is done remove to a dish and let dry.

A hanging-basket made from a carrot makes a most acceptable gift for an invalid child. Select a large, sound carrot, and cut off the crown about four inches down. Scoop out the inside until the sides of it are about one half inch in thickness, and the bottom one inch or more, forming a cup. Make several holes in the rim of the cup, and draw a string or narrow ribbon through, by which to suspend it. Hang in a window, and keep constantly full of water. In a short time the yellow-green leaves start on the crown, and the carrot itself is soon hidden by a mass of feathery, rich green leaves.

A large sponge thoroughly wetted, then sprinkled with rape or canary-bird seed, will soon become transformed into a beautiful ball of living green if suspended by strings in a sunny window and kept wet.

A description of a "Jack Horner" pie may be useful to some mother who wishes to please and amuse her half score of little ones. Fill a common baking-pan two thirds full of sawdust, and in this conceal the tiny presents designed for each child, done up in paper and tied with ribbon. Cover the pie with tissue-paper, crinkling the edges and making it look as nearly like a real pie as possible; small slits should be made in the crust, and the ribbon attached to each present drawn through. When it is passed each child pulls a ribbon and secures his gift.

It is not probable that those children whose Christmas presents each year foot up to many dollars will care for the "homely" things described in this article; but they can be small "good Samaritans" for once, and make some of the things for other children less favored than themselves.

A very small thing will please a child unaccustomed to receiving anything, and any of the things herein described, as well as those published in the FARM AND FIRESIDE of December 1, 1901, will delight the heart of many a wee girl, and the sight of their happy little faces would well repay one for considerable effort in their behalf.

MILLIE LOWN HOPE.

#### Winter Millinery

An amateur will not be wise to commence by attempting an entire hat, but should begin with simply trimming a felt shape. It is interesting to note that the invention of felting is traced to the old renowned monk St. Clement, who, when marching at the head of his pilgrim army, obtained some sheep's wool to put between the soles of his feet and the sandals that he wore, which of course became matted into a solid piece. The monk, philosophizing upon the circumstance, promulgated the idea of its future usefulness, and thus, it is said, arose the systematic art of felting and hat-making. Queen Elizabeth's patent grant to the hatters of London is still recognized in England, and the twenty-third of November is the hatter's annual festival, that being St. Clement's day, the patron of the trade.

Felt is made of wool always. I once thought that what dealers call "shoddy" was a mixture of cotton with wool, but found that "shoddy" was made of old hats and scraps of felt ground fine and then put through the felting-machine with a small amount of unused wool. Thus a dealer can truthfully persuade his customer that a hat is all wool, when an expert will know it to be "shoddy." This grade of felt is much coarser to the touch, although it often looks very well.

In the first place, in trimming a hat the velvet should be purchased cut on the bias of the goods. Every clerk will sell it in that way. Cut from one edge of the velvet a length one and one half inches in width, as a binding for the edge of the hat-brim. Lay this along the edge of the brim upon its under side, with the wrong side of the velvet

out. Stitch it on with a strong cotton thread, taking long back-stitches, and hold the velvet tight. Then turn under the other edge of the velvet and sew it over the edge of the brim, and if the ends of the velvet are joined no further sewing is required, as the binding will fit tight in place. This is called the edge fold; and let me say here that you can safely judge a milliner by the neatness of her folds. The trade claims five folds; namely, the milliner fold, the French fold, the mourning fold, the wire fold and the edge fold.

If the crown of the round hat is to be trimmed with a smooth band of velvet laid around it, cut the band the required width, allowing one half inch to turn in on each side. Cut it bias the same as the binding. Baste in place the turn-under on each side with fine cotton in long stitches, and fasten the band tight around the crown of the hat, then draw out the bastings. When I say to draw the bias band or binding tight I do not mean too tight, but close enough to make them lay close to the shape.

Then comes the loops, bows or knots of velvet, among which the stiff feather is attached. These vary much, according to Fashion's edicts, but the loop about three inches wide and about as long when doubled in is almost always a part of the ornamentation. It is made also of the velvet cut bias, with its edges turned in and held in place by long slip-stitches. When they are wanted to stand erect a bonnet-wire must be inserted in the folds and tacked fast to the hat in the desired position.

The application of a facing to a broad-brimmed hat or a flaring bonnet presents the next difficulty for conquest. The apprentice learns to cut carefully from the frame, or shape, an exact pattern in paper, which is then laid upon the material, and the facing fashioned according to it. This insures accuracy and prevents waste of material.

When these merely mechanical parts of millinery have been mastered then comes all the adjustments of bows and folds, frills, feathers and other fripperies, and it is best to learn the knack of adjustment by copying the work of others. Then the young milliner soon turns her own graceful fancy loose, when, if she is the least bit of an artist in her trade, she will presently begin to produce original arrangements. Those who undertake to learn the trade of millinery find that wire and buckram frames are the foundation-stones. The apprentice spends a good six months in learning to form shapes with these materials. But there are shops where the most desirable shapes, or frames, can be purchased ready-made, and it is a pure waste of time to make them one's self. Perhaps the exact shape wanted may not be obtainable, but something very near it generally is, and it will be found by experience a very easy matter to make alterations in it. For instance, if the brim is too wide rip off the wire cord which finishes the edge, carefully trim off the buckram or stiff net of which the frame is made, and in the long, overcasting stitches fasten the wire on again to the new and shorter edge. If the brim is too narrow it is almost as simple a matter to take some buckram and lay it on the present brim, allowing it to extend to the desired size. An extra wire should always finish this new edge. If the crown is found too small it can be slashed at the back or side where the greater room is required, and a wire sewed all around the crown and over the opening to hold it in place. Of course, it is understood that the frame or foundation can be bent, fastened up or down on one side or the other, and generally changed as taste or fancy may dictate.

There is no comfort in a bonnet which does not exactly fit the head—that is, which either hurts the temples of the wearer or falls back with the first puff of wind. You will learn by practice how to judge of the size of the crown and the bend of the frame so as to make the bonnet comfortable to the wearer. However, all enlarging or making smaller must be completed before beginning to cover the frame with the outside material, and when the "anatomy" of the hat or bonnet has been mastered in this way the next step is to clothe it.

A pattern must be cut for each part. First cut a pattern for the top of the crown, another for the sides, another for the top of the brim and yet another for the under side of the brim. It may seem superfluous to cut patterns for the upper and under sides of the brim separately, but it will be found the better course to pursue. The patterns should be cut by laying tissue-paper on each part and creasing it until it fits the frame exactly.

The top of the crown is easily cut, but the brims demand more patience. For them take a straight piece of paper as wide as the widest part of the brim and gradually lay it around the brim until it fits, laying plaits to make it do so, and fasten each plait in place with a pin. After this has been done trim off the edges to correspond with the edges of the brim, and lay it on a large square of smooth paper, allowing for seams on each edge. Cut out another pattern without plaits in it, and lay this on the brim so as to be sure no mistake has been made. Proceed to cut the under-brim pattern and the sides of the crown in the same manner. When the patterns are prepared lay them all on the velvet, silk or cloth to be used for making the hat. By doing this much material can be saved. When the parts have been cut, first lay the crown on the frame smoothly, tack it in place with pins stuck through just one side, and then stitch it fast permanently with long back-stitches. Cotton thread holds these parts better than silk. Lay the two brim-covers together with their right sides next each other and seam their outer edges together. All seams and overlapping edges should be made as narrow as possible. Slip these covers over the brim, which will require a little bending, but which will easily bend back into the proper shape. A very much simpler way would be to take a bias piece of the material twice as long as the brim and almost twice as wide as the brim is around, gather it on each edge and draw it over the brim, making what is called a fulled brim. These are always becoming and soft against the face. A roll of soft tissue-paper as large as your finger is tacked on the edge of the brim before the gathered material is drawn over it. This gives a desirable extra softness to the edge.

E. HARRINGTON.

#### A Watch-night Party

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying."

The invitations are cut from green cartridge-paper (the ingrain wall-paper will do) in the shape of an hour-glass. The above quotation in bright red ink is written on one side, and your name and the date on the other.

When all the guests are assembled pass around to each one a tiny sand-glass—the kind formerly used to tell the amateur housekeeper how long to boil eggs. It takes about three minutes for the sand to run from one end to the other. Each sand-glass has a ribbon tied around the middle, with a card bearing a number attached to this. Guests are now informed that each one in turn must entertain the company for as long as it takes the sand to run through. They may do what they please, so that it is interesting, amusing or instructive. A person is at liberty to sing a song, tell a story, draw a picture or do some sleight-of-hand trick, only he must stop instantly, even if in the middle of a sentence, when the sand is all through.

After all have contributed to the general amusement the hostess passes cards, with a number at the top of each and a list of topics below. Each card has a mate which is found by the number; thus, there are two ones, two twos, etc. When each has found a partner the little sand-glasses are turned over, and each couple discusses the first topic on the card while the sand runs through; then each signs the other's card, and the "ladies step up and the gents step back," in regular progressive style, for the next topic, the couples thus changing for every topic.

The topics should consist of subjects of the day and of local interest also, such as, The Assassination of McKinley; Strikes; The Philippine War; People Who Have Impressed Me; The Last

Lecture or Sermon; Hearts; The Pan-American; The Latest Styles; Modern Philanthropies, and The Schley and Sampson Controversy. The guests keep the cards as souvenirs, as they contain a list of the autographs of each person with whom they have conversed.

A large sheet of manila paper is next passed to each one, and they are told to draw a picture of what they consider the best representation of time. They are given while the sand runs through and back again to do this. A clock-face, a bald head, a fallen tree, a calendar, a date, an old-style bonnet or a pair of ragged pantaloons—any of them might be said to represent time. When time is called each one in turn must show his picture and expatiate upon its merits while the sand runs through. The last thing the guests should each write a New-Year's resolution while the sand runs through. These are mixed up, then drawn and read, as only initials are signed. They may be as witty as one pleases, or the reverse. The guests keep the sand-glasses as souvenirs of a very pleasant evening. Refreshments may be served in the way most pleasing to the host.

GENEVA MARCH.

#### The Utility of White Sauce

What housekeeper does not value her receipt for white sauce? The kind I mean is made by stirring into one tablespoonful of hot butter one tablespoonful of flour, then adding slowly one cupful of hot milk. Stir thoroughly to clear of lumps, then add one half teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. A well-beaten egg stirred into the mixture as it is taken from the fire makes it richer.

Certainly it is a little trouble to make, but so many little edibles may be put into appetizing form by combination with it that the work should scarcely be considered.

Some of the best vegetables with which the sauce may be used are cauliflower, potatoes and turnips. Either of these cut into small bits may be heated in the sauce to the satisfaction of an epicure. Oysters or parboiled sweetbreads may be mixed with the hot sauce and used as an entree or to fill the patty-shells. The latter may be procured at a confectioner's. Lobster may also be used in the above way. Asparagus on toast is given a pleasing variation by the pouring over of the white sauce. In fact, a bright housekeeper could make many changes in her routine receipts with this "sauce of sauces," only remembering that it must be mixed and eaten as hot as possible. The chafing-dish may come in handy with the preparation of these dishes, as well as the double boiler.

#### What May be Kept in the Cellar

A few points well worth mentioning at the close of preserving-time are important, as success in keeping fruit, pickles, preserves, etc., largely depends on the manner and place in which they are stored away.

Fruit canned in tin keeps best in the cellar if used within a year, after which time dampness and chemical action are liable to cause the cans to be eaten through with rust. It is advisable to lay a small flat stone or weight on the lid of each can to prevent bulging.

Sweet and sour pickles, pickles in brine, sauerkraut and other things in jars in the cellar keep better if a cloth is tied over the top than if covered with a board or tight cover; the latter excludes the air and causes mold to gather over the top.

Jellies, jams, marmalades and butters should never be kept in the cellar, but should be put away in dry closets or on the pantry shelves.

Lard keeps sweet and free from granules in a cellar which is not too damp. Pickled meats keep fairly well under plenty of brine. Hickory-nuts and pop-corn put in barrels in the cellar keep in prime condition and will not get dry and tasteless.

The following is a receipt for a chocolate pudding: One pint of sweet milk, one half cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and one heaping tablespoonful of corn-starch. Heat to boiling all together, then pour into molds. When cold serve with cream. HATTIE P. HANUR.



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### A Pilgrim Party



FOR THIS party superfluities of all sorts are banished. The ladies wear bonnets, capes, cuffs and aprons made from white paper. The host may make them, or the wearers themselves may; they are made very simply, and fastened with musilage. To make a bonnet, take a square piece of paper, and turn one

edge back four inches; this comes next the face. The square must be long enough to also form a cape at the bottom. The fullness is gathered at the back of the neck to a white tape by means of musilage. The wide collar and flaring cuffs are made of rather stiff paper, and the apron of a sheet of tissue-paper, the top gathered into a tape by means of the musilage.

The gentlemen wear wide collars and cuffs of the white paper, but the hats, which are high and peaked, are made from bright-colored paper. A circular piece is used for the brim, which may be rather wide; in the center of it cut a hole to fit the head, and over this hole fasten the tall, pointed crown with musilage. Several thicknesses of the paper may be used for the brim if it is not very stiff, so that the brim will not droop too much.

The refreshments must be passed from large tin or silver trays in imitation of the pewter trays of yesteryear. Let the menu consist of light raised biscuits, doughnuts, pumpkin pie and sweet cider. The invitations should be written in a small, cramped hand on plain, light brown paper, and may read about as follows: "After ye somme setteth on the fifteenth day of December come to ye home of Miss Blank, where thee may mete alle thy friends and find ryghte pleasant chere."

The invitations are folded into three-cornered notes and delivered by special messenger, unless you want to invite some one from another town, when it may be trusted to the mails the same as any invitation.

For amusement give some table charades; that is, let objects on a table represent the charade instead of it being acted out by the people. For Pilgrim have it represented by a pill and the picture of a cross dog; Standish, by a stand and a dish; Rose, by the flower; Plymouth Rock, by the picture of a huge rooster of that breed; Carver, by a carving-knife; Priscilla Mullens, by a couple of mullen-stalks; Mayflower, by a leaf from the calendar for May and a flower; Bradford, by a tiny brad and the picture of the ford of a river, and Oceanus, by a picture of the ocean and the words "us."

After all have guessed the charades pass around the famous rattlesnake-skin full of arrows, and have impaled on each arrow some query or conundrum, such as the following:

"What was Joan of Arc made of?" The answer to this would be, Maid of Orleans.

"Why did Paul Kruger wear rubber boots?" To keep defeat from De Wet.

"What sea would make a good store-room?" A dry attic.

"Why is Liverpool like benevolence?" Because it is founded on Mercy.

"What is wetter than a woman with a waterfall on her head, a creek in her neck, a spring in her heel, a cataract in her eye, and a ripple in her dress?" A woman with a notion in her head.

"What will hold all the snuff in the world?" No one knows.

One may add to the list any cute catch she may think of.

For another game try the old one of telegrams, only using the word pilgrim and letting each word of the telegram begin with one of the letters of the word in their regular order. For example, P-I-L-G-R-I-M, Peter in love. Got ring in Missouri. Pumpkins in litigation, great run in mince-meat. Put in long, great coat. Roger is missing.

The list might be continued indefinitely, and will cause no end of merriment. Give some simple prize for the telegram that is considered the best—that is, that says the most. The above are only suggestions, as the wise hostess always modifies any program to suit her own individual needs.

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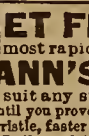


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## To-day

To-day  
Unsolled comes to thee, new born;  
To-morrow is not thine.  
The sun may cease to shine  
For thee ere earth shall greet its morn.  
Be earnest then in thought and deed,  
Nor fear approaching night;  
Calm comes with evening light,  
And hope and peace. Thy duty heed—  
To-day.

—John Ruskin.

## Reasons for Empty Churches

THE attendance at many of the churches in Connecticut has fallen off so much in the last few years that the subject has been one of frequent discussion at ministers' meetings, and the causes and remedy have been earnestly sought by the clergymen and their supporters. In many churches the attendance at the morning service on Sundays is fair, but in the evening it is painfully small. Editor Kirk, who publishes the "Messenger" every Saturday in the little town of New Canaan, has made almost as much of a sensation in giving the reasons why the "common people do not attend church" as Minister Bell did in his pulpit in the same town a couple of weeks ago. The paper says:

"Why more of the common people do not attend church is due to a great extent to the actions of leading church officers and members regarding the common people when they attempt to attend public worship. Take any church in city or country; take any church right here in New Canaan, and the reception of the 'common people' is about the same. The wealthy or well-to-do visitor is received with cordiality. The usher will look over the head of the 'common man' standing in the vestibule waiting to be seated, and see the flashing jewelry or rich trappings of the well-to-do caller, who is smilingly ushered to a prominent seat in the central portion of the church, while the other is waved to a seat in the rear or 'poor section,' without a smile of welcome or the appearance of cordiality.

"After the service the 'common man' is allowed to depart without a word of welcome or a hand-shake, while his better-dressed brother will be surrounded by a dozen of the congregation and every attention paid to him. This is not an overdrawn picture; it is true of almost every church in the land; the larger the church, the more pronounced is this reception of the 'common people.'

"A luxuriously furnished church edifice with soft cushions and beautiful-toned organ, but with December handshake and midwinter cordiality on the part of the members will not tend to overcrowd the seating capacity of such a church. Many persons have no craving desire for a religion that puts its devotees on a plane above them, or that does not reach down as far as the pocketbook when real charity appeals to them.

"There are various reasons why people do not attend church. Many more would attend if they were actually convinced that they were wanted for any other reason than the financial support their membership would bring the church. The whole cause for empty pews is not found outside the churches."—New York Sun.

## An Effective Lesson

A drunkard in New Orleans was saved from continuing his career of dissipation in a peculiar manner. The young man in question was of a fine family and had splendid gifts, but was going down as fast as it was possible for a man to go through strong drink. His friends had pleaded with him, but he had taken their warnings as an insult. One day one of them, who was a court stenographer, determined to try a new tack on him. He was sitting at a restaurant one evening, when the young man in question came in with a com-

panion, taking the table next to him, but sitting down with his back to him and not seeing him. He was just drunk enough to be talkative about his private affairs, and on the impulse of the moment the stenographer pulled out his note-book and took a full shorthand report of every word he said. It was the usual maudlin folly of a young man with his brain muddled by drink, and included a number of highly candid details of his daily life—things which when he was sober he would as soon have thought of putting his hand in the fire as of speaking about it to a casual acquaintance. The next morning the stenographer copied the whole thing neatly and sent it around to his office. In less than ten minutes he came tearing in with "What is this, anyhow?"

"It's a stenographic report of your monologue at the restaurant last evening," his friend replied, and gave him a brief explanation.

"Did I really talk like that?" he asked, faintly.

"I assure you it is an absolutely verbatim report," was the reply.

He turned pale and walked out, and he never drank another drop.

There are many men who would cease not only the sin of drunkenness, but other sins as well, if they could see themselves as other people see them.—Herald and Presbyterian.

## Try Harder

Those of us who are inclined to give up to discouragements when some things go wrong might learn a helpful lesson from a young woman who had left home because her father was a drunkard. When she became a Christian, however, she announced her intention of returning and doing what she could to reclaim him.

"But what will you do when he finds fault with all your efforts to please him?" some one asked her.

"Try a little harder," she answered, with a soft light in her eyes.

"Yes, but when he is unreasonable and unkind you will be tempted to lose your temper and answer him angrily. What will you do then?"

"Pray a little harder," came the answer, with a fearless ring in the words.

The discourager had one more arrow in his quiver. "Suppose he should strike you as he did before. What could you do but leave him again?"

"Love him a little harder," said the young Christian, steadily.

It is pleasant to add that her splendid faith conquered. Through love and prayer and patient effort her father was not only reclaimed from his besetting sin, but proved Christ's power to save to the uttermost all that came unto him.—United Presbyterian.

## Prepare for Good Fortune

People are never weary of telling us to prepare for evil days, but there is also wisdom in being ready for good days. Any moment the turn of fortune may bring us joy and prosperity, but what boots it if success comes to a sour, morose and uncomfortable spirit that no external change can beautify or sweeten? The peril of the mood of despair is that in it we may be tempted to do something that will vitiate the delight of every bright day that may follow. We mortgage our best days in advance, and no diligence or care can put on record a good satisfaction piece. The defense against such errors is a belief in yourself that will defy the illusion that there is nothing better in store for you than present adverse conditions. Always expect the wind to shift and carry you to your port. One of the saddest of sights is a workman's tools in a pawn-shop window. It shows that some one was so discouraged or overwrought that he sacrificed his readiness to take advantage of a change of fortune.—The Watchman.

## ON THE FARM

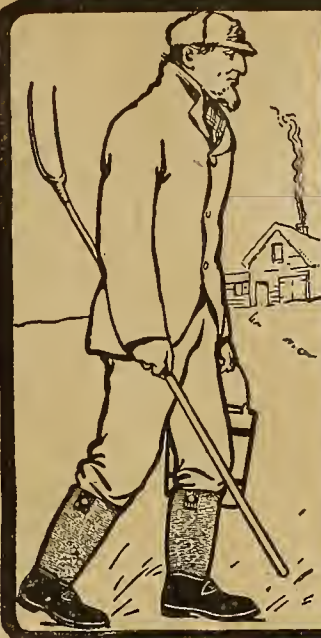
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DR. J. M. PEEBLES

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## THE RED LION INN; Or, Aunt Eunice's New Christmas Gift

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

### CHAPTER I.

IT STOOD on the frontier then—the Red Lion Inn. It rambles away in the form of a white zigzag village now, in the loveliest town of all New England, partly made so by the Village Improvement Society—Stockbridge. Great elms embower the street of the village green to-day, such as were planted for "bridal elms" at old New England marriages. The monument of Jonathan Edwards rises by the great bell-tower amid the overflowing greenery. The monument to the "friendly Indians" is there; a work of genius, consisting of one tall shaft of natural stone rising from a base of natural stones and overhung by bowers of trees. Beautiful is Stockbridge by the Housatonic River!

The Red Lion Inn sprung up on the frontier years before the Revolution. In the times of Jonathan Edwards Christmas was little observed in New England, and when it was remembered it was at the Inn.

The Red Lion Inn was a name that was fruitful in suggestions. There had been a White Lion Inn, a Black Lion Inn, and at least three Red Lion Inns in England bearing the signs of the crest of John of Gaunt, the Lion Rampant.

These English inns were noted for their wonder tales, and the Red Lion Inn on this side of the water had its wonderful tales, most of which were occult and of the dark and gruesome kind. For the New England mind in the colonial period saw no chariots of angels in the air, and heard no rustlings of angel wings, like the ancient Hebrews, and looked for no goddesses, like the Greeks and Romans. Ugly hags and witches, "grave people" in winding sheets, scared them in a cowardly manner in lonely highways and hidden hyways; bad people who died with restless consciences came forth from their "earthly beds" to make startling confessions to the living. It was a time of terror, of people fleeing from persecutions, of Indian hostilities and of the "high-Calvin" fatalism. There were no fairy-tales then.

It was the beginning of the days of the "drovers" when our tale was told, such drovers as used to go wandering over New England in the fall and spring selling cattle or trading in cattle with the farmers by the way. There used to be a cattle-market at Brighton, near Boston, where rose an immense inn, which is now gone. From this place, as the trade of the grove pasturing drovers grew, large droves of cattle were driven all over Massachusetts, and a large part of New England. By the time these wandering herdsmen reached the Connecticut Valley and Monument Mountain, near Stockbridge, their leather purses and wallets were well filled with great wheels of silver and smaller ones of gold, and they were in danger of being robbed in frontier ways and inns. And then—the ghosts of the robbers or of the robbed were sure to come forth in the interests of justice, for no robber that died in those old times might sleep quietly in his grave until he had made "confession."

It was fall. Maples flamed; the grape-leaves turned yellow around the purple clusters that hung over the walls; the fringed gentians lined the brooks; the cranberries reddened; the birds assembled in flocks, the bluejays trumpeted and the crows cawed. Great stacks of corn filled the corners of the husking-fields.

The drovers came to the valleys of the Connecticut and to the Berkshire Hills, and rested at last with full purses at the Red Lion Inn.

It was near Thanksgiving. In the inn lived an aunt of the innkeeper, a Quaker woman by the name of Eunice. The Quakers did not keep holidays, but Eunice had lived in "merry England," and had Christmas nature and spirit all the year round.

There was a young drover from the cattle-pens on the Charles River, named Mordecai, who was all imagination, eyes and ears. He seemed to be so earnest to learn everything that he attracted the notice of Eunice, and she said to him on one of his annual visits, "Mordecai, and who may thy father be?"

"Gone—gone with the winds. That's him."

"And thy mother?"

"Gone—gone after him. That's her. Where do you suppose they are?"

"Did they leave anything?"

"Left all they had."

"And how much was that, Mordecai?"

"The earth—all."

"And thou wert left all alone. I pity thee, Mordecai."

Now, Quaker Eunice knit. She not only knit stockings and garters, but comforters for the neck, and gallows, as suspenders for trousers were then called. The latter were called galluses. She did not knit these useful and convenient articles for her own people alone, but for those who most needed them.

Such things as these, knit by hand, largely constituted the New England Christmas presents before Christmas was generally observed in the Colonies and provinces. They were not given on Christmas day, but after "killing-time," as the harvest of meats for the beef and pork barrels was called, in the month of December, after Thanksgiving, the time of farm rest.

When serene Aunt Eunice saw how friendless the drover boy Mordecai was her benevolent heart quickened and she resolved to knit for him a comforter of many bright colors, yards long, and a pair of gallows of stout twine, to give him on his return another year, when the cattle-traders should come down from Brighton. It took time to fabricate these high-art treasures of many kinds and colors. So when Mordecai was leaving the inn this year, she called after him, "Mordecai, thee halt in thy goings."

Mordecai looked back.

"Boy, thee has no mother to look after thee now except from the spirit world. I am going to knit a comforter for thee that will

They were merry merchantmen, the drovers. Whittier describes them in a poem. Their cattle trades had a dialect of its own, and there was an unwritten law that "all was fair in trade," to which "honorable dishonesty" clear-minded Aunt Eunice made objection, and against which she "delivered exhortations."

Some of these merry rovers used the boy to help them in tricks of trade—to shorten the age of cattle, and the time when the latter were "broke," and like matters.

One day in the spring tradings a Quaker on one of the Salem farms said to him, "Boy, thee must never let thy tongue slip an untruth or thee will come to the gallows."

Mordecai's heart leaped.

The good Friend added, "Does thee know who gets such as turn aside from the truth and speak lies?"

"The devil!"

"Thou art right, my boy. They who speak lies, or act them, they shall be 'holden by the cords of their own sins,' so the Scriptures say."

### CHAPTER III.

IN THE fall the merry drovers started for the "western part of the state" by the "Bay path" and the bowery roads of Worcester, Springfield, Pittsfield, and down the valley toward Lenox and Monument Mountain.

The trees flamed with autumnal splendors; the sun seemed burning in the air, now with a clear flame, now with a smoky haze; there were great corn harvests everywhere. The twilight and early evening hours were still.



"Mordecai stood up and looked about him in a dazed way"

go around thy neck three times and hang down at that. I will set the dye-pot and dye the wool—the ash-barrel is almost full now. And thee listen. I am going to knit a pair of gallows for thee—"

The boy's eyes dilated. He had never heard the word used before except for the cords that hung pirates on the green isle in Boston harbor. Did she expect him to be hanged?

"I will knit the gallows stout and strong, so that they will hold. But I must not tell thee all about it now—thee shall know all another year, after killing-time, in the Indian summer, when the witch-hazels that bloom in the fall are in flower."

Mordecai, who had been filled with New England superstitions by the drovers' tales in the country inns, stood with open mouth, when Aunt Eunice added, "I am going to put a new invention on those gallows; it will prove a surprise to thee."

It did.

### CHAPTER II.

THE boy Mordecai passed a year in wonder at what the zigzag journey to hill towns at the west of the state would bring him in the holiday or rest seasons of the fall. He wandered with the drovers to the towns around Boston and on the Charles and "Mer-rimack," trading and selling cattle and "putting up" at the inns by the way, he himself sleeping in the barns, under the swallows' nests.

The voices on the farms echoed—those of the huskers, and of the boys driving the oxen, with carts loaded with corn. The hunters' moon that rose over the hills like a night sun lengthened out the day.

They went on slowly, resting by the way, and so allowing their cattle to graze on the succulent grasses by the roadside, and to fatten and become lazy.

They rested at great farm-houses and inns, bartering and selling as long as the light of the day lasted, and telling awful tales of the Indian wars and old Salem witchcraft days later in the evening. It seems as though the New England thought took the color of these horrors, and became blind to spiritual light.

Some of the drovers' stories were awful indeed. One of them concerned the "miller of Durham." The said miller used to remain in his mill late in the evening alone. One night he was startled by the dripping of water inside of the mill-house. He turned from the hopper, and saw there a woman with five bloody wounds and wet garments and wide eyes.

"Miller of Durham," she said, "you must avenge me or I will haunt the mill. You will find my body in the well in the abandoned coal-pit. Mattox killed me—he knows why."

The miller knew Mattox, and he saw that the woman had a familiar look, and had probably been employed on the farm of the accused man, who was a prosperous farmer. He resolved to conceal the appearance of the accusing ghost. But the apparition followed

him, and so made his life a terror that he went perforce to a magistrate and made confession. The woman's body with five wounds was found in the well of the coal-pit, and Mattox was accused of the murder, tried, condemned and executed. The story was a true one, but it was an old one. The events occurred in England on a moor.

The boy Mordecai listened to these inn tales at first with a clear conscience, and he felt secure, for he had been taught that innocence renders "apparitions" harmless; but after a time his moral condition changed, and his fears were aroused and they grew into terrors.

For one day, as the lively cattle-owner was driving a bargain with a rich farmer under some great elms that rose like hills of greenery by the roadside, he declared that a certain cow had given fifteen quarts of milk a day during the summer, and had said, "There is the boy that milked her—the boy Mordecai, he of the Old Testament name. Speak up, Mordecai. You milked her, didn't you now?"

Mordecai stood silent. The cow had given some eight or ten quarts of milk a day.

"He can't deny that he milked her," said the bantering trader.

"And did she give fifteen quarts of milk regularly during the summer, boy?" asked the farmer.

"I did not measure the milk myself," said the boy. "The boss did that."

"That was me, or rather my wife," said the driver.

Mordecai's conscience began to be disturbed, and disturbed consciences are the stuff out of which ghosts grow.

At the next inn, in the lovely Connecticut Valley, a still more terrible story was told. A forest-tavern keeper, after his tale, had trained a huge mastiff to drown his rich guests in a pond in a wood at the back of tavern. The strong dog had been bought of a drover named Bonny, who had treated him kindly. Years passed, and the same Mr. Bonny visited the inn, and was recognized by the dog, but not by the tavern-keeper. The latter invited Mr. Bonny to go with him to the trout-pond in the wood, and while they were on the margin of the pond he suddenly whistled to his mastiff as a signal. The dog whined and howled and ran around in a circle.

"Why don't you do as you always do?" exclaimed the tavern-keeper to the dog, in anger.

The dog's eyes blazed; he leaped upon his master and dragged him into the pond. But his master in his struggles drowned the mastiff. Mr. Bonny witnessed the scene in horror, and seeing what it meant, for several rich drovers had disappeared from the inn and had never been heard of again, he determined to conceal the matter, as the crime could not be repeated. But the dead dog howled nights, and so drew people to the pond, and disclosed the crime.

"Life," said the story-teller, "is self-revealing; everything is found out at last. The stars in their courses fight against a liar!"

The inward eyes of Mordecai now began to expect to see "sights." The boy's conscience burned. He had the ghost atmosphere.

The next time that the lusty drover tried to sell the cow that had given "fifteen quarts of milk a day" he declared that she had given sixteen quarts, and called the milker as before to witness the statement.

"You milked her?" he asked.

"Yes; but you measured the milk," said Mordecai.

"So I did," said the drover, in an absent tone in which was the usual false note, "so I did. I remember now. But you used to milk her."

"Yes," faltered the boy, feeling that the heavens were likely to fall or the earth to cave in.

The story at the next inn, near Pittsfield, on the Albany way, outdid all the rest. A man who had robbed his neighbors by deception, after this story, had been followed nights by the clankings of an invisible chain. A neighbor whom he had ruined died, and after that the clankings of the "invisible chain" began to be heard in his bed-chamber. If he ran down-stairs they followed him, clank, clank, clank, on the oak steps, and out into the garden.

Mordecai could fancy it all; the man running half crazed down the oak stairs with the invisible chain clanking behind him.

When the drover next tried to sell that cow he declared that she had given "eighteen quarts of milk a day," to which he called Mordecai to witness. The boy gasped "yes" to the question if he had milked her regularly, but he seemed to hear the clanking of the invisible chain as he acted his part for the last time. The wonderful cow was sold.

### CHAPTER IV.

IN THIS state of mind Mordecai came to the Red Lion Inn, and again met there the serene and truthful Aunt Eunice.

"I've kept my promise that I made to thee a year ago," said the sympathetic woman, "gallows and all. The dye stuff took, and the colors of the comforter are real pretty. Thee looks troubled."

That night they told witch-stories at the inn. Aunt Eunice related the experience of a good man who saw angels in his dreams, like men of old; but the drovers had no spiritual ears for parables like that.



Near midnight the fore stick in the fireplace broke and fell, and the men went to their rooms.

"Thee will sleep in the cockloft," said Aunt Eunice to Mordecai; "but before thee goes up let me sew some buttons on thy trousers for the gallows (galluses). Stand up by me; I have some stout thread for the purpose."

Mordecai took off his jacket and loosened his belt, and Aunt Eunice sewed on the buttons as he stood beside her.

She then attached the gallows to the back buttons, leaving them otherwise free for him to button on in front in the morning.

"See here, Mordecai," she said. "These are no common gallows. I've put buckles on them—buckles that my grandfather wore in the Indian wars. These are wonderful buckles. If the gallows are too long thee can hilt them up so; if they are then too short thee can let them out again so."

Now, when Mordecai saw that the gallows had no connection with hanging he felt happy, and in this state of mind he went up to the cockloft, candle in hand.

"Be careful and not let the buckles drag upon the floor, Mordecai," was the good woman's last words, as she saw the boy disappear with the light, holding the wonderful suspenders in his hand.

#### CHAPTER V.

MORDECAI could not sleep. The cockloft did not look right, did not fulfil his moral ideal. The great moon rose over the mountain and flooded the valley with white light. He began to think of the three acted lies of which he had been a part. The cow that had given "fifteen," "sixteen," "seventeen," "eighteen" quarts of milk a day had been sold—what if the purchaser should commit suicide?

At midnight he heard a cry out in the field. "Hello, that steer is out and is at the corn-stack!"

The voice was that of a drover. Mordecai felt that he should get up and go to the corn-stack and help impound the steer.

He forgot the gallows, so they hung down to the floor behind him after he had dressed. He tried to light the candle after the old slow way, for the ladder to the cockloft was "poky," when he heard something clank behind him. He turned around, when an iron hoof seemed to follow him around, clink, clink, clink. The sound was not alarming or vengeful or in a way terrible, but to his imagination it shook the roof.

He whirled around again.

Clink, clink!

Again.

Clink!

His heart seemed bursting, his brain to be on fire. He rushed toward the ladder and the "thing" followed him. He attempted to go down the ladder, but after some steps the "thing" held him back, when he uttered a cry that shook the whole tavern and made the people leap from their beds.

"Hel-up! Hel-up!"

After this outcry he leaped to the chamber floor and the "thing" released him.

He ran down the lower stairs toward the common room crying, "Help! Help!"

Aunt Eunice was the first to meet him at the foot of the stairs, at the stairway door. She had come out of her room, night-cap on, candle in hand.

"For massy sakes, what is it, Mordecai?"

"He's got me!"

"What has got thee, Mordecai?"

"The thing!"

"What thing?"

"The invisible chain—the—oh, oh, I can't speak his name!"

"How does thee know, Mordecai?"

"I heard his hoofs behind me—iron hoofs. Oh, my brain is all gone! If you will let me loose this time I will never lie again for all the cattlemen in the world!"

"Who are thee talking to, Mordecai?"

He looked back in the stairway door; as he turned there was heard a clink.

"There it is again! The powers save my soul!"

He turned to shut the stairway door.

Clink, clink, clink!

"There it goes again! I can't stand haunts. I've told three lies—three lies, Aunt Eunice! Think of them, and the last sold the cow!"

He closed the door, which was on a third stair, and sprang forward. Something seemed to seize him, to clutch him, to pull him, but it broke and he fell upon the floor.

Aunt Eunice raised her hands and the candle. The drovers, half dressed, came rushing into the room.

Mordecai stood up and looked about him in a dazed way; then he seized his great coat, that hung upon a peg unbarred the great door, and rushed out into the night.

"What was it?" asked many voices almost in the same breath.

"Why, why," said Aunt Eunice, "it was only his gallows-buckles. I think that the boy must have had something upon his conscience!"



## The Deacon's Christmas

BY ELIZABETH ROBBINS



IT WAS Christmas eve, and Richard Lane, deacon of the church and superintendent of the Sunday-school, stood beside the Christmas tree in the church parlor waiting until the room should be a little more quiet before he began his address to the children. He was a man of about forty-two years, slender for his height, with a refined face, an erect carriage and air of a man of the world.

He glanced about him at the happy faces, and a smile lighted his fine, dark eyes as they rested on the infant class directly in front of him, whose young teacher was vainly trying to divert their attention from the fascinating tree.

At length comparative quiet reigned, when the Deacon began to speak. After a vivid word-picture of the shepherds finding the babe he lightly sketched the boyhood of Jesus, to dwell at some length on the beauty of Christ's character and his great love for humanity, and ended by urging his hearers to emulate this love and to live nobly, that they might, when they reached the heavenly mansions, be worthy to meet their Lord and Master there.

As the Deacon turned away at the close of his address his eyes encountered those of a youth who had for a short time been in his employ, and the mingled sorrow, reproach and contempt he saw there brought back the uncomfortable feelings of the past three weeks, which his genuine enjoyment of the evening had for a time allowed him to forget. He coldly withdrew his eyes from those of the boy and held his head a trifle higher as he went to his seat, but inwardly he writhed, and the evening was spoiled for him.

As he walked home through the light snow that had begun to fall his head was bowed, and he hurried along, anxious to get where he could be by himself and think. His housekeeper had gone away for the night, but she had left everything comfortable for him, and when he had let himself into the house and removed his outer garments he sank into an easy-chair by the open fire in the softly lighted library with a sigh of relief.

It was the first leisure he had had for weeks, and though in all that time he had

seldom lost consciousness of the fact that his higher and lower natures were on a war footing, he had not let them come to actual battle. But he could not ward off the conflict any longer, nor had he any wish to do so; let them fight it out, once for all, to-night.

The accusing gaze of the boy still stung him, and he recalled for the hundredth time the circumstances of his leaving his employment. The boy had worked in the store but a few days when he had come to him in his private office in a fine glow of indignation at certain practices that had come under his observation—practices coming under the head of what are called "tricks of the trade."

"I think you ought to know these things are being done, Mr. Lane," he had said.

"Well, supposing they are, and that I knew it already," he had answered, coldly, for somehow the boy's attitude angered him.

The boy stared at him with a half-frightened look on his face, as if unable to believe he had heard aright. "Mr. Lane, do I understand that you excuse it?" he stammered.

"There is no need of excuse; it is business," he had replied.

"I go to the Sunday-school where you are superintendent," the boy said, slowly. "You do not talk this way there."

In spite of himself his face had grown hot, but he had made shift to smile as if in amused pity at the boy's simplicity, and to answer, in a tone of lofty contempt, "Business and religion, as you will doubtless learn when you are older, are two very different things, my young friend."

The boy straightened and for a moment looked him fearlessly in the eye. "I cannot work any longer for you, Mr. Lane; I will have no part in any work or business that I cannot bring my religion into," he said, quietly, and then turned and left him.

He had been consumed with anger against the boy for daring to assume superior virtue. He had felt impelled to strike him. He had wanted to crush him utterly. Had he not prided himself on his fair dealing? What right had anybody to cast imputations on his honesty? These little things of which the boy had made so much were necessary to success. They were things all business men were expected to do. There was no deception about it.

And where was there a man who had lived as blamelessly as he had, or who had been so zealous in good works? Didn't he subscribe large sums of money to charity? Hadn't he built up the church? Hadn't it always been his constant and earnest endeavor to bring the young people in his Sunday-school to Christ? For an instant the consciousness of his own superior goodness filled him with the old satisfaction, and if he did not thank the Lord that he was not as other men, he was yet of that spirit.

Then returned in full force the misery of the past few weeks, and he asked himself why it was that the opinion of an impudent boy should have affected him so powerfully, why he should have such a feeling of abasement if he were in truth good. Was it possible that in all these years he had been deceiving himself? He could not bring himself to admit it. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that he was not quite honest in his business; it was a small matter—a flaw in an otherwise flawless character.

But was it a small matter? conscience demanded. Was not the kind of dishonesty he practised a clear breaking of two of the ten commandments? Did it not include lying and stealing? The old excuse that people who traded expected such overreaching as a matter of course no longer had weight with the Deacon. He recognized it now as sophistry, and rejected it.

Deceiving your neighbor, whom it is your Christian duty to love, in order to enrich yourself at his expense. Lying to him, in order to steal from him.

Deacon Richard Lane arose quickly from his chair and began walking back and forth across the room, as if this bald way of presenting the facts were unendurable.

Yes, it was not to be denied that he had in a way broken two of those commandments which he had ordained should be recited every Sunday by the boys and girls in his Sunday-school.

But those were the only ones, he reassured himself, lifting his head a little. He was no murderer—He paused suddenly in his walk. Was not the feeling he had cherished toward that boy one with the desire to kill? And, to go deeper, when he required it of his employees to be dishonest was he not guilty of a worse kind of murder—the murder of something good in their character?

Then there was the honoring of parents. He did not honor his. He was secretly ashamed of their country ways and manner of speech. He had been thankful that they had never taken the notion to come and visit him. He had neglected them, too, and it came to him with a pang that they must in their old age suffer many privations on the rocky farm from which, even in their best days, they had been barely able to wring a living. He had sent them a little present every Christmas, pretending that their tastes were so simple they would not care for anything of much value. That was not the real reason; a present to them would attract no notice, make no display. He was one of those who love to do their generous deeds before men, to be seen of them.

He resumed his chair by the fire, and leaning his face on his hand gazed into the glowing coals.

"Thou shalt keep the Sabbath day to make it holy." Was it making it holy to play the hypocrite? to counsel love to the neighbor, and honesty and truthfulness, when he himself did not practice it? And why did he not live up to it himself? Was it not that he loved money, made money his god, and so broke the first commandment of all?

Was there one he did not break? He had even coveted his neighbor's wife! Yes, was there not a woman in the church whom he had thought of as his future wife when her invalid husband should have died and a suitable time had elapsed? Had he not thought covetously of her fortune, her grace and beauty, her taste in dress and of the credit she would reflect on him as head of his household? It was mammon worship again, for he had no sentiment for her.

Then for a space Deacon Richard Lane's thoughts went back some twenty years to the one woman for whom he had ever had a sentiment. He had made her acquaintance when he was a young man and had first come to the city. He had just joined the church, and they used to have long talks together on religion. He recalled the glow and fervor left by these conversations. She was delicate-looking, with a spiritual face, though her religion was of a cheerful type and she could laugh and be merry when occasion served. He had thought her beautiful. He remembered what high ideals she had, and how she stimulated everything in him that was unselfish and noble.

One Sunday evening in June—he never smelled the fragrance of lilac-blossoms that the scene did not come before him—he drew her to him and kissed her as they were walking up the path to her door on the way home from prayer-meeting. He intended when they were inside the house to ask her to be his wife; but on entering he found there was company to spend the night, so as he could not outstay them he was forced, sorely against his will, to postpone his proposal.

Then came something that prevented his ever asking her. A friend in the church, a man of middle age who had shown a kindly

interest in him, told him in confidence that he had private information to the effect that a certain commodity—one of the necessities of life—was soon to advance tremendously in price, and advised him to invest in it every dollar he could scrape together.

The thing did not seem right to Richard Lane; but he disliked to affront the man who wished to help him, the prospect of easy gain was alluring and the time in which to decide was very short, so he let himself be persuaded.

When he next saw the girl he had hoped to marry he had made nearly a thousand dollars. At the expense of whom? He would not let himself dwell on that part of it, and he was ashamed to tell the girl what he had done. She was quick to perceive the constraint in his manner, and, misinterpreting it, she grew reserved, and thus a coldness fell between them. Then, too, this sudden turn of fortune had set him dreaming of riches, and the idea insinuated itself that she, being poor, would not make quite the wife for a rich man, that it would be wiser to marry some one who would bring him money and further his ambition. So the breach between them had widened, and it was years now since he had seen her.

Deacon Richard Lane came back to his self-examination sensible as never before of the enormity of his conduct toward the girl he had loved. He had acted a contemptible part. He looked the ugly fact in the face, and made no attempt to palliate his offense.

Then came trooping from obscure corners of his memory the despicable things he had done since that time—things he knew were wrong and mean, yet, did them, and then tried to justify them to himself or forget them.

There was the matter of his housekeeper. She was very deaf, and so found it difficult to find employment, and she was very poor and had a widowed daughter partly dependent on her; but though she suited him exactly he had taken advantage of her hard necessity and of her infirmity to pay her much less than he would have had to pay another who did not suit him at all. It was his policy always to make the best bargain possible regardless of any person's interest save his own.

Then there was the affair of that salesgirl in his department store. He had never for an instant believed the money had been stolen, but the customer was very positive, and as she was very wealthy and her custom valuable he had done as she demanded and turned the girl off. Several days afterward he happened to meet the lady, and she casually mentioned the fact that she had found her pocketbook at home, after all; but although nearly six months had passed since then he had done nothing to restore to the wronged girl her lost place in his store or her reputation.

As the clock on the mantel ticked away the minutes and struck the hours and half-hours these things and many more passed in review before Deacon Richard Lane, until his soul stood revealed and for the first time in his life he saw himself as he really was and as never before he had thought himself.

He had worshipped Mammon, and not God; he had loved himself, and not his neighbor; he had robbed the poor; he had devoured widows' houses, and for a pretense made long prayers; he had ignored the beam in his own eye, and ostentatiously and saucily plucked the mote from his brothers' eyes; he had done his alms before men to be seen of them; and all the time he had gloried in his self-righteousness, had felt himself above his fellow-men, a being apart.

The fire in the grate died down and a chill crept into the room, but still the Deacon sat in his chair, his face leaning on his hand. As the dawn began to show faintly in the east the light in the lamp, which had been growing dimmer and dimmer, flickered for awhile, then went out. Then he arose stiffly and wearily and walked across the room to the window. Everything looked gray and cold, and he shivered.

Slowly the light grew, and then the heavens began to be suffused with a delicate rose-color, hardly distinguishable from the gray at first, but deepening and spreading in flecks and bands and masses till the sky was filled with its glory and the white snow beneath caught the reflection. Then over the rooftops the Deacon saw that the rising sun was gilding the vane on the spire of his church, and at almost the same instant there came to him the sound of its bell, ringing tumultuously, joyfully, triumphantly.

He turned away from the window with a groan. It was Christmas day, and all this beautiful world was awakening to gladness and rejoicing; but he was shut out from it, a moral outcast. The overwhelming sense of his utter unworthiness wrung from him an anguished cry for help. "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner." Swift came the answer, "Put away the evil of your doings from before my eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well."

Long before the sun had come in sight above the houses the Deacon was at his desk writing to his father and mother. It was a letter such as had not for years gladdened their eyes, and with it went a generous check. "I want you to spend the money on what will make you more comfortable for the winter," he had written; and he added,



"When you let me know it is gone I am coming home for a visit." He knew their longing to see him would make them use it quickly.

Later the Deacon posted his letter in the box on the street-corner, then came back to breakfast. Hitherto his housekeeper had been to him merely a part of his household arrangements, like the steam-heater or the burglar-alarm; this morning she had a human interest for him. When he told her that her services were worth a great deal more than he had been paying her, and that in the future her wages would be doubled, she had a difficulty in controlling her feelings; but when she opened the envelop he had placed beside her plate she no longer tried to control them, and openly wiped the tears from her eyes. Then she told him how badly she had needed the money, and how unhappy she had been because she could do so little for her daughter and her daughter's children.

Immediately after breakfast the Deacon went to call on the boy who had looked at him so accusingly the night before. "I want you to come back to work for me," he told him. "You shall be my assistant conscience. I don't mean that any of my Sunday-school boys shall ever again have reason to think that their superintendent is a hypocrite."

The boy's face brightened, as if a cloud had suddenly vanished from it. "I will come," he said. "I have been so—so unhappy, thinking you were not—"

"Not honest." The Deacon supplied the word when the boy hesitated. "I was not honest. You were right."

"It made me feel as if there couldn't anybody be good," the boy said, simply.

The Deacon's next errand was to find the girl who had been turned from his employment under the cruelly false imputation of stealing. It took several hours to trace her, but he accomplished it at last, and was shown into the poor, tenement-house room where she was sitting up for the first time after a long illness. From something her mother said he knew that the illness was due to his injustice, and his heart ached when he saw how pale and weak and hopeless she was. When he told her of the finding of the money she burst into a passion of weeping. "I am so thankful," she said. Then he made her understand that the least reparation he could make was to continue her pay from the time she left the store until she was able to take her place again at her counter, and to pay for the medical attendance she had had. Her gratitude when he laid the roll of bills beside her did not make the Deacon's remorse any the less poignant.

His dinner was late that day, and so it was that the sun was setting as he started for the suburb where lived the woman he had once thought to marry.

The Deacon experienced a curious thrill as he walked up the well-remembered path and noticed the leafless lilac-bushes beside the door.

The woman he had come to see answered his knock. She had a lighted lamp in her hand, for it was now dark, and he saw that she was startled when she recognized him, and that her voice was troubled and embarrassed as she asked him to come in. He took off his overcoat and left it with his hat in the little entry, then followed her into the sitting-room, where she gave him an easy-chair by the fire, then seated herself.

As they talked her embarrassment disappeared before the simple, direct manner of her visitor. A patronizing assumption of superior worth and a certain airiness that had long been a habit with him were wholly lacking. His spiritual self-conceit had been humbled to the dust, and the experience had left him genuine.

Half unconsciously he noted the branches of holly over the pictures, the red berries gleaming, the fragrance of the hyacinths and heliotrope in the window, the pleasant warmth, the exquisite neatness he so well remembered, the home feeling it all gave. Half unconsciously, because as he looked at the woman opposite him, and saw the delicate purity of her face and listened to the tones of her voice and felt the charm of her womanly sweetness and courage, all his love came back in a flood. He knew now that the reason why he had never been tempted to marry in all these years was that he had compared other women to her and found them wanting. He set his lips together with the determination to win her again.

But as he went out into the night, after taking leave of her, he was sure he had detected the vaguest shadow of something in her manner that showed she still cared for him, even though she herself might not yet be aware of it, and his heart was filled with thankfulness because of having found her again, and of humility as he thought how far above him she was.

It had been difficult to keep from telling her all this as he had held her hand and looked into her clear eyes at parting, but he would risk nothing by being overhasty. The opinion he had given her reason to have of him had had twenty years in which to harden, and it could not now be done away with in a moment.

The stars shone down on him, and the Christmas joy began to steal over him—a subdued and chastened joy, as he thought of his own unworthiness, but very sweet for all that.



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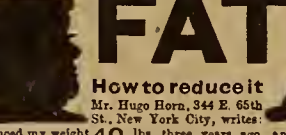
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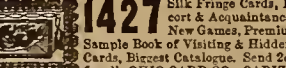


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## As You Find It

Take this life just as you find it: Hot or cold, no use to mind it! If it's a sunshiny day, That's your time for makin' hay! If it's rainin', fills your wish— Makes the lakes jest right for fish; Spring or winter—summer—fall, Jest be thankful for 'em all! —Atlanta Constitution.

## Highway Robbery

A SCHOOL-TEACHER recently had an amusing experience with her favorite pupil, a bright little maid of eight years. The class, for the first time had been asked to write a composition at home and bring it for criticism the next day.

A moment after the school-bell had rung little Amy, panting and red-eyed, stumbled to her desk and dropped her face on her arms, her shoulders shaking with sobs.

The teacher went to her and tried sympathetically to find out what was the trouble. Amid piteous sniffs and gasps she thought she caught the word "composition."

"Didn't you get your work done, Amy?" she asked, kindly.

"Oh, yes!" sobbed Amy, in a burst of indignant grief. "I g-got it d-done, Miss Brown, but B-b-billy Smith's horrid g-g-g-goat chased me and ate it npl!"

Still funnier was the robbery committed by a gray ape of terrifying size and aspect which once escaped from the zoo at Washington, as the story is related by Mr. Camillus Phillips.

The monkey was missing for several hours. When it was found, in a hit of woodland near the city, it had not only escaped from its human captors—it had captured a human being!

It was holding prisoner a trembling little darky, who stood with hands held up and tears running down, while the contents of his pockets lay scattered around. The ape had him firmly clutched by the trousers-leg, and was investigating his foot with interested gravity of aspect.

"He's done hel' me np," the little chap whimpered, as the keeper approached. "He's stole ma hoss-shoe-nail ring, an' de sho-nuff slappack, an' de kyite-string, an' de tenpenny-nail, chunk ob chewin'-gum, an' de candy sour-ball dat ain't half-sncked yit, an' now he's tryin' to steal ma big toe. Fo' de good lau's sake, please gemmen, take him off'n me befo' he gits it!"

He was rescued, with the toe still intact, and his assailant, chattering and grimacing with fury, went ignominiously back to captivity.—Youth's Companion.

## Breaking it Gently

"What do you want, little boy?" "Is this where Mr. Upjohn lives, ma'am?" "Yes." "The Mr. Upjohn that runs the bank?" "He is an officer in a bank." "The Mr. Upjohn that went down town on a trolley-car this morning?" "I presnme he went on a trolley-car. What—"

"Is he the Mr. Upjohn that was in that hor'ble street-car accident?"

"I haven't heard of his being in any street-car accident."

"Didn't hear 'at he'd sprained his ankle jumpin' out o' the car when the train run into it?"

"No. Little boy, you frighten me. What has—"

"Didn't hear how he run to a drug-store for a piece o' court-plaster to stick on a little cut he'd got over one eye?"

"Not at all. For mercy's sake—"

"He isn't in, is he, ma'am?"

"No, he's—"

"Name's John U. Upjohn, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is his name."

"Then he's the same man. He won't be here for an hour or two, I guess, 'cause he's stoppin' to have one of his teeth tightened that got knocked a little bit loose when he was jumpin' out o' 'danger, y' know."

"Little boy, tell me the whole story. I think I can hear it now."

"Well, ma'am, he's in the hoss-pittle with four ribs broke, an' one leg's in a sling, an' his nose is knocked kind o' sideways, but he's gittin' along all right, an' he'll be out again in about a month, an' here's a letter f'm the doctor, tellin' ye all about it, ma'am."

—Epworth Herald.

## The Resemblance

Tramp—"Ah, mm, you resemble my dear old mother so much dat I jes' simply can't help askin' yon for a piece n'v pie."

Woman—"Poor fellow! take the whole pie. How do I remind you of your mother?"

Tramp—"Ah, mum, I never knew who my mother wuz, ner nothin' about her; an' oh, mum, I don't know who yon are, ner nothin' about yon, neither."—Judge.

## Johnny on the Dachshund

The dachshund is a dog. He is very short up and down, and very long lengthways. His forelegs are quite crooked, which is a good thing for him, because if they were straightened up his shoulders would be about four inches higher than the remainder of him. The dachshund wears his ears low down. He is quite docile, but prefers the German language to any other. It is very amusing to see a dachshund chasing his tail, which he cannot do gracefully on account of not having enough legs. If I had to be a dog I would much rather be a large Newfoundland; still we must not repine at our lot. Whatever Providence orders is best for us. Our hired girl says her cousin once had a dachshund that got in his way when he was chopping wood, and he accidentally cut the dog's tail off. At nine o'clock the next day the dachshund emitted a frightful scream. He had just found it out. A dachshund is the only thing you cannot hny at a department store.—Chicago Tribune.

## Economic Equilibrium

Ven I ordert a pair of shoes from Lautenschlager he tell me "Fix dot kitchen floor." I bin a carbeniter, und do it in von day.

Next week, as I call for der shoes, he ask me, "How much for fixin' dot floor?" I say "Two dollars." He say, "Dot's right—dose shoes are two dollar's. Ve are square."

Anoder time I go to Lautenschlager for shoes. He vants dot cellar door repair, und I done it in ten hours.

Ven I shlop for der shoes, und tell him dot I join mit der Knights of Lahor, und dot de cellar-door job vants two dollars und a haf, de union rate, he smile und say, "Dot's all right, Caspar. Since yon vas here I belong mit der Knights of St. Crispin, und der price of shoes is now two und a haf."—Judge.

## A Financial Merry-go-round

"Judy and I got into a terrible tangle shopping to-day."

"How?"

"I owed her ten cents, and borrowed five cents and then fifty cents."

"Well?"

"Then I paid thirty cents for something she bought—"

"Yes?"

"And she paid forty cents for something I bought, and then we treated each other to ice-cream soda."

"Well?"

"She says I still owe her a nickel."—Detroit Free Press.

## An Actual Occurrence

An Episcopal minister, lately from England, who had taken charge of a parish at Baker City, Oreg., was overheard calling to one of the lady members who had departed from the church forgetting her rubbers, "Madam! madam! You've forgotten your overalls." This to the great consternation of the remaining female members.—Judge.

## Quits

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Swellman. "The baby has eaten a lot of that dog-biscuit!"

"Never mind, dear," replied Mrs. Swellman; "it just serves Fido right, for he's often stolen the baby's food. Haven't yon, Fido? 'Oo naughty little rogue, 'oo!'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Vanity, All is Vanity

Mrs. Howler—"Ashury, that was a most excellent sermon yon preached on 'Vanity' this morning."

Rev. Howler—"Well, I think, my dear, that I can flatter myself that there are very few men in this universe who could have done better."—Puck.

## Caught the Teacher

"What have yon been doing down at Tatterwood?"

"Jack has been teaching me to fish."

"Catch anything?"

"Yes, I—I caught Jack."—Moonshine.

## Gardening Exposed

Mr. Citily—"I should think you would raise mushrooms—they are very expensive."

Mr. Isolate (of Lonelyville, mournfully)—"Everything is expensive by the time I have raised it!"—Puck.

## He Felt Safe

Mrs. Slimson—"Don't you know, Willie, if you are naughty, you won't go to heaven?"

Willie—"Oh, I don't know. Uncle Jake was the meanest man I ever heard of, but you say he is in heaven now."—Life.

# The Right Thing

A New Catarrh Cure, Which is Rapidly Coming to the Front

For several years Eucalyptol Guaiacol and Hydrastin have been recognized as standard remedies for catarrhal troubles, but they have always been given separately, and only very recently an



ingenious chemist succeeded in combining them, together with other antiseptics, into a pleasant, effective tablet.

Druggists sell the remedy under the name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, and it has met with remarkable success in the cure of nasal catarrh, bronchial and throat catarrh and in catarrh of the stomach.

Mr. F. N. Benton, whose address is care of Clark House, Troy, N.Y., says: "When I run up against anything that is good I like to tell people of it. I have been troubled with catarrh more or less for some time. Last winter more than ever. Tried several so-called cures, but did not get any benefit from them. About six weeks ago I bought a 50-cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and am glad to say that they have done wonders for me and I do not hesitate to let all my friends know that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are the right thing." Mr. Geo. J. Casanova, of Hotel Grifon, West 9th Street, New York City, writes: "I have commenced using Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and already they have given me better results than any catarrh cure I have ever tried."

A leading physician of Pittsburgh advises the use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in preference to any other treatment for catarrh of the head, throat or stomach.

He claims they are far superior to inhalers, salves, lotions or powder, and are much more convenient and pleasant to take, and are so harmless that little children take them with benefit, as they contain no opiate, cocaine or any poisonous drugs.

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IF ONE of New York's big modern hotels could be whisked to the country and spread out in village formation the result would be a model proprietary town of about three thousand inhabitants. One half of these inhabitants would work in relays, night and day, for the comfort and entertainment of the other half, whose obligation would be the payment of the bills, which, in the aggregate, would represent, in addition to the running expenses and perhaps two hundred thousand dollars a year set aside for the proprietor's profits, the interest on fifteen million dollars invested in land, buildings and furnishings. Many cities cannot muster a tax list of fifteen million dollars, so that this town would be conspicuous above all others for wealth, and in completeness of the details that make the material side of life a joy it would be unrivaled. Some of its houses would be constructed for one family exclusively, and others would be arranged in single rooms and in suites. All would be furnished in the most luxurious fashion. In the central warehouse of the town's steward would be found a greater assortment of supplies for the cuisine than in any public market in the world. There would be a row of cook-shops, each devoted to the preparation of a special course, ranging from the soups and entrees and roasts to the pastries and coffee. There would be half a dozen big banquet-rooms and ball-rooms, several music-rooms and a well-appointed theater or two. The town would have, of course, a telegraph-office, a complete telephone system and some means of rapid transit to every house. Enormous boilers would supply the heat, and an electric-light plant would furnish the illumination. There would be an ice-plant large enough to manufacture fifty tons a day. There would be a silversmith, blacksmith and tinsmith shops, electrical repair and machine shops, florists, hairdressing-rooms for men and women, Turkish baths, upholstery and furniture shops, decorators and seamstresses, a steam-laundry, a messenger service, a printing-office, a wine-cellar, with half a million dollars' worth of choice vintages, and a club-house with billiard and reading-rooms and cafes. The town would be policed day and night by a dozen private detectives, and it would have a well-trained fire department. There would be a bank, over whose counters would pass millions of dollars each year, and a central executive office, with scores of clerks and bookkeepers and auditors. The proprietor of this town would assume all the housekeeping cares of his fifteen hundred tenants, and of many of his fifteen hundred employees. He would provide amusements and act as the court of last resort. It would seem as if the man who was rash enough to attempt the management of such a town, staking his fortune on the issue, must necessarily fail; but as a fair illustration it is not overdrawn. Its parallel is found in a compact form, with no features missing and many added, in the modern big hotel that has reached the highest development in New York."—George Barry Mallon, in Ainslee's.

### To Clean Carpets

Make a suds with a good white soap and hot water, and add fullers' earth to this until it is of the consistency of thin cream. Have plenty of clean drying-cloths, a small scrubbing-brush, a large sponge and a pailful of fresh water. Put some of the cleaning mixture in a bowl and dip the brush in it; brush a small piece of the carpet with this, then wash with the sponge and cold water. Dry with the sponge, and finally rub with dry cloths. Continue this until the carpet is clean, then let it dry.—The Druggists' Circular.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow or wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Canon Westcott.

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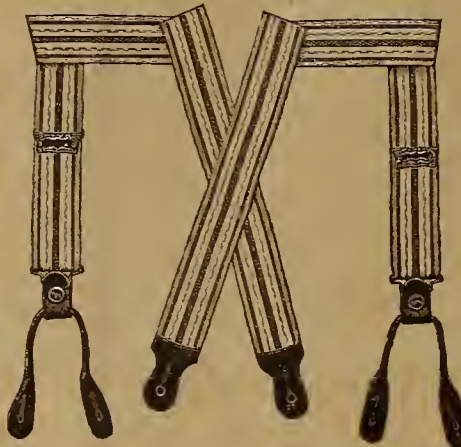
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## ACTUAL RESULTS

As an experiment one man tried this plant on a little plot of ground equivalent to twenty by twenty-five feet. He has made \$120 for a piece of ground only as big as the shadow of an apple-tree. This man is just a beginner.

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To those engaged in it, and many other people will make handsome incomes from the plant during the next few years, why may not you be among them?

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SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

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NAMES OF ARTISTS				NAMES OF ARTISTS			
SUNSHINE AND SHADOW	Stone	No. 801		QUEEN OF FLOWERS	Lefler	No. 786	
I AM LORD OF ALL I SURVEY	Cleminson	No. 805		AFTER WORK	Holmes	No. 787	
DEFIANCE, or STAG AT BAY	Landseer	No. 789		WASHINGTON CROSSING THE			
AN IMPUDENT PUPPY	Noble	No. 804		DELAWARE	Leutze	No. 797	
GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHER	Carmichael	No. 803		THE WOODLAND MOTHER	Carter	No. 798	
ST. CECILIA	Naujok	No. 806		THE STRAW YARD	Herring	No. 799	
PHARAOH'S HORSES	Herring	No. 785		IN MEMORIAM	Edwards	No. 800	
WATERFALL BY MOONLIGHT	Rieger	No. 795		THE LITTLE SHEPHERDESS	Koller	No. 791	
CAN'T YOU TALK	Holmes	No. 794		PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON	Stuart	No. 792	
KISS ME (Child and Dogs)	Holmes	No. 790		THE FINDING OF MOSES	Schopin	No. 793	
THE HORSE FAIR	Bonheur	No. 796		CHRIST BEFORE PILATE	Munkacsy	No. 788	
AFFECTION	Holmes	No. 783		IMMACULATE CONCEPTION	Murillo	No. 784	